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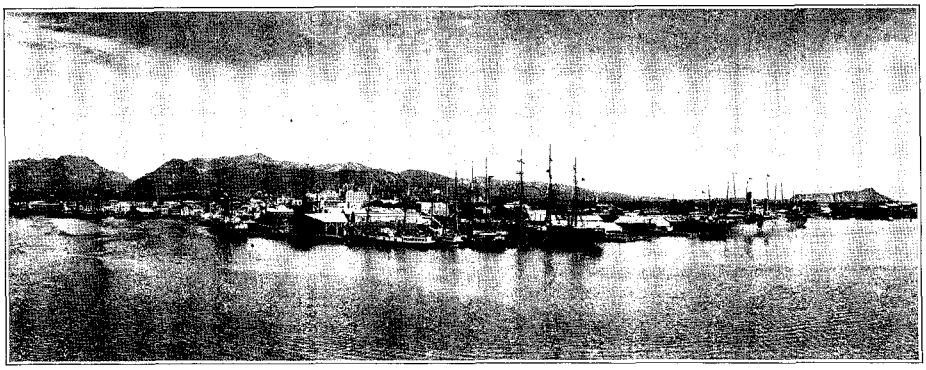

From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Honolulu harbor.

HONOLULU: THE MELTING-POT

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THEY have a name in Hawaii for such as we—*malihinis*, newcomers—in contrast to the Island-born or the Island-bred, the "old-timers," who are *kamaainas*. In any account of foreign places not purely æsthetic and sensuous there should be a residuum of confessed ignorance. The foreigners that drift to usward on fickle wing, then write books longer than their total sojourn with us, are our *malihinis;* and we all know with what seas-full of salt we take their account of America. A traveller must flatter himself that his eyes have caught the truth, or for very shame he could not write. But we *malihinis* of a month must have inevitably, in the background of our minds, the patient, quizzical smile of the *kamaaina*. The *malihini's* dearest hope is not to turn that smile to a frown. This, as of obligation, from one who has but passed, to those whose roots have struck deep in the gentlest soil of earth. . . .

To most people who have never been to the Islands, and who have never contemplated going there long enough to get up a Hawaiian *dossier*, the name of Honolulu suggests, perhaps, half a dozen things: sugar, surf-riding, volcanoes, *leis*, missionaries, and *poi*. I doubt, at all events, if the list is much larger; and I am not sure that to include both *leis* and *poi* is not to be too generous. I am not speaking of sophisticated creatures on the "Coast" who, whether or not they have run "down" to Honolulu them-

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selves, can be glib about friends who have run "down." Certainly we knew originally little more than the list suggests. But knowledge somehow bursts upon one when one is contemplating a specific journey: the detached air of the steamship clerk and the railway agent breed in one a kind of knowingness. Long before we saw Diamond Head we had made a hundred traveller's choices, and could be glib, ourselves, about Island problems. We had made out not only that Honolulu was the tourist's paradise—our luggage-labels said so—but also that it was a paradise with a grievance. Free sugar, the seaman's bill, the prevailingly yellow tinge of the population, and the perishing Kanaka, were all familiar formulæ before a single *maile* wreath had been flung about our necks. There were Island people on the steamer; and wherever Island people are met together, to pass the time or to instruct the stranger, Island problems are hot in the mouth. To talk about the insularity of an island is to be tautological; but the insular American on Oahu is more insular, so to speak, than the insular Englishman in London. England is the centre of an empire; but Hawaii is the mere outpost of a republic: a Territory, something as helpless in the hands of Congress as a ward in chancery is helpless; bent therefore on self-preservation solely, and on keeping up its own little state and luxury in its own little mid-Pacific Eden.

Islanders are not interested in the "Great War"—not as we of the East understand interest: their newspapers confess it. Very few of them are interested even in a possible Japanese complication; Mexico is as naught to them. So far, they but accentuate the general indifference (excepting always California's anti-Japanese frenzy) of the States west of the Mississippi. Though the Islands look so Oriental, they are in many ways Western of the Western. Not only are they not internationally minded; they are not even nationally minded. They are almost more "sectional" than the "solid" South or the State of Utah. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, for the Islander, are bound up in sugar. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*

Yes, the grievances of this paradise stir one to wrath on the steamer—though they sink into the background after one lands and the pleasures of the eye are pre-eminent. Except, that is, as the grievances touch one personally. The coastwise shipping law touched us nearly: thanks to our inability to pick and choose among steamers, we could not stay to see Kauai. It is maddening to see good Japanese boats steam out half-empty, and to be restricted—now that the Pacific Mail steamers have had to stop business—to one overcrowded line. The mysteries of sugar, in all their detail, I could not hope to penetrate; though I thought it quite clear at the time that Hawaii cannot compete with Cuba. Thence resulted a wry-mouthed admiration of our doctrinaire democracy. Is it not like us (one asks with tearful pride) to fight Spain for Cuban freedom, and to crown that activity by presenting Cuba with the world's market for cane-sugar, destroying our domestic industries? The war is temporarily keeping the Hawaiian canefields from tragic fallowness; but free sugar may well outlast the war. Let no man say we are not altruistic. "The gray beard of Uncle Sam" (I scribbled frantically with Honolulu harbor spread prismatically before my eyes) "is as wild in the air as ever Don Quixote's." As for the Japanese, no Islander will give any real comfort to the chauvinist. There *is* no Yellow Peril. They begin saying it a little past the Farralones, and they are still saying it when the rosy pallor of Diamond Head first takes your breath away at dawn. Then you drift into waters that are like the harbors of a sunset sky; the more acrid chapter of preconception ends, while the sweeter one of experience begins.

Hawaii is a melting-pot: that is the first thing, perhaps, to strike one, humanly speaking. The strictly Polynesian effect lurks rather in the air, the foliage, the sky and the sea: the ever delightful, never conventional *décor* of the Pacific island. True, you find, now and then, tucked away under its coco-palms on thunderous shores, a Hawaiian village all complete with its taro-patches, its fish-nets, its outrigger canoes drawn up on the sand, its lazy life, and its innocence of English. But you have now to

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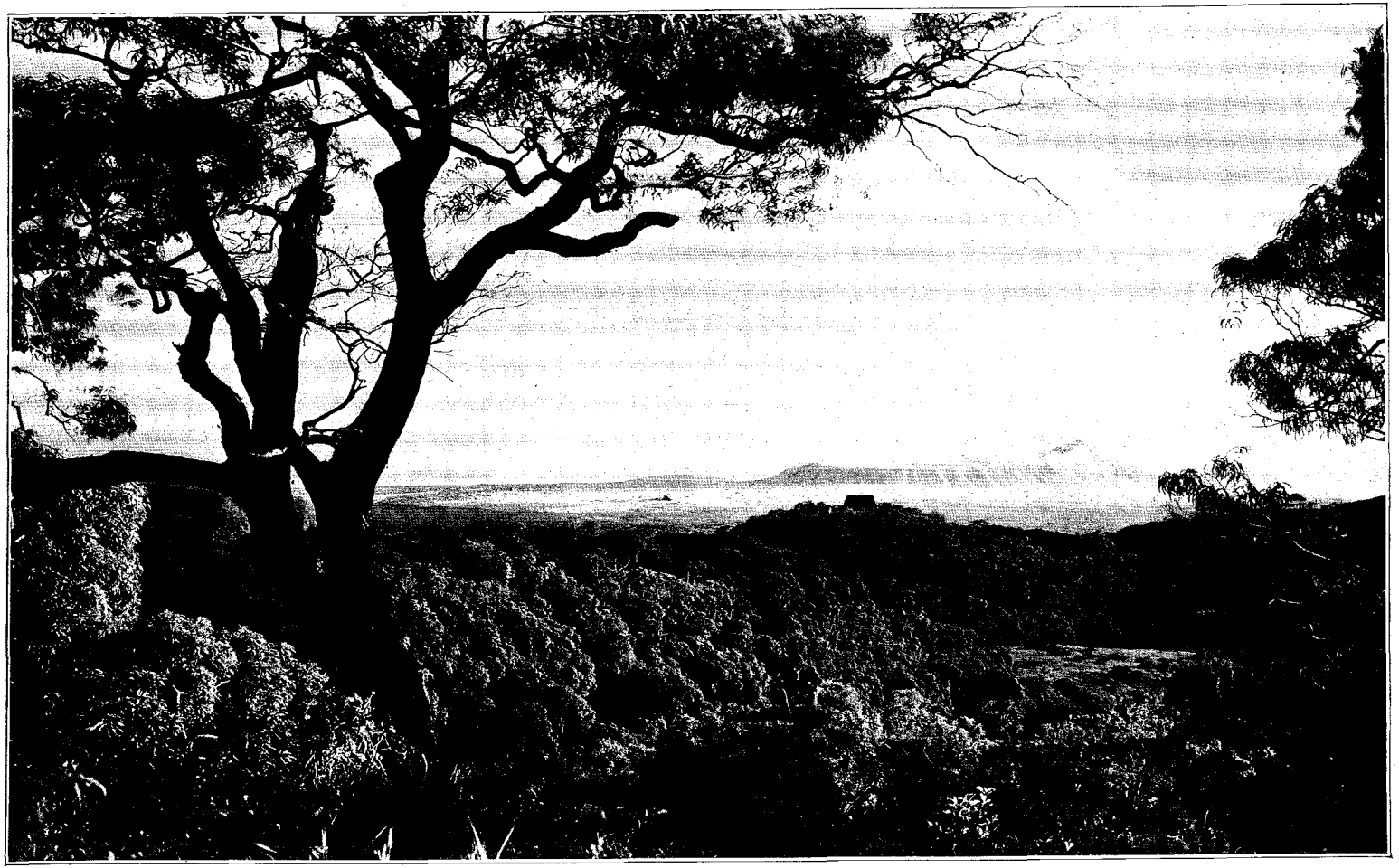

From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Diamond Head from Tantalus—Oahu.

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go far afield for such. The bulk of the Island population, as every one knows, is Japanese—some 90,000 as against some 24,000 Hawaiians and an equal number of "all Caucasians." Then come Portuguese (not reckoned as Caucasians) and Chinese, nearly even in the census lists —23,000 and 21,000, respectively. Part-Hawaiians (a motley breed!) and Filipinos pair, farther down, with some 14,000 each. There are a few thousand each of Porto Ricans, Spanish, and "all others."

Yet this melting-pot is not depressing, like that which you get the full sense of, say, on lower Fifth Avenue at noon. In Hawaii, save for a few Russian peasants, there are no Slavs; there are no Jews; there are virtually no negroes; there is no Levantine scum. The Mediterranean coast, from Gibraltar to Sicily, from Sicily to Jaffa and Crete and Constantinople, is unrepresented; Central Europe and the Balkans have sent nothing. No Ruthenians, no Slovaks, no Lithuanians, no Armenians, no Huns. A few Greek hotel-keepers serve to make life tolerable in the smaller towns; but in numbers the Greeks hardly count. Even in Honolulu the white man is in a visual minority; and outside Honolulu nearly all the faces are yellow or brown. The Hawaiian melting-pot at first is picturesque; it ends by being lovable—and being missed. Even the pessimist may find comfort in the fact that the Oriental has no vote. The fat babies in rainbow kimonos will have them; but that story is for another day. The Anglo-Saxon is still dominant.

The Hawaiian has the ballot—and in consequence the Hawaiian vote is the largest in the Islands—but his vote will pass with his existence; which means that he will not long trouble the polls. Civilization has killed him, as is its way: vice and disease came in with the sea-captains and sailors of all the globe, and the missionaries finished the work. As far as one can make out, the missionaries were more responsible than Captain Cook or the New Bedford whalers, for the Kanaka is dying, quite literally, of clothes. Tuberculosis, pneumonia, and bronchitis are what carry him off in far the largest numbers. The race is not weak or degenerate: it is, physically, magnificent in strength and beautiful of feature. But the Kanaka is amphibious—fishing, surf-riding, swimming, he is, all his life, naturally in and out of the water. It is one thing to cover yourself with palm-oil and let the Pacific spray run off you in shining drops while you rest on the sands; it is quite another to keep your wet clothes on as you go about your business on the shore—but it is to ask too much of Polynesian intelligence to request it to see the difference. If clothes are good, they are good, wet or dry. If you do not yourself perceive the initial beauty of clothes, you cannot be very sophisticated about their uses. The Kanaka is not up to *Sartor Resartus*. That the Polynesian has never employed his keen æsthetic sense on the matter of dress is proved, I think, by the fact that the native women still universally wear the *holoku*—a shapeless Mother Hubbard gown which the most tasteless Puritan could not condemn. Tradition says that the first missionary ladies, in mad haste to dress their converts, handed over the patterns of their own nightgowns. A race (I submit) that has stuck faithfully for nearly a hundred years to the model of our great-grandmothers' night-dresses—for "best" as well as for every day—is a docile, an admirable, a lovable race, which "vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up." It is almost a pity, too, hygienically speaking, that the grass house has become unfashionable. It is engaging of the Kanaka to build himself a wooden shack to live in because white men live in wooden houses and provide such for their laborers; but there is nothing particularly amiable in opening your windows at night, and, since his fine tact is all social and not in the least scientific, he does not open them. The grass house ventilated itself, and the wooden shack does not. Hence more tuberculosis, more bronchitis, more pneumonia. The women hang *leis* about their necks, and all the men wear flower-wreaths round their junk-shop American hats. To the charm ancestrally perceived they are faithful; but they have never learned to improve on Caucasian ideas. They have accepted the brutal fact of clothes, just as they Christianized themselves *en masse;* they have accepted the silly American standard of the wooden house. But you must not expect them

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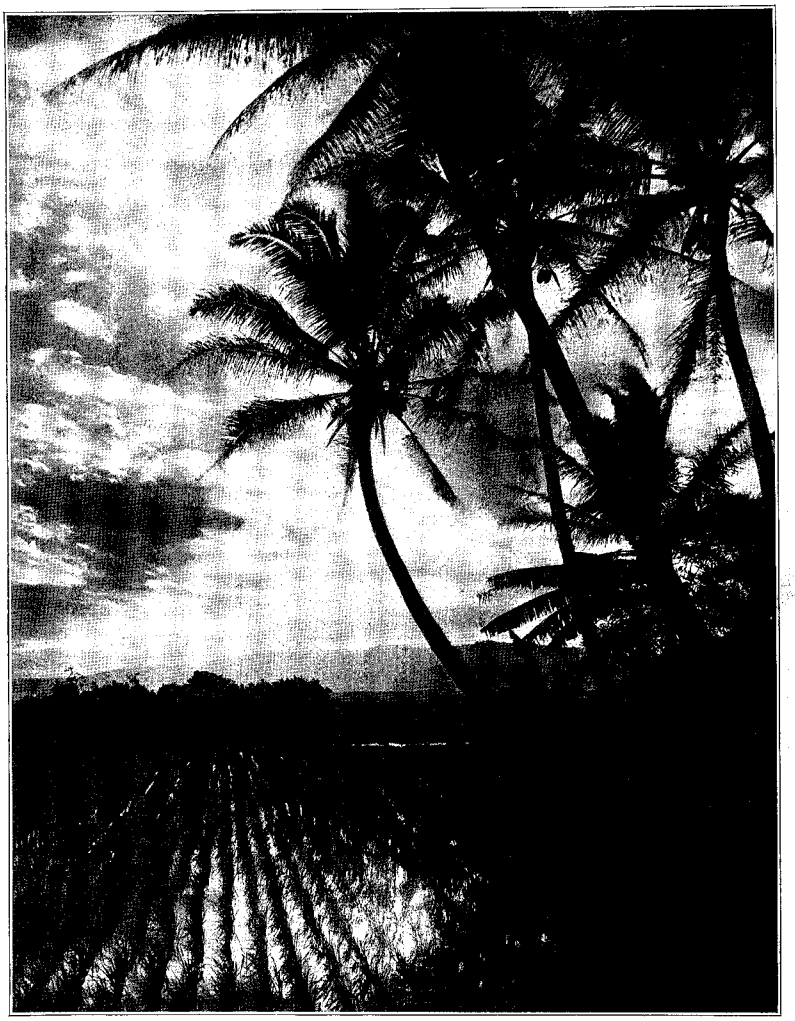
to go farther: you must not expect them to like to work, or to care how their foolish clothes look (if we were made to wear barrels, I dare say we should feel a like indifference to fashions in hoops and staves), or to think about cubic feet of air.



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Rice-field and cocoanut-trees.

It works the same way, I fancy, with religion. "They say what they think will please you," was the report of a *kamaaina* who came of the old missionary stock and who had worked much among Hawaiians. Of course they do: they are polite to the death—literally. The idols were officially broken, by royal order, even before the missionaries arrived; and when the missionaries came, the Hawaiians embraced Christianity about as simply as France did under Clovis. They are Christians, and have been, now, for some three generations; but they will not build where there has been a *heiau*,* and their propitiatory offerings to Pele line all the sombre trail to the Sacred Falls of Kaliuwaa. Every *kamaaina* can give you some authentic tale of some one who has been *kahuna*-ed—prayed to death. Officially the *kahuna*

*A native temple.

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is proscribed: there is a price on his head. But the authentic tales are there; and indeed I have seen lost villages where a *kahuna* would be very safe from the short arm of the law.

Such docility, such unwillingness to be rude, such indifference to the logic of the laws by which the natives must now live, the motions of the dance. The new songs are different—lyrical at best, never epic; and the new dances might perhaps delight a cabaret, if any cabaret could conceivably be allowed to present them. I have seen a native *hula* in a country village, in full swing after hours of feasting; and the muscle-dancing of expositions is

From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Ploughing rice with the aid of the water-buffalo.

do not make for self-preservation. They make for listlessness, for forgetting strenuous traditions, for seizing the day, for making *leis*, and singing sad and idle music by the incomparable Pacific. Politically the Hawaiians have no hope: America has absorbed them; they know they are dying, though they do not quite know why; but they have not enough sternness or strength for the black pessimism that Stevenson recorded among their cousins, the cannibal Marquesans. The old *meles* and the old hero-tales are nearly forgotten, as are the old *hulas*. A few aged men and women can still sing and dance in traditional fashion for their aged Queen—but there is no one to whom they can pass on the words of the songs or innocuous beside it—though far more disgusting because not spontaneous. The old *hulas* were different: were stately and, I dare say, a little tiresome, with their monotonous swaying and arm-gestures repeated a thousand times. Only a very old person now can dance in the earlier fashion; you could easily count up the Hawaiians who know the *meles;* and there is just one man, I believe, left on Oahu (if indeed he is still living) who can play the nose-flute as it should be played, to the excruciation of every nerve in a Caucasian body.

Regular work is almost an impossibility to the Polynesian; therefore he is seldom, if ever, to be found in the cane or pineapple fields. He is very strong,

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From a photograph by R. J. Baker.

The native outrigger-canoe.

From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

The Kanaka is amphibious—all his life, naturally in and out of the water.—Page 520.

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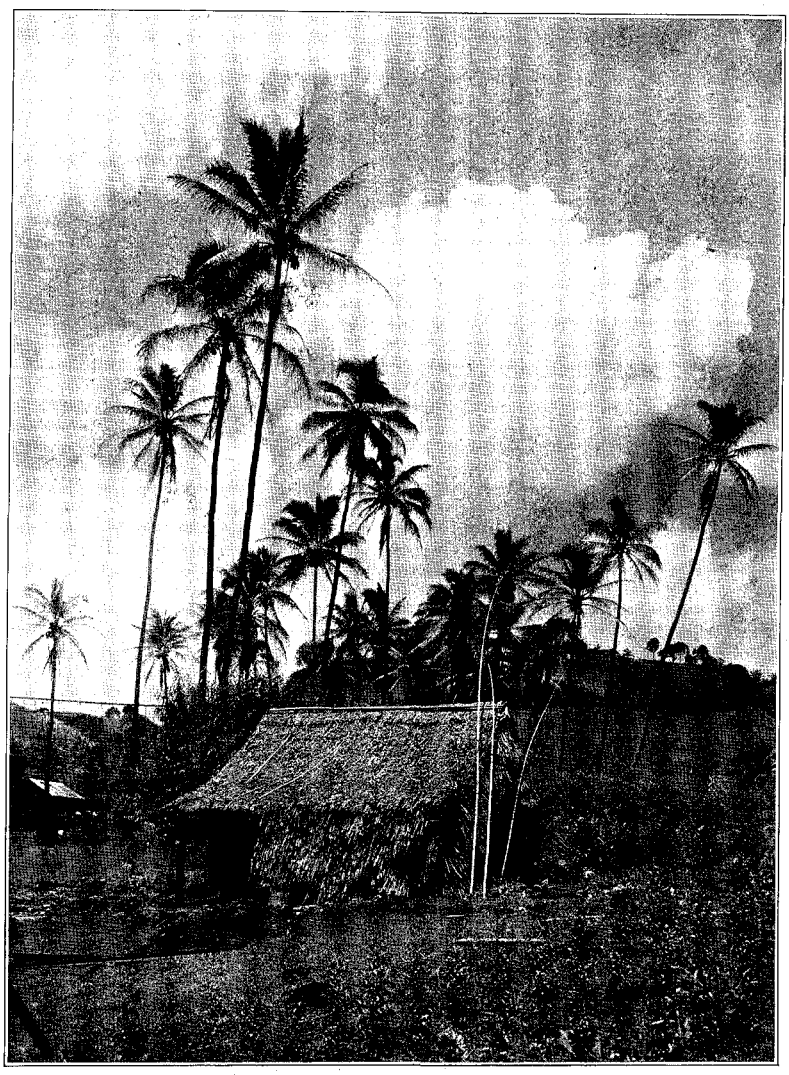

From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

A Hawaiian grass hut.

and makes an excellent stevedore; and that employment suits him, for he can leave it and come back to it as he chooses. The ships come in from Australia and the South Seas, from the Orient or round the Horn; and whenever they come in or go out, there is work a-plenty. Until his money is gone he can exist beautifully, singing to his *ukulele* and washing down his raw fish and *poi* with square face. He makes occasionally a good chauffeur; but the regular profession most dear to him is that of policeman. To stand directing traffic at King and Fort Streets, his beautiful *poses plastiques* legitimized by authority, is as near heaven, I fancy, as a serious-minded Kanaka can get.

In Honolulu—and Honolulu draws to itself, magnet-wise, all the interests and activities of Oahu—the white man is more in evidence than anywhere else on the Islands. That is natural. It is the social and commercial metropolis, the capital, the traditional home of most of the missionaries, the residence still of the Queen, the centre of military and naval business, the pre-eminent port of the Islands. In Honolulu itself the melt-

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From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

In the gardens at Ainahau.

Life in Hawaii is lived under the palm and the mango.—Page 526.

ing-pot seems to seethe most hotly; for the white man is there in numbers to remind you of the extraordinary foreignness of the other human beings who frequent the paved streets, ride on the familiar trolley-cars, and pour out of the "movies" at the classic hours. Away from Honolulu you often forget the white man: the tropics beat in on you more vividly; the great tree-ferns rise mysteriously above your head; the surf is the surf of the South Seas; the world is wholly different; and it is very curious and exotic of you yourself to be white. Save for the mental mirror we carry about with us, one would forget one was. But Honolulu is American, very. It is even part of its charm that it should be so; for there is nothing pathetic, no savor of exile, in the resolute dominance of American ways. The Islanders are not backward-looking, like (we are told) Englishmen in India. Honolulu is "home," and they look as little to the mainland (save, now and then, sardonically to Washington) as the Westerner looks to the Atlantic

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coast. They have not even had to compound with the climate, for the climate is quite simply perfect. They can afford not to seek their greatest comfort; for, after all, it is impossible to be very uncomfortable. It is the tourist, the visitor, who wears Palm Beach clothes and soft collars. The business man of Honolulu dresses as the business man in New York dresses—tweeds, starched neck-gear, and all. Most men wear black evening clothes at dinner. A certain amount of white is worn, of course; but the general impression of the visitor from the temperate zone is that these folk do not live up to their privileges.

As for their houses, I should positively hesitate to say how bad Island architecture is, if so quintessential an Islander as Mr. W. R. Castle, Jr., had not said it before me. Life in Hawaii is lived under the palm and the mango, the banyan and the poinciana, the algaroba and the monkey-pod. The great hibiscus hedges are as high as, in England, the border of ancestral yew; the night-blooming cereus hangs in multitudinous clusters over your garden-wall; the scent of ginger is heavy round your *lanai;* the orange and the lime bloom in your compound, and the guava runs wild by the wayside; your yard-boy eats his dinner under a banana-tree. A garden is old in ten years; in thirty it has become a tropical forest, a gigantic and fragrant gloom. But the houses breathe

From a photograph copyright by R. K. Bonine.

Ape-ape—Pohakumoa Gulch.

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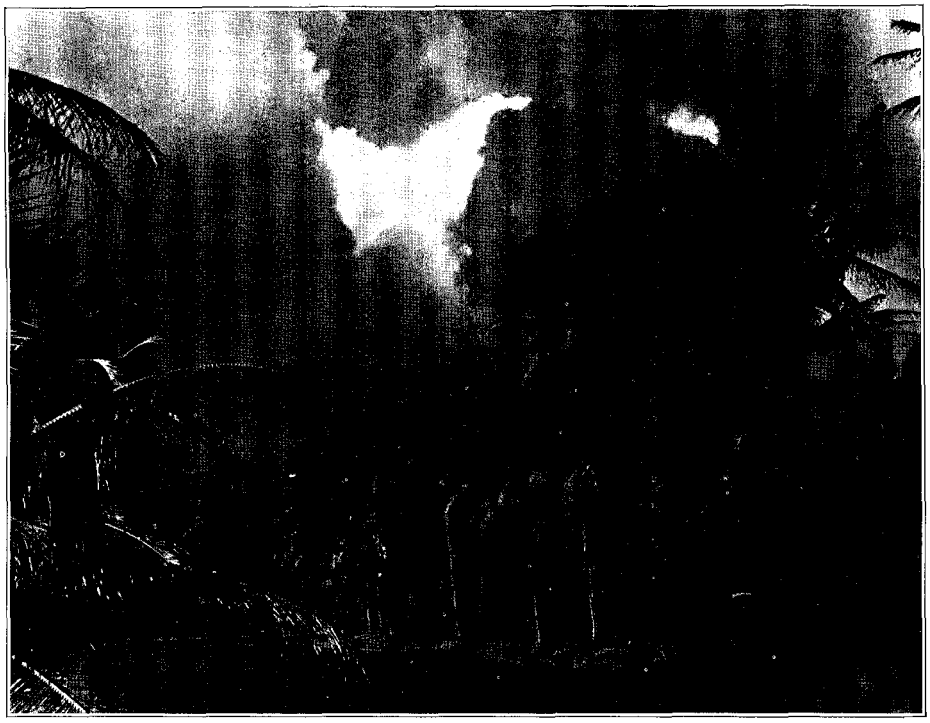

Storm clouds seen on the road to the Devil's Punch Bowl.

none of all this. They are hardly ever even Southern in type—low and pillared and wide-verandahed. The architecture of Hawaii is uncompromising; it is—for want of a better word, let me say evangelical. It stands rigidly by the worst traditions of the nineteenth century; it is the same that disfigures our New England streets and stultifies the fine situation of many a Western town. Two stories and sometimes three; scamped porches set about with jig-saw decoration; colors that must make the gentle Jap swear ritually as he patters by in his immaculate kimono: the kind of thing that is quaint and endearing in Portland, Oregon, but which, in the full sweetness of the Trade, is simply the Great Refusal. Not much better is the newer house, half-timbered or of tapestry brick; for if there ever was a place with which the Tudors and their ways and works had nothing to do, it is the islands of the Pacific. Chinese merchants are inheriting the older houses in the town; but the released Americans, who go farther up the Manoa or the Nuuanu Valley, do not improve on their ancestral homes. There is melancholy comfort to a monarchically inclined person in the fact that Liliuokalani lives in the loveliest house in Honolulu. Washington Place, which she now inhabits, is of the old Southern type, and it does not insult the vegetation. (As for the Royal Palace—now the Executive Building—I believe I am alone in admiring it. It is of absurdly ornamented type, but so like many a bad minor palace in Europe that it endears itself. The throne-room is just what any petty sovereign would have found fit, and the space and height of the rooms are literally palatial. There is something very fine and æsthetically decent about the sweep of the broad stone galleries, and the slow, lavish curve of the central staircase. Kamehameha's statue, in bronze and gold, faces the palace majestically across the square; and that, too, is fine, though no one now pays homage except an ancient Portuguese lunatic, who spends his life before it.) Some people have had the wit to build low, shingled bungalows, and they will have Paradise about them when

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they die. But it verily seems as though no sensitive soul could make its peace with God while the poinciana and the banyan look down on tortured clapboarding, built into a high and narrow shape. Were I to cite exceptions—and of course there are exceptions—it would be almost like naming names, so I refrain. Nor do I speak of interiors, only of the front presented to the world. But it is a great pity that some young architect with a sense of fitness does not feel "called" to make man's part in the aspect of Honolulu a little more akin to God's. The Atlantic States had Georgian memories to help them out; California has had Spain; but Hawaii is singularly isolated. The natives, of course, contributed no architectural ideas. It is a singular misfortune that the Islanders should have selected, and stuck at, the wrong period. It was not because they had never had anything else before their eyes: nothing could be more charming than Washington Place in Honolulu, or the old "missionary house" in Lahaina, on Maui. They did not, however, stick to the good æsthetics of the pioneers; they progressed: they seem to have gone to Kansas for their later inspiration—and never to have come away.

When that is said, nothing remains to be charged against civilization in Honolulu. This in itself would be small cause for petulance in another place. But here the eye enters upon an inheritance so gorgeous beyond preconception that it shrinks unwontedly from all that is not beauty.

The part of the town that is not occupied by Americans is oddly uninteresting. Here and there a district known as "Portuguee town" contributes a vivid pink house to the general audacity. But the Chinese and Japanese districts are far less picturesque than the Oriental quarter in San Francisco—even since the "fire." Rows and rows of barrack-like tenements, housing Hawaiians and the poorer Orientals, are very like any other slums—save that here the sun *will* find out a way. It is a platitude that foreign slums—Italian, for example—are often picturesque. In Honolulu they scarcely are; for the buildings are not old, and they make the most colorless corner of that parti-colored world. Prosperity, I suppose, makes for gayer kimonos, for paler stuffs in Chinese coats and trousers, for more *leis* and fresher flowers setting off the Hawaiian bronze. The folk who live in the Honolulu tenements are very poor; "drab" is the formal epithet for poverty, and with drab even the sun can do little. The poorer quarters of Honolulu are not so depressing as some other slums; for until one is quite used to the visual preponderance of yellow and brown men, there is delight in the mere strangeness of the crowds. And they are not so extensive, these poorer quarters: they are far outstripped by the comfort and beauty of the rest. Still, in this sociological day, who could refrain from noticing, and mentioning, such slums as there are?

Another feature prominent in the mere aspect of Honolulu is the army. We have seven or eight thousand troops there; it is a regulation for Hawaii that officers and men alike must wear uniform; and the ugly, efficient khaki is everywhere, as well as the tropical white. On the whole, the khaki uniform is less beautiful than the *holoku;* and the military note is a note of pure ugliness. After a few weeks the negro regiments seem strange to the eye. It is impossible not to match up the negro type against the Polynesian and find it wanting. An æsthetically passionate person can quite understand the contempt with which the Kanaka looks down upon the black man. This, though the negro soldier is usually a fine creature, physically speaking, and at his best suggests the imposing Zulu. It is the modelling of the Polynesian countenance that gives the Kanaka the palm: the delicate aquiline contour, the eyes large for the face, the thick hair, like a European's, crowning the head.

Geographically, too, the army counts immensely in Oahu. There are five forts in or about Honolulu town, not to mention Schofield Barracks on a neighboring plateau. Diamond Head is mined and galleried, so that on occasion it could be as dangerous as in its volcanically "active" days. The monstrous works going on at Pearl Harbor it would take an expert to appreciate; at present they are in the least illuminating of all stages—that of dredging. A visit to Pearl Harbor—

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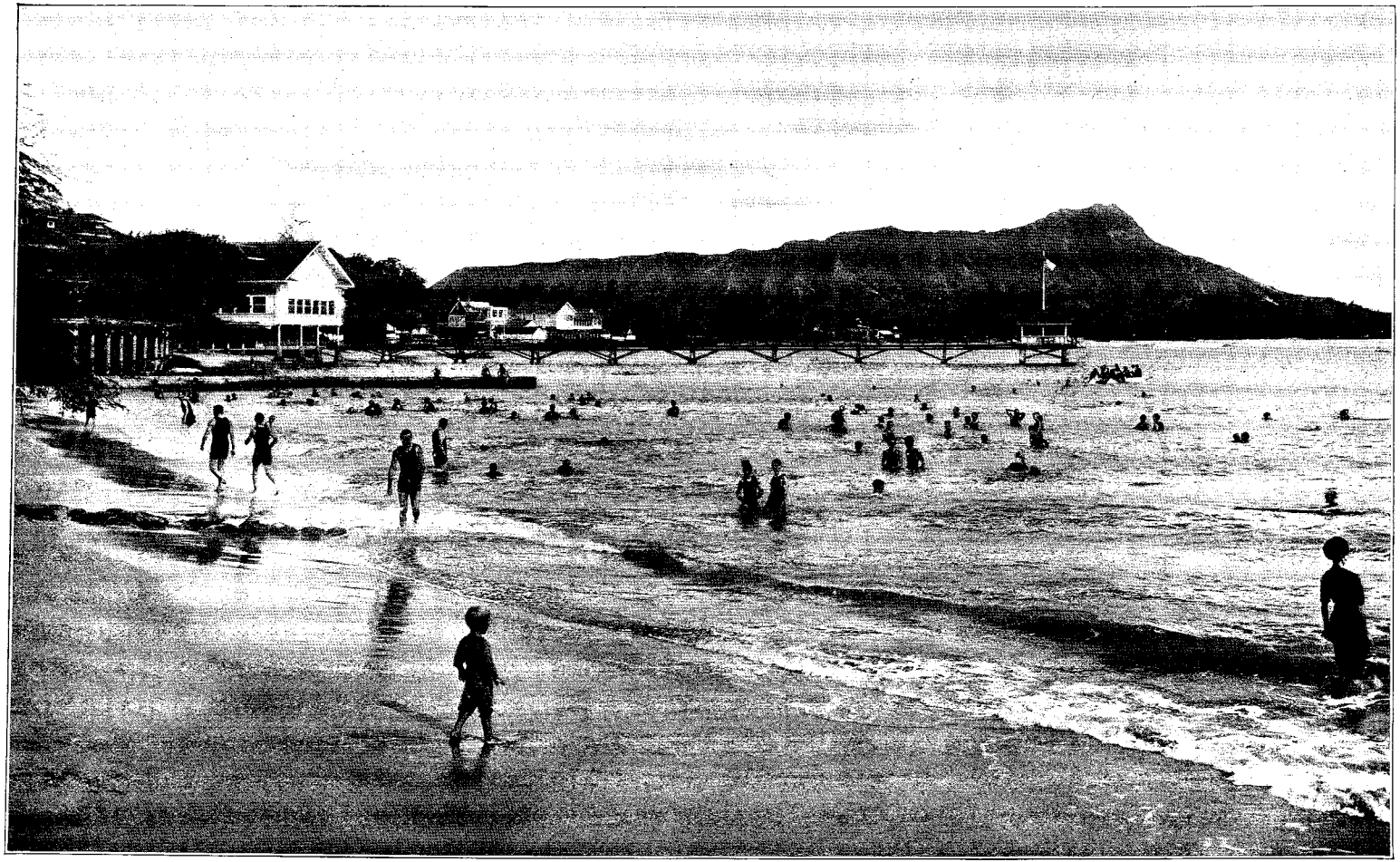

From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Waikiki Beach, Honolulu.

You can spend your Sunday, bathing in the multi-colored ocean.—Page 531.

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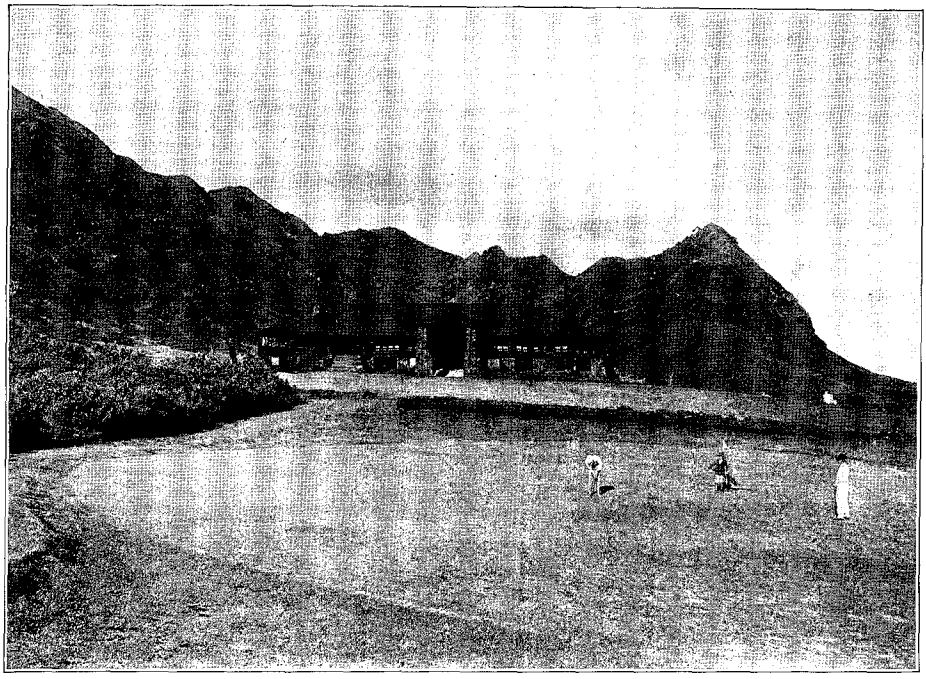

From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Good golf is provided at the Oahu Country Club, Honolulu.—Page 531.

a strange, octopus-shaped arm of the sea—is about as unrewarding for the common person as a visit to a sugar-mill. Our New England consciences took us to both; and, personally, I brought back from the adventures only the conviction that dredging is not pretty to look at and that sugar-cane is not good to chew. Those who like to chew sugar-cane may very fairly infer that I have done little justice to the dredging. I confess it freely.

The tourist's Honolulu, I suspect, lies wholly Waikiki of the town—that being, literally, the topographical idiom. (You are never told to go north or south, east or west: you go "mauka"—towards the mountains, or go "makai"—towards the sea; a shop lies on King Street "Waikiki" or "Ewa" of Fort or Nuuanu.) The city stretches some seven miles, end to end, along the sea-front, running back, up enchanted valleys, to the mountains: the Pali, or Tantalus. "Ewa" of Honolulu are Pearl Harbor and Ewa plantation; "Waikiki" of it is—Waikiki. Here are the seaside hotels and restaurants, the Outrigger Club, Kapiolani Park, the beach-houses of rich Honolulans, and Diamond Head. Here are the bathing, the surf-riding, the general tourist activity—as well as the amusements of Honolulans themselves. Across from the Moana Hotel is Ainahau, among whose giant trees and flowers Stevenson often sat with the little Kaiulani, heiress apparent to the now long-superseded Queen. Kaiulani died during Liliuokalani's reign, and her father, Mr. Cleghorn, has been dead these many years. Ainahau has been sold; but one can still lose oneself in those winding, overhung paths, the great palms cutting off the sky above one's head, and imagine the opera-bouffe days of the monarchy, half-wishing that strange chapter back. The portraits of Kaiulani show her as very lovely and inevitably beloved. She had, too, the supreme wit to die young. To a man of Stevenson's predilections, a beautiful young princess, half Polynesian and half Scotch, must have seemed one of the choicest works of God; and at Ainahau, if ever, he must have been happy.

In all successful social life, variety must somehow be achieved. In their circum-

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scribed space happy Honolulans manage it by having several houses. Precisely as here, you go to the mountains or the sea for recuperation and amusement; only in Hawaii you do not have to go so far. Half an hour will take you to your bungalow beneath Diamond Head; there at Kohala you can spend your Sunday, bathing in the multi-colored ocean. If mosquitoes bother you at Kohala, you can motor to the top of Tantalus, where, at two thousand feet, you are safe from them. Or you may have your beach house on the windward side of the Island, between Kahana and Kahuku. For a severer change, you can have a ranch on Kauai or Maui. If it is absolutely necessary for you to shiver—and one can conceive that—you can visit the volcano on Hawaii, or take the comfortable *Kilauea* to Maui, and climb Haleakala. In the concrete rest-house on that ten-thousand-foot rim you will need all the fur coats the family can provide. It is easy enough to change your climate and see a different beauty. Meanwhile, there is bridge, and the tango, and polo at Moanalua, and everything else that American civilization provides for one's distraction. Plays and operas are rare, of course, though now and then some company stops off between Australia and San Francisco. The Islanders, too, must be blessedly free from lectures. Good golf is provided at the Oahu Country Club, or at Haleiwa. If you are tired of domesticity, you can sit on the floor in a kimono at a Japanese tea-house, while little geisha girls bring you all the things that the yellow man most oddly likes to eat, and the saké that he most wisely likes to drink. You cannot skate or ski; but you can go riding or bathing or surf-boating or shark-fishing any time you feel like it; and on Hawaii, they tell me, you can put on a bathing-suit at the end of the day and coast down the dizzy cane-flumes. Except in a Kona storm you are seldom housed. Here the "unswerving season" brings no mitigation of beauty. Some transplanted people long at times for snow; the true Islander, I believe, not often. In any case, the Canadian Rockies are not so much farther from them than from us—above all, the journey is not so much more expensive. If you really want to be uncomfortably cold, there is, I am told, no chillier, snow-

From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Haleiwa Hotel entrance.

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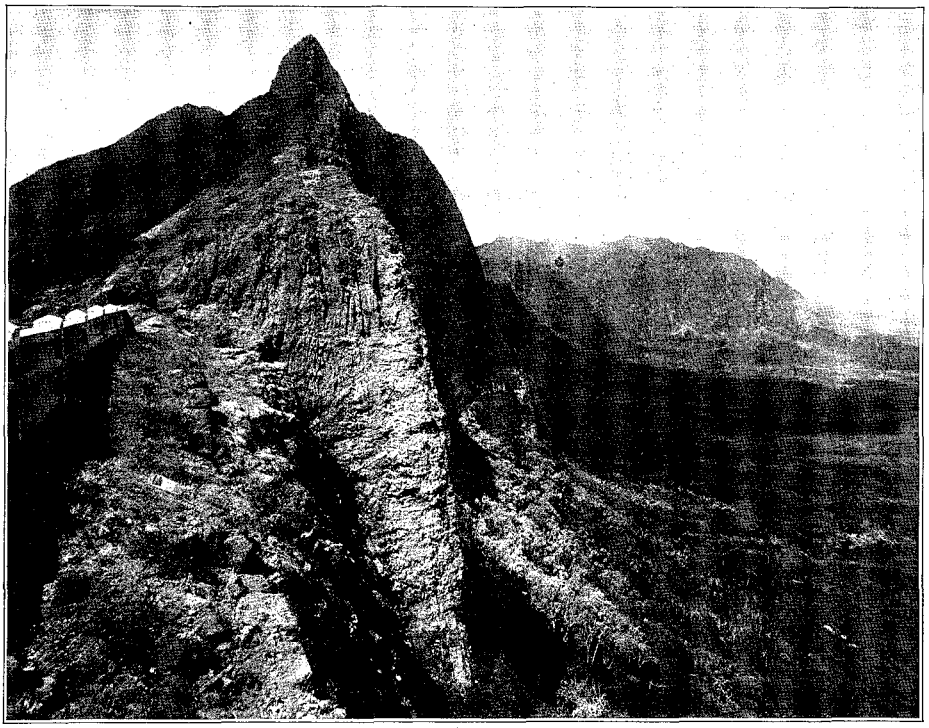

From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

The Pali—Island of Oahu.

The view from The Pali is ever various—morning and afternoon, mist and sun, tell different tales of it.—Page 536.

ier place than Japan in winter. And even Japan is only nine days away.

There is scarcely space to tell of all the sights of Honolulu. In the aquarium you can see fish that seem to have been created by French dressmakers. They look more like audacious *mannequins* at the Longchamps races than citizens of the simple ocean—save that nature is less careful of color-harmonies than Worth and Paquin are wont to be, and that no dressmaker would venture on a costume *à la* squid. The aquarium, I believe, had this summer been rifled for the Hawaiian exhibit at the Panama-Pacific; but, even so, it is a smallish place, not comparable with the chambers of wonder and horror at Naples.

Or you can go out by the Kamehameha Schools to the Bishop Museum—exquisitely panelled in the beautiful Hawaiian *koa* wood, dusky-gold and wildly grained; repository of feather-cloaks and Polynesian antiquities of every sort. Mrs. Bishop, the donor, was the daughter of Paki, and his giant surf-boards are nailed up in the entrance-porch. Everywhere in Honolulu you find witnesses to a now perished state of society, when princesses of the blood and daughters of great chiefs married Anglo-Saxons. With the passing of the monarchy and the subsidence of the native aristocracy, there is less temptation to the American or Englishman to espouse a native, and I believe it is not much done at present except in the lower classes—though a deal of the best white blood is said to have received at some time or other a Polynesian tributary. It is natural, with the change of government, and all that change entails, that the fashion should have passed. Much else has passed with it: the knowledge of Hawaiian, for example. Every one uses Hawaiian words, but the majority of American children do not learn the language. They are carefully not allowed to, lest a chance Hawaiian playmate should let in a flood of Polynesian information on their innocent minds. The Kanaka infant has "nothing to learn"; therefore much too much to teach. It is again, in some ways, a pity, for the Kanaka himself has no interest in the preservation of his tongue and it is degenerating into pidgin-talk. A scholar like Mr.

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Parker, for fifty years pastor of the Kawaiahao church in Honolulu; now and then a native demagogue who has cultivated the language for his own purposes—these may keep some interest in the mellifluous and moribund tongue; but that is all. It has virtually ceased to be stuff of rhetoric. Any learning the Kanaka may acquire is won at school, in English. It is easy to see the result. Beyond a convenient practical knowledge—for it is often, in remote places, convenient to speak Hawaiian—almost no one cares to go. Besides, it would be more to the point, practically, to learn Japanese.

There are other sights a-plenty in Honolulu. There are the schools, from Punahou Academy down; there is the Lunalilo Home for aged Hawaiians, which I distinctly advise against visiting, comfortable though it is. The Hawaiian does not grow old well—nature's revenge for his beauty in youth and maturity—and the Home was to us actually more depressing than the Leper Colony on Molokai. The shops are not particularly interesting: Hawaiian curios consist chiefly of *ukuleles*, bead and shell necklaces, and *tapa* cloth—which, I regret to say, in this twilight of the Hawaiian day, is chiefly imported from Samoa. You can get calabashes and *lauhala* mats made to order, but the market is not drugged with them. The Hawaiian, as I have said, does not like to work. Even his *poi*—except in country districts—is made for him at a Japanese or Chinese *poi*-factory. There is nothing "native" that you want to take home with you, except the fruit, and even if you were naïve enough to pack papayas and mangoes in your steamer-trunk, a California official would take them away from you before he let you through the Golden Gate. It seems that there are fruit-pests in the Eight Islands: another grievance, since all pests of every sort—including mosquitoes and leprosy—have been brought thither from somewhere else. There are as yet no snakes, but sometime some one will smuggle in a rattler or two.

The servant problem is made easy by the Orient. The Japanese cook will do everything in the world besides cooking: he will water your flowers and clean your car, raise your vegetables and press your clothes. If he is married, his wife will do that part of the work which he least likes, and between them you will be singularly comfortable. Your children will have Japanese nursemaids, your yard-boy will be Japanese as well. You will be wise to choose a Portuguese chauffeur; but except for that one service the Japs will look after you. It is well, I am told, to give very positive orders, and to keep to your own régime, for the Jap's imagination is peculiar to his race, and left to himself he will always do the most romantic thing.

Hear now the confession of a reformed Japanophobe. . . . Before our Hawaiian experience I had been quite convinced that the Japanese were the Prussians of Asia. Every one knows how easy that impression is to get. I do not pretend to have arrived at it by profound study. It shocked me not a little, at first, to find Islanders taking the Yellow Peril so lightly—not to say scoffingly. They seemed to me like those folk who have always nestled comfortably under Vesuvius. In another generation the voters of Hawaii will be overwhelmingly Japanese; for Japanese children, Hawaiian born, are, of course, American citizens. It is interesting, too, to note that the Japanese do not, like Chinese, Portuguese, and whites, intermarry with other races. They are in the melting-pot, but they do not, in that sense, melt. Japanese children must go to the government schools and learn English; but they must also go to Japanese schools, before and after school hours, on Saturdays and Sundays, and be instructed in their ancestral language, literature, and history. How they can work so hard, poor babies, and still look so gay and ephemeral, is a puzzle. Perhaps the secret of it is the kimono—as, indeed, I suspect (though it is a frivolous confession) the kimono was at the root of my own conversion. A Jap father in a clean kimono, tending the baby, is the most disarming sight in the world. And they are always doing it, whether in front of their Honolulu shops or in their plantation villages. Undoubtedly they work, and work hard, but they are always playing with the babies, first, last, and in between. While we saw them daily in this attitude, I for-

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got the "Japan Language Schools" (often placed, for convenience, next the government-school building) and the Shinto temples tucked away everywhere in the foliage. It is impossible to be afraid of any one who wears a kimono, and that fact may be either our salvation or our undoing in our relations with the Orient. I do not pretend to say.

But my conversion was not so frivolous a matter, after all. The Japanese character is apparently a very different thing from that which many of us, at least, had conceived it to be. First of all, the Japanese is a romantic—an out-and-out, absurd romantic. He is very sure of himself; he will undertake to do anything you ask him to; he is confident that he can imitate anything that he has seen, or perform any act that he has watched. He is his own publicity agent, too—like the braggart child, and as little objectionable. (I have even heard, authentically enough, that the famous Red Cross service in the Russo-Japanese War amounted only to a campaign of self-praise; that actually the Japanese lost a greater proportion of men through disease than did the Russians.) He is ambitious, always anxious to better himself. *But*——

The Jap will build your house for you —probably in most cases he does; but he is as likely as not to put in your windows upside down. Often, as soon as he saves enough money on the plantation, he drifts into a Honolulu commission merchant's, saying engagingly: "This time I make store." He pays down his savings, gets additional credit, and proceeds to "make store." But he is apt, in a year or two, to go bankrupt. He is so enamoured of his idea that he would rather sell everything in his shop on credit than to sell for cash and have any goods left on his shelves. Or he will be a chauffeur; but the god of speed also is in his Pantheon, and he will break his or your neck with the most devoted abandon. It is terrifying to meet a carload of Japs in a narrow place. It is even more terrifying to be driven by a Jap yourself, round a mountain road with a *pali* on your left and the sea five hundred feet below on your right. At the steepest point the Jap is sure to turn and tell you that this is a very dangerous place—not relaxing, meanwhile, his speed. If you are not impressed (though, for many reasons, you probably are) he will, very likely, add a dramatic account of how, not long ago, he was attacked at this very spot, by a band of Filipino marauders, all armed; how, fortunately, he had no money (you begin here to be grateful for your express cheque); how, finally, by dint of coolness, courage, and speed, he got away. Even in his pidgin-English he makes literature of it—until he becomes positively too excited by his own romance to proceed. It is like listening to the wild Odysseys of your own small boy. Luckily, the Jap likes to toot his horn: it is your only safeguard. Return over the same ground a few days later with a cautious Portuguese driver, and you will feel infinitely safer—but you will find yourself missing something.

The Japanese, in spite of their romance, are law-abiding folk—another disarming fact. The Filipino is the bad boy of the Islands: he will loot, and kill for loot—for an astonishingly small amount of loot. He kills very brutally, too. Occasionally, in the day's work, the Japanese will slay —but seldom; and when he does, I have heard, it is apt to be a case of jealousy—a *crime passionel.*

It must, of course, be remembered that in Hawaii one deals largely with a Japanese type very different from that which we encounter here; not the student or the merchant, but the laborer, the coolie. There are merchants, and there are educated Japanese of the better classes: priests, teachers, editors of papers, and so on. There is even the distinguished artist who will "do" your Japanese garden, or build your room for the tea ceremony, but who will not do either unless he has all the time he wants and absolute liberty to follow his tradition to the least detail of material and form. But these are few in comparison. The Japanese have been imported chiefly to work with their hands, and the bulk of them are the common people. The women work on the plantations as well as the men, wearing a special dress: an odd series of dark garments, puttee-like leg-gear, huge flat hats tilted on their chignons at an angle of forty-five degrees, a white cloth hanging down beneath it to protect the neck from the sun. A *kamaaina* can tell at once the nationality and

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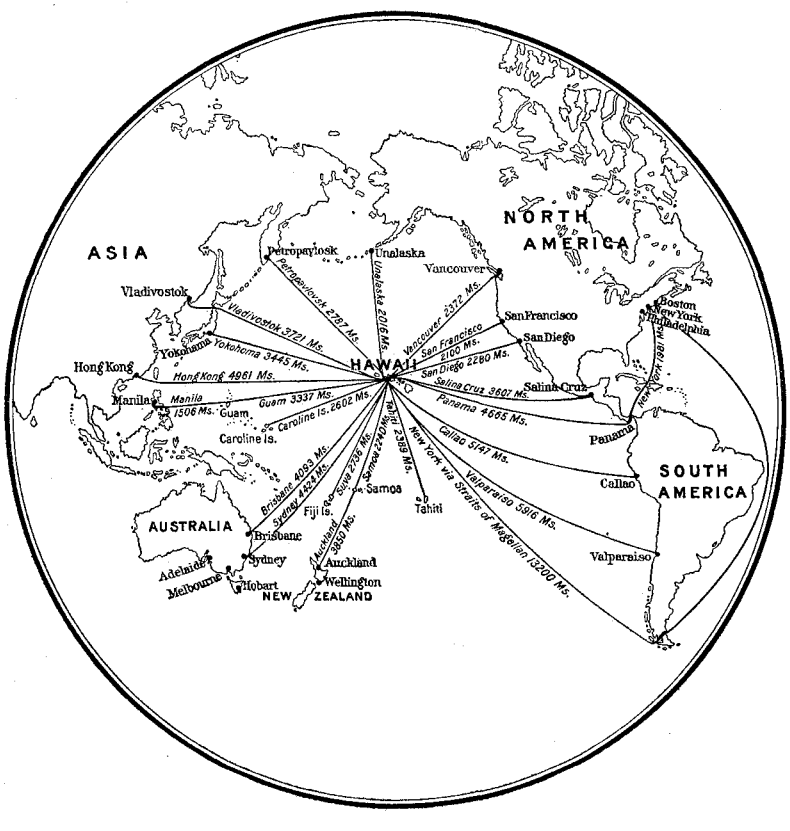
the breed of an individual whom he passes; but, though I am seldom at a loss to distinguish Chinese from Japanese in America, in Hawaii I found it as impossible as a task in a fairy-tale. The Japanese coolie is very like the Chinese coolie; and in country districts there are the Koreans one? This one?" The *kamaainas* could always label them. At the end of the day it was easier for the *malihini* to guess; for the Jap in his kimono is different from every one else in the world.

On the whole, it is easy to see why the Islanders discount the Japanese peril.



Map showing central location of Hawaii in respect to other ports of the world.

to confuse one. The women are easier to distinguish than the men, on account of their dress—the Chinese trousers, the vast Filipino sleeves, are as unmistakable as the kimono. But the men in the cane-fields dress as is most convenient and, until they have gone home and changed, it is not always easy to know. There are, besides, infinite complications of race-mixture; and, while we thought it easy to recognize a pure Hawaiian, the *malihini* could never be sure of the part-Hawaiian—whether he was part Portuguese, part white, or part Chinese. It was like a child's game to drive along a country road and ask: "This one? This

We heard one or two men of sense and long experience dissent from the common opinion, but not more than that. Only one or two were willing to admit that there might, in the next generation, be trouble. Most Americans in Hawaii have faith in the melting-pot; they think the Jap soluble. This, though they confess that Japan did want the Islands, and would still exceedingly like to possess them. When we quoted to them fears that we had heard expressed at home, they usually said, in sum: You won't find any one here outside of the army who believes that alarmist stuff; of course, the army is always looking for trouble.

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Certainly, the daily revelation of the Japanese temperament is allaying to fears. Whether Americans in Hawaii are misreading that temperament or not is in the womb of fate. But the Islander at least has a better chance to estimate the Japanese situation—psychological, economic, political—than we on the mainland. It may be that the Mikado sends out thousands of Japanese laborers with strict instructions to provide a spectacle of romantic inefficiency for the deluded American. It may be that wearing white kimonos and petting the babies are both done by imperial order. Perhaps the tale of overcrowded Japan is as false as the tale of overcrowded Germany; perhaps, really, the Japanese, like the Germans, have to import labor from without. The cane-cutting may all be a blind. If they are the Prussians of Asia, that is plausible. But in that case the Prussians of Asia do their deceiving much better than the Prussians of Europe.

The Chinaman in Hawaii is very like himself anywhere. Every village, even the smallest, has its *pake* (Chinese) store. Often the *pake* store-keeper has a Hawaiian wife. The Chinaman has, as we all know, a great gift for business; he is prudent, industrious, and honest. No one has ever paid him the doubtful compliment of fancying that there was a "Chinese problem." The Chinese virtues are too well known for mention here; though it may be remarked in passing that the Chinese-Hawaiian blend is said to be the best for character (as it is, by and large, for physique) of all those to which the Hawaiians treat themselves. The Chinaman ploughing his rice-fields with the classic water-buffalo, sitting decorously in his tidy shop, or selling unspeakable foods in his markets, lends a grave and welcome note to the medley. There is experience back of the Chinese face, male or female; it is *uralt;* it has psychology in it; you feel that it would respond to a human problem. The flitting Japanese seem ephemeral creatures in comparison: artistic by blessed instinct, but not pre-eminently intellectual. Even when a Chinaman gets drunk, he does it with a difference. But that is for another and more exotic chapter. . . .

In Honolulu we often ended up the evening by motoring to the Pali. Why, I do not know; for in the darkness that view, which seems to gather into its lavish bounds half the history and half the beauty of Hawaii, does not exist. You peer over the great parapet, down the seven-hundred-foot drop, and see nothing but the glow-worm lights of Kaneohe, far beneath you and beyond, near the illimitable sea. You cannot hear the surf; you cannot see the fern-stippled rock, or the pineapple plantations that tint windward Oahu with an ineffable green. Only the wind rushes through this narrow cleft in the volcanic mountain chain and nearly oversets you. It is like a heavy scarf across your eyelids; your lips can scarce move against it; and you cling to any friend that is near. A hundred yards away there was not a breath, will not be when you return. But here, if you want to climb a few feet to the Kamehameha tablet set in the side of the cliff, you will be glad of the little railing to clutch. Except for that, you might be lifted and blown across the parapet, down the cliff over which Kamehameha the Great once drove an army. The view from the Pali is ever various—morning and afternoon, mist and sun, tell different tales of it. But it is always significant: all the violent volcanic beauty of Hawaii, together with its tropic softness, is measured there lavishly for you. Kamehameha has stamped his legend on the cliff where your feet are set; the multi-colored ocean, beyond the coral-gardens of Kaneohe, spreads out its lonely leagues before you; the wind itself that sweeps disdainfully over, past, and through you, is overdue for the Equator and the sinister low archipelagoes of the South. Some sense of this was always heavy upon us as we breasted that expanse. Even at night the lights of Kaneohe seemed to hint it all. Every tourist, in his few hours' stop-over, can drive to the Pali; and of that one is glad. For the Pali is more essential than Waikiki or Diamond Head or Pearl Harbor. Its memories are pre-Territorial, and its inclusive beauty is as poignant and inimitable as the Hawaiian voice lifted in Polynesian song.

Returning, you wind through dim jungles of *hau*-trees that no army, it seems, could cut or blast away, until you reach the Country Club and Nuuanu Avenue, and then Honolulu town and harbor.

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The wind, free of the rock wall and appeased, follows you down to the ships. Six miles from the cleft in the Pali the *lei* women sit on Hotel Street (as per postcard) and sell their wreaths. If you are a departing traveller—and sooner or later, alas! you must be—your friends stock themselves heavily. You are bowed down with weight of flowers as you steam away from Honolulu. Very likely your heart is heavy, too. Sooner than you would wish the long, parti-colored streamers that you have flung to your friends on the dock break and fall away into the ocean. The fragile rainbow bond is severed; the last boy dives, Kanaka-fashion, standing erect, from the top of a life-boat; and you take up the trail again. But, whichever way one sails, the keenest visual memory is of the Pacific seen from a volcanic height: the view from the Pali windward, half a world away to the frozen North; for us, ever the view southward across the town, the harbor, the reef, and the blazing ocean, from the happy heights of Alewa.

[Mrs. Gerould's second article, "By-Ways in Hawaii," will appear in the June number.]

THE FRENCH OFFENSIVE IN CHAMPAGNE

(SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1915)]

BY CAPTAIN X, OF THE FRENCH STAFF

Author of "General Joffre: The Victor of the Marne"

AT the crossways near the batteries one has to leave the highroad which, at this point, is raked by German guns, and follow a rutty track that makes a long circuit through the fields. Near the crossways, at the A—— farm, the soldiers of the colonial corps, who have already spent one winter there and are cheerfully preparing to spend another, have built themselves the queerest and most exotic of villages—a real Sudanese settlement of conical-roofed huts, shaped like a Mandarin's hat. In the middle of the village is a tiny wooden church, with a belfry that does its best to taper up into a spire. A soldier-priest says mass there every Sunday. He and the altar take up nearly the whole of the space inside the church, while the faithful gather outside, piously following the service. On the façade is a Latin inscription:

REGINÆ VICTORIÆ
PILOSI MILITES ÆDIFICARUNT HANC
ECCLESIAM

"To the Queen of Victory the Poilus (*Pilosi Milites*) have erected this church." (The "Poilus" have not all forgotten their humanities!)

Just beyond there rises a steep slope bristling with batteries; on its crest are the artillery observation-posts. They are admirably fitted up and protected by thick courses of logs and beaten earth. A general is there, attentively examining with his field-glass the opposite slope, the greater part of which is in German hands. The general is one of the youngest chiefs of the French army. When hostilities broke out he was a colonel commanding a brigade; now, after just twelve months of war, he stands on one of the highest rungs of the ladder. He is tall, slim, young-looking, with an air of extreme distinction, quick, incisive speech, and resolute blue eyes. Whenever those eyes of his light on a new face he feels the immediate need to label and classify it and store away the image in some pigeonhole of his marvellously lucid memory, where thereafter it will always have its distinctive place. Looking at him and listening to him, one has the impression that the art of warfare is above all things a matter of precision, foresight, and tenacity. The masters of military science, the men predestined to shine in war, are those in whom the balance between brain and character, between understanding and willing, is most perfectly adjusted.

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General X, having finished his minute inspection of the enemy's lines, emerges from the obscurity of the observation-post and descends by zigzagging communication trenches to the motor awaiting him at the foot of the hill. When he drives off he leaves on all of us the impression that his visit portends some big event.

We were in the first days of August, 1915—it was just a year since the war had begun. The great German scheme of taking Paris and subjugating France in a few months—or a few weeks—had utterly failed. The battle of the Marne had broken down the first German offensive; six weeks later the furious dash on Calais was no less effectually checked. As for the numerous local attacks in the Argonne, in the course of which thousands of men, the best perhaps of the German army, were recklessly sacrificed in the effort to enhance the military prestige of the Crown Prince—all these attacks were far too local and limited to produce any lasting result.

Despairing of a decisive success on the Western front, the Germans last spring turned the weight of their forces on the Eastern lines. To help out the demoralized army of Austria-Hungary they began, first in Galicia and then in Poland, a vigorous offensive which made them masters of a considerable extent of territory. Their formidable heavy artillery and their almost inexhaustible reserves of munitions gave them a rapid ascendency over the Russian army, which, at that time, lacked not only munitions but rifles. Russia made a magnificent defense; but in August, 1915, her armies were in a difficult position. The German hopes, which had ebbed during the previous winter, were once more at the flood. It was clearly our business, on the Western front, to draw off some of the army corps which were threatening to break through the lines of our Allies.

The French offensive in Artois, made four months earlier, on a narrow front, had resulted brilliantly. It had confirmed the faith of France in the valor of her troops and in the vigor and intrepidity of their powers of attack; it had proved that, even after a winter of stagnation in the trenches, the French army had lost nothing of its dash. At the same time, the movement had shown that the German defenses, in spite of their perfection, can be successfully attacked and taken if only the attack is carefully enough studied and minutely enough prepared on the lines which previous experience has indicated. So much we knew last August; and the time seemed to have come to renew the assault of the previous spring on a larger scale and with more important forces.

Those forces were now available. The arrival of large English reinforcements had allowed the English front to be lengthened and had thereby released a corresponding body of French troops. That it is always a delicate operation to substitute, along any part of the front, one body of troops for another, is a fact that must be obvious to the most superficial student of the art of war. The present war is one of scientific precision and complexity. The solidity of any portion of the front is insured only by a combination of precautions and previsions as intricate and smoothly running as the wheels of a complicated machine. If one of the wheels stops the whole machine is likely to break down. The artillery fire, for example, must be so accurately regulated that the shells fall with mathematical precision at the predetermined point, without even a few yards' deviation. The attainment of such a result necessitates extraordinary exactitude of aim, observation-posts skilfully selected, and such perfect telephonic communication that, at a word of command, batteries several kilometres away can instantly and unerringly pour a hail of shell on any given point.

The substitution of one army corps for another necessitates a change of artillerymen, telephonists, sappers and miners, and so on; and the exchange must be carried out without the least delay or the slightest break of continuity along the front. In the present instance the feat was accomplished with complete success. Everything had been so intelligently prepared that when the English front was extended the change did not produce the slightest fluctuation anywhere along the line. The fact augurs well for the future.

Some of our army corps, which had taken part in the May offensive in Artois, had meanwhile had time to rest and reform. The attacking power of a body of troops is exactly analogous to the nerve-power of a man. When a man is young,

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active, and full of life, no matter how great his temporary exhaustion, a few days of rest and a few nights of sleep will put him on his feet again. The French army is in this happy prime of its recuperative powers. Such and such a regiment or division may return from a hard battle considerably depleted; but after a few weeks of rest in good quarters, where the men can eat, sleep, and wash, the troops will have recovered their original temper and be ready to meet a fresh onset.

This surprising elasticity, this promptness in throwing off fatigue and suffering, is not only the dominant characteristic of the French soldier, but the fundamental quality of the whole race—the quality which again and again has shone out in its long history.

Every preceding experience of the war had shown that an attack, to have any chance of success, must be backed by a formidable artillery with an almost inexhaustible supply of ammunition. The time had come when this force of artillery was at our command, and this supply of ammunition in our reserves. We were beginning to see the result of the prodigious industrial effort by which France, within the space of a few months, had mobilized the greater part of her factories to the sole end of the intensive production of war material. At any moment we chose it was in our power to sweep the German lines with a deluge of shot and shell.

The ground chosen for the attack, which extended from Auberive to a point east of Ville-sur-Tourbe, covers a length of about twenty-five kilometres, and is far from being an undiversified surface. Looking from west to east, it presents the following features:

(1) A glacis about eight kilometres wide, of which the gentle slopes are covered with scattered clumps of trees. The road from St. Hilaire to St. Souplet, passing by the Baraque de l'Epine de Vedegrange, is nearly on the axis of this glacis.

(2) The hollow at the bottom of which lies the village of Souain. The first line of German trenches followed the inner lip of this hollow. The road from Souain to Somme-Py makes, as it were, the diameter of the half-circle. The Navarin farm, 3k500 north of Souain, is on the crest of the hills commanding the hollow.

(3) North of Perthes comes a level stretch running between the wooded hills of the Trou-Bricot and the Butte-du-Mesnil, like a long corridor three kilometres wide, barred at intervals by lines of trenches and abutting on a series of heights, the so-called "buttes de Souain," the "côtes" * 193 and 201, and the "butte de Tahure," crowned by the German second lines.

(4) North of Mesnil is a very strong position, bastioned on the west by the twin heights of the Mamelle Nord and the Trapèze, and on the east by the "butte" of Mesnil. Between these two points the German trenches formed a powerful curtain, behind which a broken region of dense woodland extends to Tahure.

(5) North of Beauséjour is a bare stretch of easy country sloping up gradually in the direction of Ripont to the farm of the Maisons de Champagne.

(6) North of Massiges the powerfully fortified "côtes," 191 and 199, which look on the map like the pattern of a hand, form the eastern flank of the German defenses. From here the ground slopes away gently toward Ville-sur-Tourbe.

The two chief positions of the German works lay from three to four kilometres apart. The deeper of the two was formed by three or four lines of trenches, separated from each other by barbed-wire entanglements and running back to a depth of from 400 to 500 yards. The second position consisted of a single trench, reinforced here and there by a support trench. This portion of the line, and the barbed-wire entanglements preceding it, were built almost entirely on the reverse slope of the hill, so that it was extremely difficult for our artillery to get the range.

In addition to these main points of the line, admirably organized centres of resistance had been formed wherever the ground permitted—so many little fortresses, nests of concealed mitrailleuses, to which the troops of defense had orders to cling to the last round of shell if the intervening trenches were overwhelmed.

It is obvious that the attack of lines organized on this scale could have nothing in common with the war of manœuvre that preceded the battle of the Marne. This was a wholly different kind of conflict, a siege war with methods and regu-

*The numbers of these "côtes," or hills, indicate their altitude in metres.

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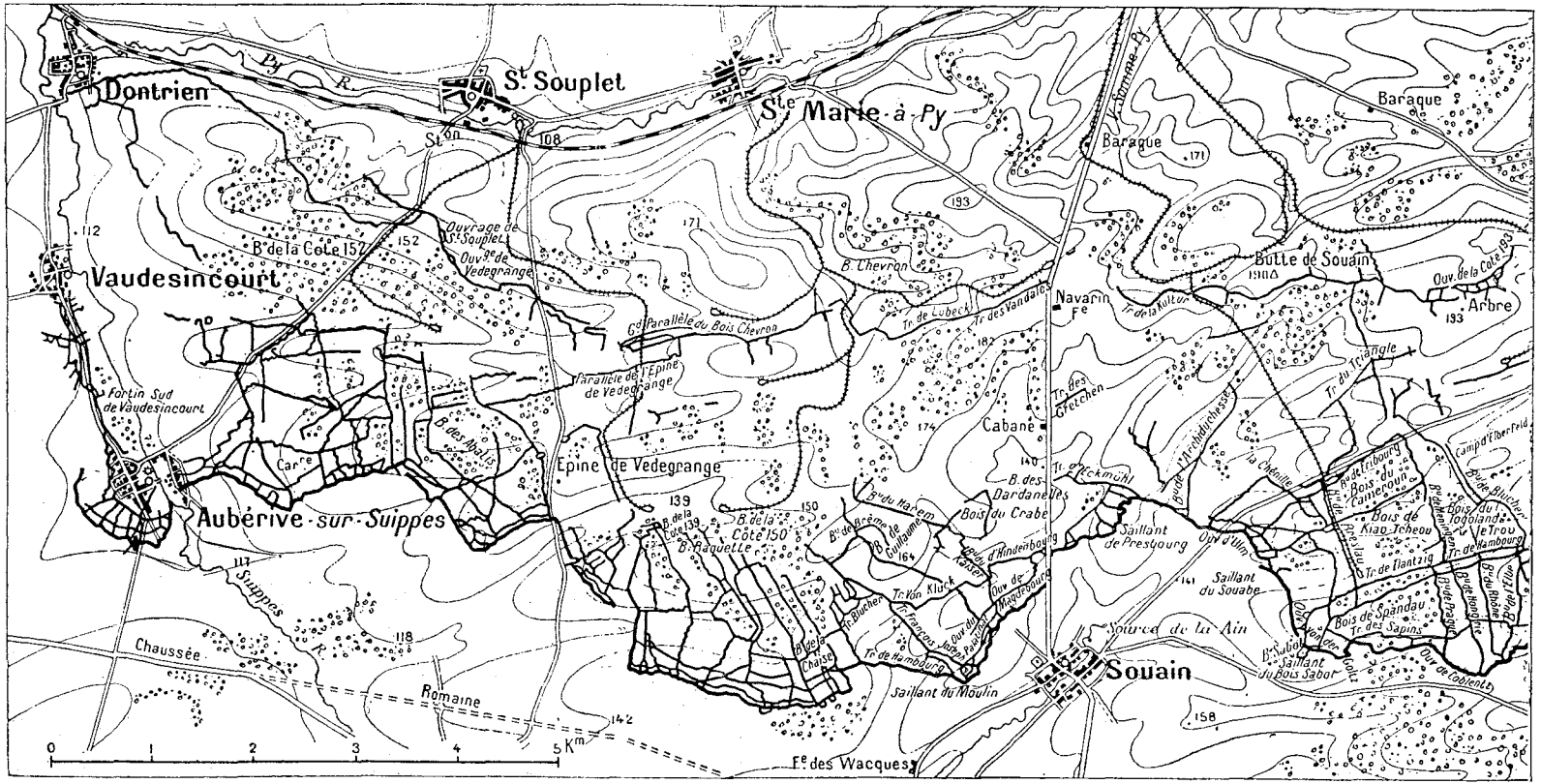

The map on this and the opposite page shows the German trenches and the progress of the French offensive.

[Western half of map.]

The ground chosen for the attack extended from Aubérive to a point east of Ville-sur-Tourbe.

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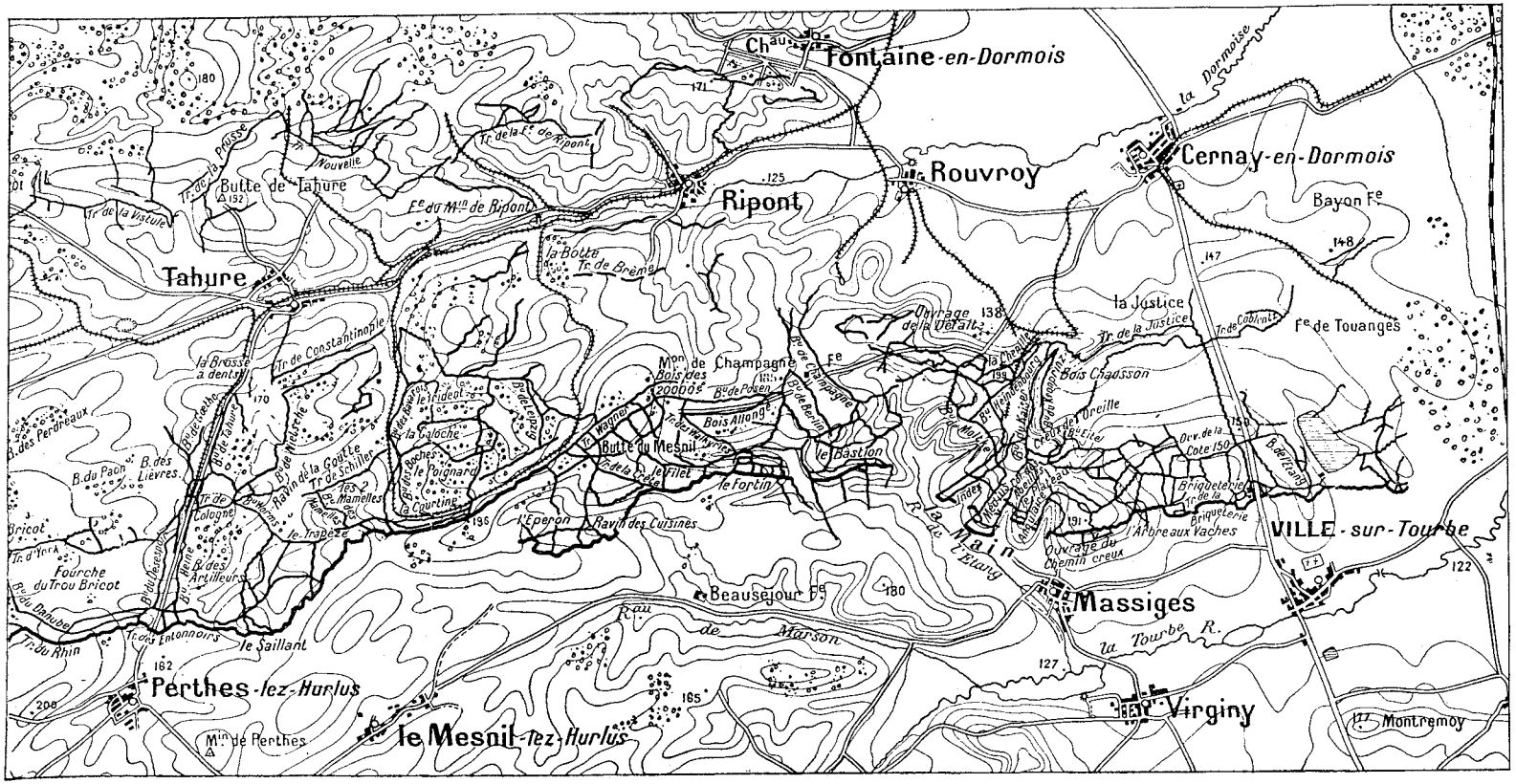

Continuation of map of the trenches and French offensive.

[Eastern half.]

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lations of its own. To form an idea of it one must turn to the record of the great sieges of history, and notably to that of Sebastopol.

The first necessity for the attacking army was to know with the utmost accuracy the exact place of every German trench, the depth of the barbed-wire defenses, and the position of the machine guns and the batteries. Thanks to our many means of information, we were fully instructed on all these points. Every feature of the German positions was marked on a map and known by its special designation. The attacking troops knew exactly what was ahead of them and where they were going.

The arrival of the troops had begun well in advance of the attack. Along the railways and on the highroads there had been for days an uninterrupted stream of trains and motor-vans. The region about Châlons was swarming with soldiers.

The landscape of mid-Champagne, the "Champagne pouilleuse," where so often in past times the destinies of France have been fought out, is monotonous, but not without beauty. It is a region of untilled fields, of scattered pine forests, heaths and ponds, traversed by beautiful straight roads which seem purposely to avoid the few and widely separated villages. In these latter the half-timbered houses are all of the same type, and mostly several centuries old. They were so much fuel for the Kaiser's bonfires, and it did not take many of his incendiary tablets to set them ablaze.

Preparations were going rapidly forward; the sense of momentous things was in the air. Day by day, as the decisive hour drew nearer, the great army massed for the attack felt its ardor and impatience grow. The generals and the commanding officers exhorted their men; but words were unnecessary. Never had the tone of the French troops been finer; never had France possessed a more magnificent army than that gathered last autumn on the plains of Champagne. It was my good fortune to assist at several of the rounds of inspection, during which our most brilliant general, gathering about him his officers and men, set forth in a few words the effort and the self-sacrifice that their country required of them; and on every sternly set face the same look of heroic abnegation, the same resolve to strike hard and conquer, made mute response to his appeal.

The artillery preparations had begun three days earlier, on the 22d of September. The fire was kept up night and day, with a predetermined rhythm and according to a carefully regulated plan. The objects to be attained were the following: the destruction of the wire entanglements, the burying of the defending line in their underground shelters, the wrecking of the trenches and the parapets, and the cutting off of the communication trenches.

The fire raked not only the first-line trenches but the support trenches and even the second-line positions. At the same time the long-range guns were bombarding the various headquarters, the encampments, and the railway stations, cutting off the railway communication and interrupting the bringing up of supplies.

From a height above Massiges I looked on for hours at this bombardment. Never have I seen one approaching it in violence. The shells burst so close to each other that the puffs of white smoke along the heights were merged in a single cloud. It was like looking at a multitude of geysers in full ebullition. The air was shaken by an uninterrupted roar, against which, now and then, a huge detonation would detach itself with a crash that seemed to shake the earth: it was the explosion of a heavy projectile from one of the big guns.

It was not the first bombardment I have followed. During the Russo-Japanese war, on the second day of the battle of Liaoyang, I saw the whole Japanese artillery concentrate its fire on the peak of Shoshan a few hours before the infantry assault. On the last day of the battle of the Marne, from the heights opposite Mondement, all the batteries of our division sent an infernal blast of shell against the summit crowned by the château which was held by the Prussians. But these bombardments were as nothing compared to the present attack. The dazed and distracted German troops completely lost their heads. Every few moments they sent up luminous fusees as a signal to their artillery to open a barring fire against the French. The unfinished letters found on many of the prisoners taken after the attack show the prodigious effect of this

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deluge of steel. A German soldier writes, on September 25: "I have received no news from home, and shall probably receive none for several days. The postal service has stopped; the whole line has been so violently bombarded that no human being could hold out. The railway is so continuously shelled that all trains have ceased running. We have been in the fighting line for three days. During these three days the French have shelled us so incessantly that our trenches are completely wiped out."

Another wrote on the 24th: "For the last two days the French have been bombarding us like madmen. To-day one of our shelters was demolished. There were sixteen men in it, and every one of them was killed. Many others were killed besides, and masses of men were wounded. The artillery fire is almost as rapid as that of the infantry. The whole front is covered by a cloud of smoke which hides everything. The men are dropping like flies. The trenches are a heap of wreckage."

Still another, writing on the same day, says: "A rain of shell is falling on us. Our kitchen and provisions are cannonaded all night. The field-kitchens no longer arrive. Oh, if only the end were in sight! Peace! peace! is the cry on every man's lips."

An artilleryman of the 100th regiment of field-artillery writes on September 25:

"We have been through awful hours. It seemed as if the whole world were crumbling away. We have had heavy losses. Last night one company of two hundred and fifty men had sixty killed. A neighboring battery lost sixteen.

"The following instance will show you the frightful power of the French projectiles. A shelter five metres below ground, roofed with two layers of logs and two and a half metres of earth, was smashed like a match."

The captain commanding the third company of the 135th regiment of German reserves writes in his report: "Send us a supply of rations at once. We have received no provisions to-day. We are in urgent need of flares and hand-grenades. Is the sanitary column never coming to look after our wounded?" And a few hours later: "I insist on immediate reinforcements. My men are dying of fatigue and want of sleep. I have no news of the battalion."

The artillery preparation was at the highest pitch of efficiency. We had done all that it was in our power to do. There remained one important factor of success; but that, alas! was an incalculable one. No one could foresee the weather, and much depended on our having a fine day for the attack. Clear weather would give us an immense advantage by facilitating that co-ordination of action between the infantry and the supporting artillery on which success in the offensive so largely hangs. Once the attacking columns were thrown into the furnace, it was vitally necessary for the staff and the artillery to keep in constant touch with them, to know exactly how far they had advanced, and to be able at each step to support and direct them.

The assault on the second-line positions also depended for its success on a clear atmosphere; for this second position, usually placed on the reverse slopes of hilly ground, is so extremely difficult to discover that its wire defenses can be only partially destroyed by the artillery.

During the days preceding the general attack the sky, which had hitherto been radiant, began to grow cloudy. Toward nightfall on the 24th the clouds melted away before a moon that seemed to promise a return of fine weather, a promise which the next morning unhappily belied. By daybreak a fog had closed down on the lines and a thick drizzle was beginning to fall.

But no atmospheric conditions could damp the feverish impetuosity of our troops. The moment for the general attack was set for a quarter past nine. During the night all the attacking troops had taken up their positions. The soldiers lined all the parallel trenches, and the trenches of communication by which the supporting column was to be brought up. Every officer had set his watch by the hour of the general headquarters.

One must have lived through such moments to realize their tragic and passionate beauty. Hundreds and thousands of men in the vigor of their youth are massed there together awaiting the shock. Many of them—and they all know it—are inexorably marked for death. All of them

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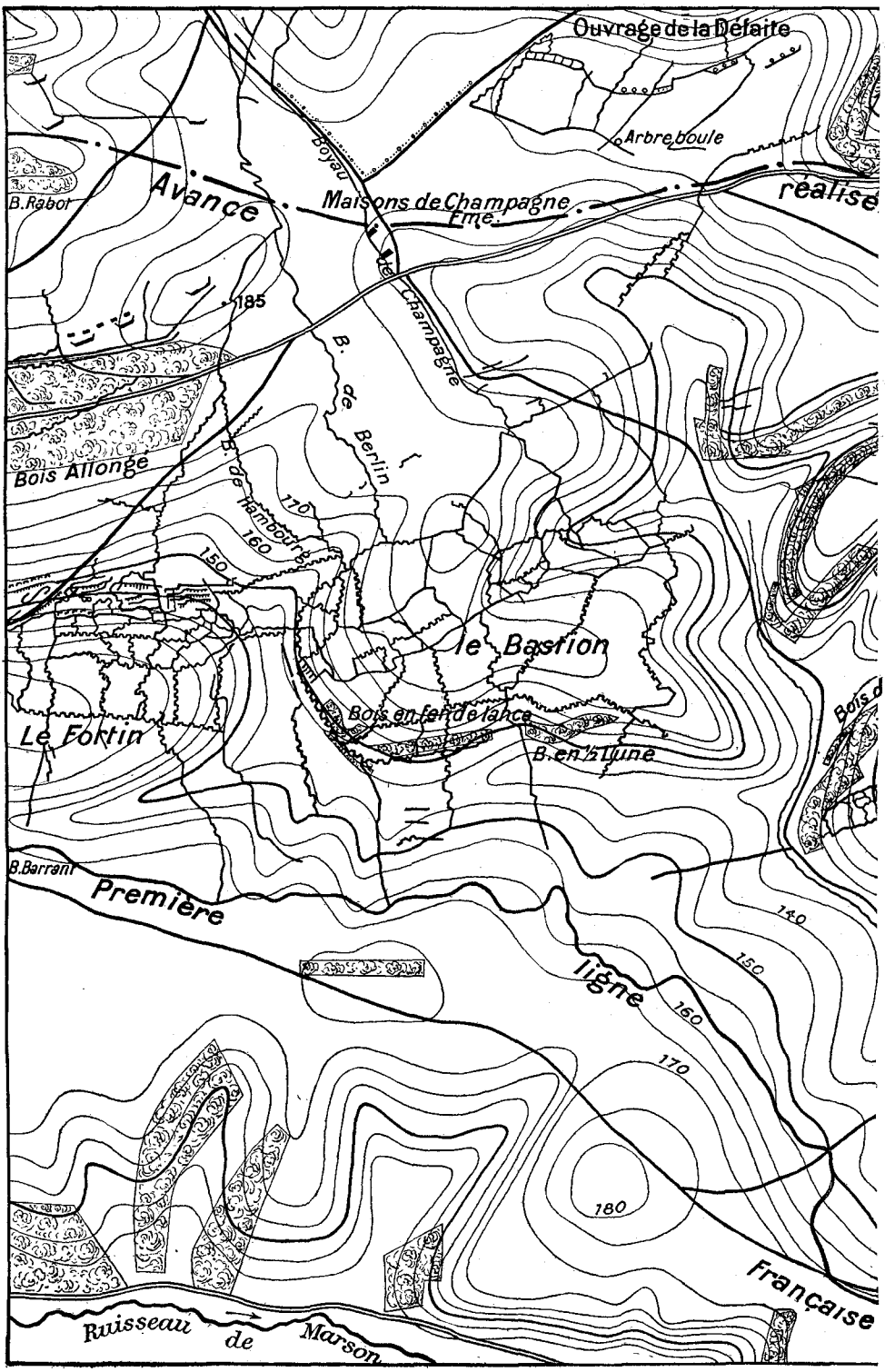

The map on this and the opposite page shows the formidable series o

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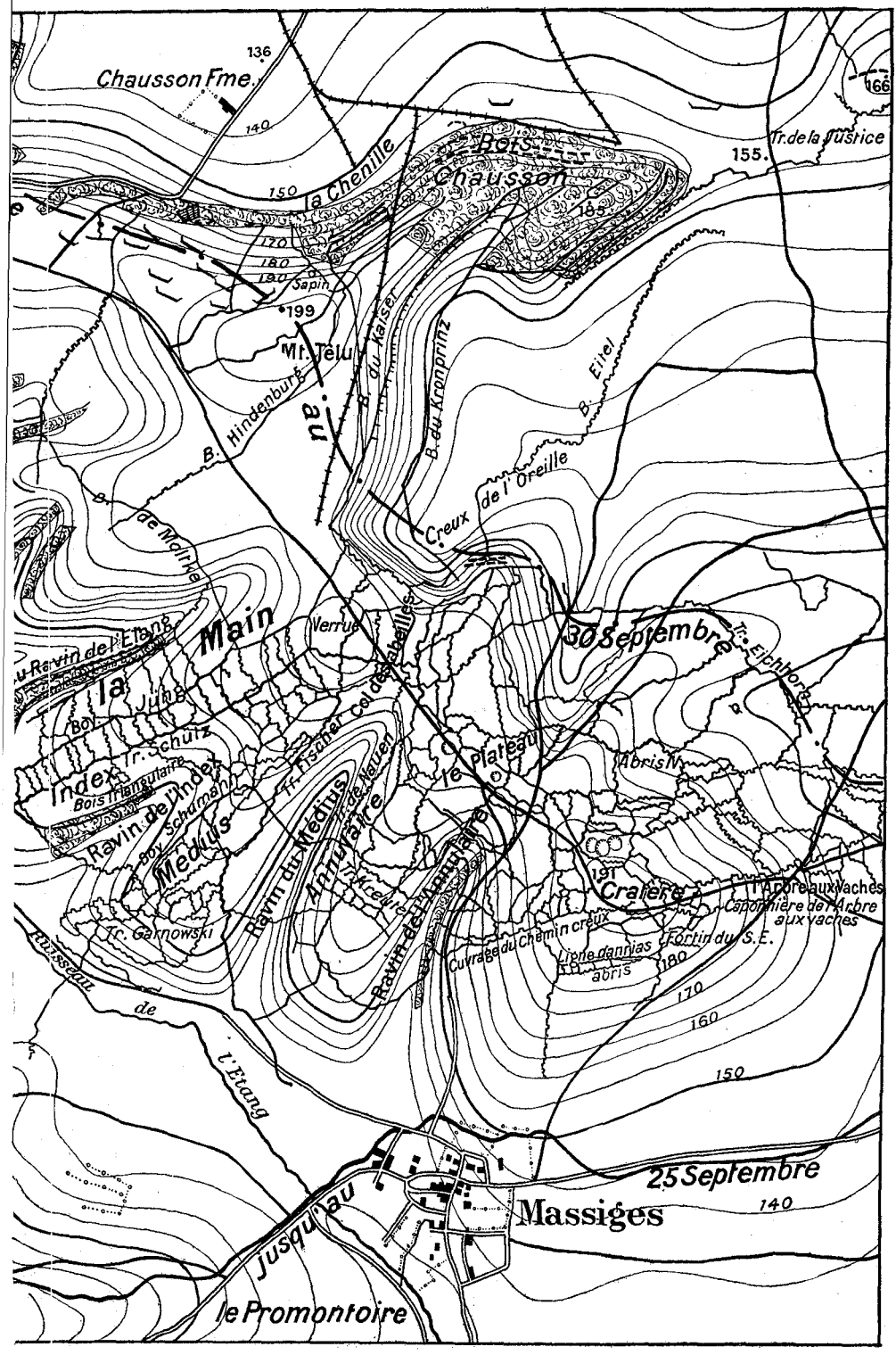

German fortifications and trenches known as "The Hand of Massiges."

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feel the great shadow groping for them, invisible yet ever present in their ranks; but its nearness, far from weakening their courage, touches their resolve with a stern and manly gravity.

By seven in the morning I was at a post of command from which part of the battle-field was visible. Our artillery fire still went on, ever intenser and more furious, as though seeking, during the minutes that remained, to crush and submerge such portions of the German lines as had escaped our heavy guns. It was obvious that, after three days of such uninterrupted bombardment, the Germans must know that the decisive hour was at hand. Every few seconds flares rushed up from their lines, imploring the barring fire that was to stop our infantry.

Suddenly, at the preordained moment, the French, headed by their officers, revolver in hand, flung themselves out of the trenches along the whole of the immense line. In order to maintain the necessary discipline and self-control of the troops under the deadly fire that awaited them, each section was marshalled into line as soon as it reached open ground. Then, at double-quick so that they should not lose their wind by too impetuous a dash forward, they broke in a first immense wave against the German trenches. Hardly had one wave of infantry swept forward when another surged up behind it and flowed impetuously in the same direction. The advance was like that of a mighty sea whose irresistible breakers must undermine the rockiest coast.

The speed of the French advance was so great that the Germans were almost everywhere taken by surprise. All their first-line trenches were submerged. All the troops who occupied them were killed or gave themselves up; and the infantry swept on to the second line. On the way it captured a large number of German cannon, machine guns, and heavy pieces; the artillerymen fell where they stood. Wherever a German defensive work was too solidly organized to be taken with a rush, it was invested by our troops; and the enemy, thus encircled, surrendered in thousands. At certain points of the front our infantry poured ahead with such impetuosity that the artillery, to support it, had to limber their guns and move them forward, exactly as in open battle. There could be no more amazing proof of the vigor and vehemence of the French attack.

Unhappily, it was not to be hoped that the forward movement should everywhere strike the same pace. Irregularity of advance is one of the inevitable conditions of siege war. The lines of least resistance are bound to be carried with relative speed; while at points where the difficulty of the ground or the greater courage of the defenders makes the advance harder, progress necessarily slackens. Therefore, a few hours after the first assault, the line attacked, instead of being straight, has been bent into a series of perilous zigzags.

Nevertheless, after two or three days of fierce fighting, the French troops had achieved important results. To form an idea of what had been gained, it is necessary to consider separately each of the sectors of the front; for in each one the struggle assumed a different form and had a different outcome.

In the region to the right of the Epine de Vedegrange the advance of our troops was very rapid. At this point there was an extremely strong German centre of resistance, composed of a triple and a quadruple line of trenches, machine-gun blockhouses, and a bit of woodland covered with one of the most intricate systems of defense along the German front and giving shelter to numerous concealed batteries. But the whole of this sector was taken by a sudden and irresistible dash. In spite of heavy losses, in spite of the fatigue of incessant fighting, the French swept on and on, leaving behind them only enough men to scour the conquered region and break down its centres of resistance. On the 27th of September, toward evening, our troops were in touch with the German second line; at two points we had even got a footing in them, making a breach of about five hundred yards. Unluckily, it was impossible to widen this breach sufficiently to reap the reward of our success. German heavy batteries concentrated their strength on the opening, and hidden machine guns swept its sides with a fierce enfilading fire. Nevertheless, the results achieved in this sector figure up as follows: the taking of fifteen square kilometres of ground riddled with trenches and fortified works, forty-four pieces, seven of 105 mm. and

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six of 150 mm. and of more than three thousand prisoners.

In the Souain sector the enemy line swept a great curve about the village. At certain points the German trenches were over a kilometre from ours. It therefore became necessary, when the offensive was planned, to push our works far enough forward to facilitate the attack on the German front. This subterranean engineering was carried out with incomparable pluck and energy. Leaving the trenches at night, our soldiers literally bounded across the intervening space. When they reached the designated point they dug themselves in, afterward linking their new line to the trenches they had left by communicating "bowels." This exceedingly difficult exploit was actually accomplished under the eyes and under the fire of the enemy, and the parallel trenches followed the curve of the German line at a distance of less than two hundred yards.

The attack began simultaneously at three points. To the west we advanced toward the wooded ground; in the centre we followed the line of the road from Souain to Somme-Py, in the direction of the Navarin farm; to the east we bent toward the woods which are intersected by the road from Souain to Tahure, and toward the "butte" of Souain. Our advance was extremely rapid. To the left we covered two kilometres in less than an hour; in the centre, three kilometres in forty-five minutes. By ten o'clock we were abreast of the Navarin farm, and a glance at the map will show the amazing rate of our progress.

Toward the east it was harder to make headway. The Sabot wood was full of German machine guns, which greatly facilitated the enemy's resistance. But this centre of defense was surrounded and taken, enabling our troops to close up with those which were attacking to the north of Perthes. The Germans were completely encircled, and, leaving only a sufficient force to reduce the position, the main part of our troops pushed on.

Those left behind sent parlementaires to demand the surrender of the Germans. They were met by rifle fire, upon which they attacked the defenders with the bayonet. The survivors surrendered and were sent to the rear, and a number of batteries and a large amount of material remained in our hands. By the 28th we were in contact with the second German line. Our troops had been magnificent, and they had been led by generals and officers whose courage and disregard of self may be measured by the fact that one general of division and four colonels had already been wounded, and two colonels killed.

Between Souain and Perthes lies a wooded region where violent fighting had already taken place in the previous February. We had then carried a part of the German trenches, and the enemy, aware that the point was a vital one, had provided it with powerful defenses. First came an almost triangular salient, which was very strongly held—we called it the Pocket. Beyond, the formidably organized defenses of the Trou Bricot wood presented an almost unsurmountable obstacle. This bit of country, pocketed by craters and seamed and cross-seamed with trenches and "bowels," was nearly impregnable; yet it failed to check the impetus of our troops.

The way in which the Pocket and the Trou Bricot were carried may be regarded as a model of that particular type of warfare. The plan of attack, marvellously conceived, was yet more marvellously executed. The first thing to be done was to take the Pocket. At the appointed hour our batteries progressively lengthened their range, while the infantry dashed forward. The attack was carried out in perfect order, and half an hour later, at 9.45, the two columns which had stormed the extremities of the salient were in contact. The work was surrounded and the surviving defenders surrendered. At the same time a battalion got a footing on the southern edge of the wood of the Trou Bricot. The succeeding battalions, skirting its eastern edge, executed a perfect left turning movement and formed in echelon along the communication trenches. Meanwhile, to the north of Perthes our troops had pierced the three lines of German trenches and, covered by our artillery, were sweeping on to the "York" trench. They took it almost without striking a blow. Farther to the east, along the road from Perthes to Tahure, greater difficulties were encountered. A German mitrailleuse in a shelter kept up a troublesome fire; but finally one of our infantry officers, with a sergeant, suc-

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ceeded in bringing up a gun to within a little over three hundred yards of the mitrailleuse and promptly smashed it.

Toward the end of the afternoon one of our regiments had reached the road leading from Souain to Tahure. The Trou Bricot wood was thus almost completely encircled, and our soldiers dashed into the German encampment from all sides and swept it clear of its defenders. The surprise was complete. Some of the German officers were taken in bed; this fact, which is absolutely established, testifies to the amazing rapidity of the attack. It shows also the confidence of the German chiefs in the security of their position. They were certainly justified in thinking the Trou Bricot secure from attack. They had spent the whole winter and spring in perfecting its defenses, and had fitted up luxurious quarters for themselves in their impregnable fortress. The houses of the adjacent villages and all the châteaux in the neighborhood had been methodically pillaged. The German officers had transported to the subterranean apartments of the Trou Bricot chairs, sofas, beds, wardrobes, and even pianos. On one of these officers was found an extremely curious order from a German quartermaster-general, forbidding the occupants of the houses and châteaux of the neighborhood to take the furniture with them when they left. "Such things can no longer be permitted," the order gravely ran, "because, if the first occupants carry away everything they take a fancy to, nothing will be left for those who come after them."

The surrounding of the Trou Bricot was one of the most successful manœuvres of our offensive. Throughout all this region the majority of the German batteries were surprised and taken in the height of the action, and the cannoneers and loaders killed before they knew what was happening. One of our regiments advanced four kilometres in two hours, taking on the way ten guns, three of 105 mm. and seven of 77 mm.

Unhappily, after midday our rate of progress began to slacken. The thick weather made it impossible for our artillery to follow the advance and it became increasingly difficult to establish liaisons. From the "buttes" of Souain and Tahure the enemy poured a converging fire on our troops, who were advancing over open ground. Nevertheless, they pushed forward to the foot of the hill of Tahure, where they dug themselves in. But the wire entanglements protecting the second German position were still intact, and it would have required a fresh bombardment to carry it.

It was to the north of Mesnil that the German resistance was most dogged. Our attack made us masters of a hollow called the ravine of Cuisines; but it was impossible for us to get beyond this point.

To the north of Beauséjour, however, we scored a swift and brilliant success. The successive waves of the attacking force, flinging themselves on the first lines, completely submerged them. The onrush carried some of the troops straight to the crest of Maisons de Champagne; on the way they passed through several batteries, killing the gunners at their posts. It was in this sector that the cavalry lent an unexpected support to the infantry. Two squadrons of hussars, in spite of a violent barring fire, had swept past our trenches and were galloping toward the German batteries to the north of Maisons de Champagne. On the way they reached a trench in which the Germans had managed to maintain themselves. The German machine guns were instantly turned on the hussars and a few horses fell. The hussars immediately sprang to the ground and rushed at the trenches with drawn swords, giving the infantry time to rally under cover of this diversion. The resistance of the enemy was broken and six hundred prisoners were taken at this particular point.

The heights of Massiges had also been converted into what the Germans regarded as an impregnable fortress, from the summit of which they commanded all our principal positions. But in a quarter of an hour our infantry had scaled the height and were in possession of the German works. There followed a terrific hand-grenade fight in the communication trenches. As our grenadiers advanced the Germans surrendered in masses. An uninterrupted chain of grenadiers, like the chain of buckets at a fire, occupied the trenches and the ridges of the hill. For more than eight days the fight went on without respite, and with unexampled fury. The Germans brought up continual reinforcements. All their available troops were called up to de-

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fend the hill of Massiges, which they were resolved to hold at all costs. The German gunners dropped beside their guns, the grenadiers on their grenade boxes. And still our troops continued slowly but steadily to advance, till finally we obtained possession of the whole crest of Massiges, maintaining ourselves there in spite of the furious counter-attacks of the enemy. The German General Staff appears to have been especially affected by the loss of this position. According to the German communiqués, it was voluntarily evacuated because our artillery fire had made it untenable. But whenever the Germans lose a position they profess to have abandoned it of their own accord; after the battle of the Marne they went so far as to describe their retreat of sixty kilometres as a strategic manœuvre. As a matter of fact, the heights of Massiges were won from the enemy bit by bit, yard by yard, by the dauntless courage of our grenadiers.

Our huge attack along a front of twenty-five kilometres was supported by two others designed to cover our flanks. The task of the troops to whom this duty was allotted, and especially of those operating on the western borders of the Argonne, between Servon and the wood of La Grurie, was peculiarly difficult. It was their duty to hold in check and to immobilize as large a force of the enemy as possible, and they fulfilled their mission brilliantly and with unwonted courage.

Our offensive in Champagne is universally acknowledged to have been a great tactical success. Along the whole front all the first line of German works, three or four lines of trenches, the strongest centres of defense, the points of support, and the field-works were all carried. At certain points our troops even succeeded in making a breach in the second line. If these breaches were not wide enough to permit our supporting troops to pour through them, it was chiefly because the persistent bad weather made it impossible to follow up our advantage.

In spite of this, the results obtained, materially as well as morally, were extremely satisfactory.

In the first place, our tactical success had an immediate strategical result of the first importance. The Germans, roused to the great risk they had run, recalled in hot haste ten or twelve of their divisions operating on the Russian front: that is to say, a body of troops large enough to have permitted them to press their advance into Russian territory and perhaps obtain a decisive advantage over our allies. The fact is indisputable, and it would be hard to exaggerate its importance. The check of the German offensive in Russia coincided exactly with our victory in Champagne, and the link between the two events is very close.

For several days the Germans were in a state of great alarm. They understood that they had very nearly had their front broken through. The hurried orders of their general staff, the agitation of their troops, revealed their anxiety and apprehension.

Our advance made us master of about forty square kilometres of ground, and left in our hands an enormous number of prisoners—twenty-five thousand men, three hundred and fifty officers, a hundred and fifty guns, besides machine guns, bomb-throwers, and a large amount of other booty. Such figures are the trophies of an important victory. To measure their significance it is only necessary to compare them with those of some of the memorable battles which French soldiers have fought and won in the past.

At Jena, for instance, we took fifteen thousand prisoners and two hundred guns. The Prussian losses on that occasion amounted to eighteen thousand men.

At Austerlitz we took twelve thousand prisoners and a hundred and eighty-six guns, while the imperial army lost twenty-five thousand men.

For the first time since the beginning of the present war the German troops in Champagne surrendered *en masse*. Whole regiments thus disappeared completely from the German army; and for days and days, along the great highway that runs through Châlons, an uninterrupted stream of German prisoners poured in from the front.

The letters and journals found on these prisoners and taken from the dead bear witness to the extreme discouragement of the enemy. On the 30th of September a lieutenant of reserves of the Tenth Army Corps jotted down the following lines:

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"Yesterday sixteen of my men were killed by torpedoes. It is frightful. If only the rain would begin again, or the fog come back! But with this weather the aviators are sure to be on us again, and we shall be deluged with torpedoes and with shells from the trenches. Clear skies, how I hate you! Fog, fog, come back to help us!"

The German losses were extremely heavy—it is not impossible to compute them approximately. At the beginning of September the Germans had seventy battalions on the Champagne front. Before the 25th of the month, in anticipation of our attack, they brought twenty-nine more battalions to this front, forming a total of ninety-nine; and the 115,000 men composing this force were immediately thrown into action.

During the first days of the battle the wastage on the German side was so great that the general staff was obliged to renew its forces by despatching to the front ninety-three new battalions. In the greater number of regiments the losses were certainly not lower than fifty per cent. Therefore it may be safely assumed that the total of German losses in Champagne amounted to 140,000 men.

The importance which General Joffre attached to this victory is shown by the following Order of the Day, which he addressed to the army:

General Headquarters, October 3d.

The commander-in-chief desires to transmit to the troops under his command the expression of his profound satisfaction regarding the results obtained by the attacks up to the present time.

Twenty-five thousand prisoners, 350 officers, 150 guns, and *matériel* which it has not yet been possible to count: such are the results of a victory of which the fame has rung through Europe.

None of the sacrifices entailed have been vain. All who were engaged have done their part. Our present success is the surest pledge of future victory.

The commander-in-chief is proud to have under his command the finest troops that France has ever known.

J. Joffre.

The most important result of our success in Champagne is that for the first time since the beginning of the war the Germans completely lost their initiative, and even any serious ability to react against our attack. One of their generals, Von Ditfurth, acknowledges the fact explicitly in one of his orders.

"I have the impression," he writes, "that our infantry is simply remaining on the defensive. . . . I cannot protest too energetically against such a system, which necessarily results in deadening in our troops all spirit of aggression, leaving to the enemy complete freedom of action, and subordinating our own attitude to his initiative."

Von Ditfurth was right. Up to the date of the Champagne offensive the Germans, whenever they lost any position, however insignificant, considered it a point of honor to retake what they had lost at any cost. Now for the first time, after this important victory, they seemed incapable of any serious counter-attack.

They merely attempted to gather together as large a force as they could muster—the rank and file of the regiments all in inextricable confusion—and to mass it on their second lines, which they felt to be gravely menaced. That was the limit of their effort. No serious attempt was made to recover any of the advantages gained by the French. It is impossible to lay too much stress on this fact.

In the course of this terrible "match" we see one of two adversaries receive a terrific blow without trying to return it. There could be no better presage for the future. It is true that the blow received has not laid the adversary low; but no one in France ever imagined that Germany, which has devoted half a century to the preparation of this war, lavishing upon the task all her wealth, her intelligence, her power of organization, and also her ruthless savagery, could be disabled by one blow. The struggle now going on is a question of patience, of energy, and of endurance. Great results, as we know, are most often obtained little by little, and as the consequence of uninterrupted effort.

What has been accomplished in Champagne by the heroism of our men and the intelligence of their chiefs is no small achievement. History will in due time record the fact. And what was not done last autumn the coming spring will see accomplished.

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Tommy Trant was holding forth with the certainty of a veteran and the crassness of the newcomer.
—Page 553.

THE SANDALS OF HIS YOUTH

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

"When thou makest a journey to the stars, go thou blindfolded; and carry not a sword, but the sandals of thy youth."—(Egyptian proverb.)

TOMMY TRANT came to Chicago with a pencil in his pocket and a dream in his eyes. He came from Indiana, a tall, stooping, awkward, heavily spectacled boy, to stand by the desk of the city editor of *The Record*, seeking a job. The city editor told him, as city editors have told hundreds of other solemn-eyed youths from Indiana, that there was no job, but plenty of jobs for news-gatherers. Tommy Trant took the hint that most of the other aspirants for journalistic fame had ignored. He sought out news in the places where news grew. He poked his long nose into queer corners of the town that was developing so many queer corners in those days after the World's Fair. He struck and held acquaintance with waiters, and cab-drivers, and bartenders. He travelled beats with friendly patrolmen. He found the Pilot's Club on South Water Street and the Goose Grid on Milwaukee Avenue. In a city that editors knew only by maps and by gossip Tommy Trant came to know real people, men and women who were shoving Chicago up to the two-million mark. He found stories in them.

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He made stories of them. He wrote stories out of the strange gift within himself. The city editor read all of them and used some of them. One week, after Tommy Trant had drawn more money for space-writing than the city editor drew on salary, *The Record* put the man from Indiana on its staff.

"I wonder," he mused, "why you disapprove of me so thoroughly?"
—Page 555.

There are newspaper men and men who work on newspapers. The latter reside in suburbs and labor on afternoon journals, commuting with the regularity of bank clerks and perusing farm and garden literature in odd moments snatched from their tasks of getting out editions. The former dwell in old hotels or rooming-houses in the heart of the town, never board a train except on assignment, and spend their days off in loafing around the local room of their own and other morning newspapers. They are the Ruling Class of America, prophets who stand on the hills of Israel looking out over the valleys of the Philistines. Tommy Trant was a newspaper man.

The Ruling Class, knowing him for what he was, led Tommy Trant out of the tents of Kedar. While he was yet but a cub, they let him tiffin with the big men of the Israelites—Clavers, who was writing children's poems that a world read with smiles and tears; old Doctor Dennis, who had given his two sons to the newspaper game and his whole leisure to newspaper men; Patrick Flint, whose humor was widening the grin of a continent; the Lawtons, Billy and Fred, just beginning the careers they are climaxing now in London and Paris; Barry the cartoonist; Kent, dreaming out novels that sell now by the drayload, and a dozen

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other men whose names were becoming as well known to the reading public of the country as they themselves remained unknown. Prospectors in human mines, they saw in the hard surface of Tommy Trant's manner the glittering gold of his cleverness; and they set out to develop his possibilities in that humanness of personality that was all they asked of members of the Fourth Estate. As Tommy Trant's possibilities in humanness were as wide as he was tall, the Ruling Class found his election gratifying to the good judgment of the electors.

In less than a year after he had come to Chicago, Tommy Trant was presiding over sessions of his own people in the Dutch Room of the old Sherman House, holding forth with the certainty of a veteran and the crassness of the newcomer. He was telling Latrobe of *The Tribune*, who knew more about Chicago labor problems than did Samuel Gompers, how to line up labor stories. He was advising Burney Atherton, who had forgotten more about dramatic criticism than Trant would ever know, how to write reviews of plays. He was informing Cutler, who was credited with the power of changing chiefs of police according to his desire, how news might be garnered from the Harrison Street police station. He would have been in imminent danger of making himself an oracle had he not fallen in with Hancock Brady, the most satiric, the most artistic, and the most human of all the Ruling Class.

Brady was adding to the gayety of nations by a column in *The Journal*. He added to his own gayety by annexation of Tommy Trant. Incidentally, he taught Tommy the alphabet of the newspaper man's creed, which is founded upon the Magnificat. "Remember, my son," said Brady, smiling up cherubically at his elongated pupil, "that what He did to the mighty is not a circumstance to what we could do to them, did we write as we thought. But, thanks to God and our pay envelopes, we don't."

Tommy Trant, being young, listened to Hancock Brady, even as Saul hearkened to Jonathan. He thought that he agreed with him, as the men who listened to Brady's sinister sneers upon society always thought they agreed. He believed in those days that he looked upon the dwellers in the tents of Kedar as idolaters, worshippers of the Golden Calf, heathens who knew not the true God of humanitarianism. Brady, keener than his hearers, saw the little spot of blight in Tommy Trant's soul. "The Half Acre hasn't found him yet," he told Cutler one night after Tommy Trant had issued a burning diatribe against social indifference through the medium of a story of a girl who had dropped by the wayside. "When our Smart Set takes up Tommy, he'll drop hard."

The Half Acre didn't find Tommy Trant until after the Cuban war. In that war the tall chap from Chicago found opportunity and fame. He came back to his paper covered with tropical sunburn, an outrageous expense account, a service medal, and the reputation of being the most daring correspondent of the crowd who had sweated and toiled through swamps and towns while the United States was freeing Cuba and Evangelina de Cisneros. The Ruling Class, knowing the game, pretended to regard Tommy's exploits as every-day routine. But a girl who lived on one of the side streets of the Half Acre, just off the Drive, met him at a Press Club dance and captured him for her menagerie. Tommy Trant roared with glee when he was first exhibited as a lion; but he went back to the next exhibition.

Hancock Brady watched Trant's social progress with the sorrow of a philosopher. Once he remonstrated with his friend. "Why are you fooling around here?" he demanded of him. "You have reputation enough to make New York take notice."

"I like the place," said Tommy Trant, "and I'm waiting for a war."

There were a few little wars staged in various parts of the world just about that time, but Tommy Trant didn't want to go to them. Not until the Russian-Japanese conflict sent a clarion call to the Tommy Trants of the world did he pack his typewriter and engage a berth on a westward-sailing steamer. The literary set of the Half Acre gave him a farewell dinner. The Ruling Class gave him good advice and vile cigarettes. He treated both gifts with equal disdain. And out

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somewhere near the Great Wall of China he and a short, sturdy boy from Michigan beat the world one day on the greatest war story of its time. For that, Tommy Trant came back to Chicago enlarged in reputation until he looked over other men of his trade as the Colossus loomed over Rhodes.

The Record, changing its policy from dignity to display, sprawled Tommy Trant all over its sheets. The Ruling Class advised him to get out of the newspaper game and into magazine and book stuff while the road went up-hill so luminously. It was only the jumping of a trench to land into permanent position. But the Half Acre stood on the easy side of the trench and besought Tommy Trant to stay in Chicago. "You're so altogether odd, Mr. Trant," Mrs. Lyster told him in her best assumption of a Mayfair manner, "that we can't do without you." As Mrs. Lyster was captaining the younger set that year, and as the younger set hung upon his words and hers, Tommy Trant stayed.

For a few years his reputation held up his standard of work. Then, wars being scarce, war correspondents lost their premium value. Burney Atherton went to London for the Frohmans. Latrobe went to Washington, taking up the path that led him to the chairmanship of the most important commission the country had devised in a score of years. Cutler was busy making over the political map of Illinois. Hancock Brady deserted column-conducting for a managing editorship of a morning newspaper. When *The Record* and Tommy Trant came to the parting of the ways, Brady put his old friend on *The World*. For a little while he made Tommy work so hard that no maid or matron of the North Side circle could capture him for display. Then he forgot to look out for Tommy. Perhaps he tired of the responsibility of keeping his most brilliant writer in bounds. Tommy drifted back to toy theatres and dinner dances. He was running a literary department on *The World* and managing some half-dozen social activities in the Half Acre, when Hancock Brady, in a moment of temporary aberration, engaged Letty Corse to report society.

Letty Corse, who had the eyes of a saint and the tongue of an asp, had been a space-writer on *The Record* in the days when Tommy Trant had come home from China. Being just out of college, she was a storage-house for ideals of the romance of the journalist. She draped the mantle of her young hero-worship around Tommy's lank form. Then, being disillusioned by life swiftly, as is the fate of women who earn their bread and butter on newspapers, she found no other statue on which to drape the cloak. Therefore she left it hanging on Tommy Trant—and forgot about it until Hancock Brady, who respected her point of view on society because it coincided exactly with his own, gave her the desk next to Trant's and introduced them all over again. "I've known her," Trant took time to say, "since the day she called Mrs. Perkins Parker a parasite."

"To her enamelled face," said Letty Corse. "And I knew you," she added, "when you were a newspaper man."

"What do you think I am now?" he demanded, peering at her hostilely over his black-ribboned eye-glasses.

"Lazarus—before he died," said Letty Corse sweetly, reaching for the afternoon newspapers.

"Well, I'll be—" Trant began.

"Don't mind me," she said.

"I won't," he responded savagely.

But he did mind her so much that at the end of a fortnight he moved his desk to the other side of the room. Letty Corse smiled at the gaping space. "You know, Tommy," she said across the room, and in the presence of a half-dozen younger members of the staff, "that when you want to come home to Sister, your place will be waiting."

"I'll be hanged if I go back," said Tommy Trant.

"You certainly will be if you don't," she teased him.

An hour later he sauntered over to her desk, ostensibly to borrow a scissors. "What have you against me, Letty?" he complained. "I've never queered any game of yours, have I?"

"No."

"Never said a word to hurt your feelings, always brought you presents by the score," he hummed. "And you turn your poniard in my side. Why?"

"Because you need a thrust now and then."

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"But why should you take the job from Nemesis?"

"I'm her daughter."

"I believe you." He stared through the heavy spectacles at her wistful eyes. "Do you know, Letty," he said, "that if you were dumb, I'd have loved you long ago?"

"And do you know, Tommy," she countered, "that if I were deaf and blind, I'd have reciprocated that affection?"

He laughed good-naturedly. "Let's be friends again," he pleaded, "and make a compact. You let my habits alone, and I'll not notice your manners."

The compact worked well through one winter, probably because the Half Acre kept Trant so busy with its fêtes, and bazaars, and dances, and dinners that he had little time in *The World* office. In the course of the gayeties he met Fanchon Torrens, who had reminded Letty Corse of a sugar figure on a wedding-cake when she saw her as bridesmaid at the Bruce-Wensley wedding. One night, after he had come back to the office from Mrs. Lyster's charity musicale, he confided to Letty that he almost loved "the little Torrens girl."

"Why not altogether?" she asked him as she went over her pages of copy on the musicale.

"Because," he said solemnly, "I'm like every other man in the world. I want to love one woman for everything, and the woman hasn't been made who has everything in her to love."

"And so," she said, "you've decided to take the obvious? That's interesting."

"But not vital?"

"Not at all."

"I wonder," he mused, "why you disapprove of me so thoroughly? You like Benson, and Gletten, and Wing well enough, don't you? And yet you and I should be old friends."

"Yes," she said, "we should be old friends. Sometimes I think we are. But haven't you ever seen that Benson, and Gletten, and Wing have utilized every advantage they've been given, and that you're using none of your gifts?"

"Well, that's my own business, isn't it?"

"Entirely." She resumed her work. Five minutes later she looked up to find him still beside her desk. "Well?" she smiled.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked her. Letty Corse stared at him while she chewed reflectively upon the point of her pencil. "I want you," she said, "to ask Hancock Brady to take you out of the morgue of book reviews and put you on live copy."

"Knowest thou not that I should have to go to work if I went to the city room?"

"I know it very well. But why not work, Tommy?"

"And have no time for play? You and I know the local news game, Letty. We've graduated from it. We can't go back."

"You'll have to go back to it some day if you don't jump quickly at some special-feature line of work that'll bring you next to the ground again. Don't you know, Tommy"—the sting went out of Letty Corse's voice—"that unless you catch hold of something real you'll lose your grip on life? Then what'll your future in writing be?"

"I shall be an editor," said Tommy Trant.

Letty sighed. "Or a butler," she said.

"If I ever buttle," he threatened her, "I'll never let you inside the door, even on rainy days when Mrs. Perkins Parker comes back from California."

She reminded him of his threat on the night when the Pavilion held its dress rehearsal for the biggest charity affair of the year. Letty Corse, with stern orders from the city desk of *The World* to write a complete description of the rehearsal, found herself locked out of the hall just as Tommy Trant, who was to take part in the revels, entered with Fanchon Torrens. "Can't you run me in there?" she asked him.

"Sorry," he told her, "but there's no chance. Mrs. Lyster won't let any of the newspaper reporters in to-night."

"House sold out and no more advertising needed," Letty said caustically, while Fanchon Torrens stared at her with the supercilious indifference that the daughter of a self-made millionaire reserves for wage-earners.

"I'll bring in to the office whatever I can," Trant promised.

"When?"

"Well, I'll be pretty late, you see, but——"

"Thank you," Letty said, "but I hap-

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pen to work for a newspaper that goes to press at midnight, not for a weekly book page." He saw the glare of wrath that she focussed upon him, and made the mistake of laughing at her. So did Fanchon Torrens. Twenty minutes later he was explaining Mrs. Lyster's order to the battalion chief of the fire department who had come in response to Letty Corse's notification that the hall was disregarding the fire ordinance by locking all its doors; but when Fanchon Torrens broke into protest against the society editor he turned away from her and walked to the door where Letty stood triumphant. "It was a rotten thing to do," he told her, "but I'm glad to give you the keys of the city. Come in."

She shook her head. "No," she said, "I won't. I have my story without looking at the antics of the menagerie. And to-morrow I'm going on real news or I don't know Hancock Brady." Her mocking gaze went over the groups on the stage, awed by the presence of the amused firemen. "I suppose I'd better say good-by to you, Tommy," she said. "I'm going back to the real world of men and women. You can stay and play with the puppets."

She had been gone five minutes before he went back to Fanchon Torrens.

Hancock Brady, true to form, put Letty on city hall news. "A woman who isn't afraid of the Half Acre," he said, "isn't afraid of God, man, or devil." Letty Corse rushed in where angels feared to tread and had the luck of all fools. She was *The World's* star reporter before July. Tommy Trant, finding her sometimes in the city room, sought to draw her into argument on her work. But with her transfer of activities she refused to talk of her labors or of his lack of them. Sometimes he thought that she watched him broodingly, especially on the night when he told her that he was going to spend a month at the Torrens country place in Wisconsin. Again, on the night when he returned, he fancied she was trying to read his mind through some medium of sensibility rather than of conversation.

Because the town was dull, since the Half Acre had moved out to Lake Forest and Wheaton, Tommy Trant fell into the habit of waiting for Letty to finish her work at night and taking her as far as the door of her hotel. She never asked him within, pleading sometimes the lateness of the hour, nor would she go to dinner with him. "Would you come if I were a working man?" he asked her once.

"I might," she told him.

"Perhaps I shall work some day," he laughed.

"Then I'll go with you that night." She seemed to be considering her own statement before she continued. "Have you seen Hancock Brady lately?"

"Have not. Why seek a furnace in weather that calls for electric fans?"

"I think something's brewing, Tommy, something big. I saw Lawton in his office for two hours yesterday. And Lawton's been studying French and German all winter."

"What's that to me?"

"Nothing, I suppose. But I wish you'd keep in touch with Hancock. He's always liked you, Tommy, and he'd give you the big chances if you'd only show you wanted them."

"Well, I don't. I'm an esoteric philosopher, Letty."

"No, you're not," she said. "You're a blind man dancing on the brink of a precipice."

"Save me!" he laughed.

"I couldn't," she parried. "I haven't golden hair, and baby-blue eyes, and the faith of seventeen years." But before she left him that night she made her first concession to their old friendship. "I'll dine with you Sunday evening," she told him. "It's my day off."

On Sunday Mrs. Lyster summoned Tommy Trant to Lake Forest. "Maude Moulton's going to get up an impromptu for this evening at her place," she cried to him stridently over the telephone, "and you're so quaint, Tommy, that we can't do without you." Without thought of Letty, Tommy Trant promised. He was half-way to the North Shore town when he remembered his engagement. He telephoned Letty from Mrs. Lyster's.

"It's all right," she told him, "but don't think I'm pursuing you if I land out at Lake Forest to-night. The city desk has an idea that there's a big story due to break out there, and I'm detailed to watch. I've just had a call to go to Mrs. Moulton's show to-night."

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"Don't bring the firemen," he laughed, eased by her reply.

"I may bring something more thrilling," she said without laughter.

He was singing "Tommy Atkins" on habit of subconscious sensing of news awoke as he shouted the last lines of the chorus:

" 'But it's "Bless you, Tommy Atkins,"
When the band begins to play.' "

He swaggered across the stage, resplendent in the improvised scarlet uniform.

the stage of Mrs. Moulton's toy theatre when he saw Letty come in and take her place in the last row, apart from the laughing guests. Some tension in her pose caught his attention as he swaggered across the stage, resplendent in the improvised scarlet uniform that Mrs. Lyster had devised for his wearing. His old

His swinging lilt of the song, his comedian's trick of manner, caught the fancy of his hearers. Mrs. Lyster started to sing with him. So did Fanchon Torrens, who was visiting her. So did a dozen other women. Mrs. Moulton, stately even in countenancing burlesque upon the stage her architect had intended for the

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Not the Tommy Trant of tango teas, but the boy from Indiana, faced Hancock

Greek drama, beat time with the music that Mrs. Perkins Parker's son-in-law was drumming out upon the piano and that Tommy Trant was shouting lustily. They would have given encore when he had finished, but he jumped down from the tiny stage and made his way down the aisle to Letty Corse. "I'm awfully sorry I forgot about to-night," he told her seriously.

"It didn't matter," she said, her saint's eyes seeming to appraise him with the valuation of other worlds. "It's such a little thing."

"What's the matter?" he demanded of her, suddenly conscious of the comic incongruity of his masquerading uniform. "What's the story, Letty? I know there's something big. You're like a circus horse on sawdust when you're on a big story."

Letty Corse looked over the audience, over Mrs. Lyster, over Fanchon Torrens, over Mrs. Moulton herself, with a gaze of utter indifference that any one of the women before her would have given up her French maid to achieve. "The biggest story in the world has broken to-night," she said, "but I'm not on it. Germany's declared war on Russia."

Tommy Trant's hand went up to his forehead, brushing off his eye-glasses and letting them swing on the black ribbon. "Well, what can we do about it?" he asked.

Letty Corse brought her impersonal

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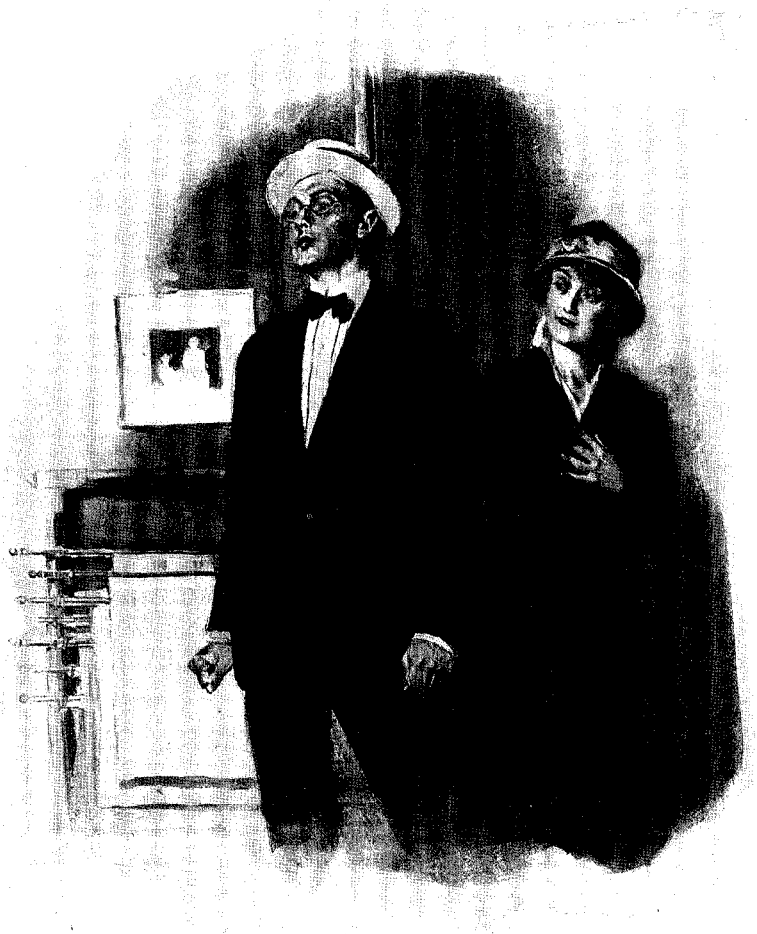

Brady. . . . "I'm going to the front to-morrow as a free-lance." —Page 560

gaze around to him, stoking it suddenly till it caught the glow of her spirit. "And you used to play with kings," she said, "in those times when you were a real man, not a Lazarus waiting for the crumbs."

"Somebody always raised me with aces," Tommy Trant assured her with mock solemnity. But the barb found lodging-place. "When's the next train into Chicago?" he asked her.

"Twenty minutes."

"I'll meet you at the station," he told her. "Got to get off these fool togs." He turned his back upon the toy theatre and sped off toward the club-house.

As the suburban train rushed through the August night in and out of the snug little towns of the North Shore, Tommy Trant stayed so silent that Letty Corse wondered what embers she had stirred by her news of the coming of war. At the Clybourn Junction station he turned to her. "You're a good scout, Letty," he said, "and maybe I'll let you come and nurse me if a shell mars my fatal beauty."

"You know that I—" she began, with an unwonted little sob in her voice.

"Wouldn't you come, Letty?" he said gloomily.

"What about the girl in Lake Forest?"

"Wouldn't she be a grand little nurse on the battle-field? And think of the copy you'd get! Why not come?"

"Some one'll have to stay to do the re-writes, Tommy."

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"Just as you say."

He did not mention the contingency of his going again till they had left the train and come to the Madison Street bridge. As they went across the rickety structure Tommy's hand reached out to find Letty's. They stood for a moment beside the rail looking northward toward the shadowy warehouses that loomed like fortresses over the red and green lights reflected in the dark waters. "Do you ever feel the call of waters?" Trant asked her. "The something that pulls you out of whatever rut you're in and sets you on high seas? I've been forgetting it this long time, but it's back with me to-night.

"'We must go, go, go away from here,
On the other side the world we're overdue,'"

he quoted.

"'Send the road is clear before you," Letty went on. "Tommy," she said solemnly, shivering as if some chill had risen from the river, "will you promise me something?"

"Made to be broken," he said, but he raised his right hand.

"If anything happens differently from what you expect," she continued—"if the war shouldn't be a great big one, or if there'd be some reason why you couldn't go, will you stay now on the old road? Don't you see that it's your own road?"

"It'll be a war so big it'll tear up the world," he told her, "and I'm going to get to the trenches."

"I hope so," she said, "and yet——"

He whirled her around toward the street. "Kings do fall, and dynasties die, while we ponder here," he said. They went down Madison Street through the darkness of blocks of closed shops to the brightness of *The World* office. At the door of the city room, Letty stepped back of Trant. He strode forward into a room chaotic with the clicking of typewriters and telegraph instruments, with the ringing of telephone bells, with the hoarse cries of men yelling for copy-carriers. Some of them looked up as Tommy Trant came in. A sudden hush fell over the riot of sound like glaze run over figures on pottery, leaving the actors in the attitude but not in the reality of motion. Trant went on through the room to Hancock Brady's office. At the door he halted. Lawton was seated at Hancock Brady's table. He and the editor were poring over maps. Lawton's leather bag and typewriter case stood on the floor. Brady looked up at Tommy Trant. Some shadow of regret crossed his face. "Did you know," he asked him, "that the Big War's broken at last? Lawton's leaving to-night for the front."

Tommy Trant felt the silence of the outer office rising as a wall of mist to cut him off from retreat. He felt, too, the silence of Lawton rising as another wall to head off his advance. For a moment he stood in a valley between mountains of disaster, a range of a past of misdirected effort, of a future of ungiven opportunities. Then the pictures shifted for him. He saw a hill tan in the hot Cuban sunshine whereon men plunged forward. He saw a jungle in Mindanao. He saw a great plain in China where armies clashed in conflict. Down at the end of his valley of darkness the pictures ran like films on a screen. Suddenly came the thought that he must ride out toward them. It was his road, his old road, as Letty had said, that beckoned him. He had come back to his own people, to a place among the prophets. The tribe was calling him, and he turned toward the hills of Israel. With a little shrug of whimsical humor he flung off the garment of his years of bondage in the valleys; and his big eyes gleamed behind the spectacles as he set on the feet of his spirit the sandals of his youth. Not the Tommy Trant of tango teas, but the boy from Indiana, faced Hancock Brady.

He looked at the editor smilingly, at Lawton triumphantly. "I'm going to the front to-morrow as a free-lance. I'd go to-night," he said, turning to the girl who stood just back of him, "only Letty and I are going to be married in the morning."

"We are not!" she cried, but her eyes shone with the light of the morning star of June.

"Well, then, in the afternoon," said Tommy Trant.

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Within the terrace there was perhaps a pool.—Page 562.

THE GARDEN OF WEEDS

By John Corbin

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. B. CARRINGTON

IN a certain rural district where the denizens of the metropolis cultivate the simple life in Italian villas, thus blandly foiling the metropolitan tax-collector, a gentlewoman lately remarked that it seemed to her an evidence of unseemly pride to refer to the home acres as a country place. She asked why people could not admit frankly that they were farmers. There was present a resident of the countryside who would have liked to be a farmer but could not afford it. He had plenty of land, and the whole sky was overhead. The sun shone as brightly as anywhere, and he received his due proportion of rain. Things grew amazingly all over the place. But he found it cheaper to buy eggs and chickens, milk, cream, and butter from a native farmer. His vegetables he bought from the green-grocer at the railway station. Even hay and oats for his one-horse-power runabout he bought at the local feed-store. Hitherto he had thought of his estate as a place in the country. Now, it appeared, his estate was so lowly that he could not refer to it at all. The proud English tongue had no word sufficiently humble.

Little fuzzy-stemmed hepaticas.

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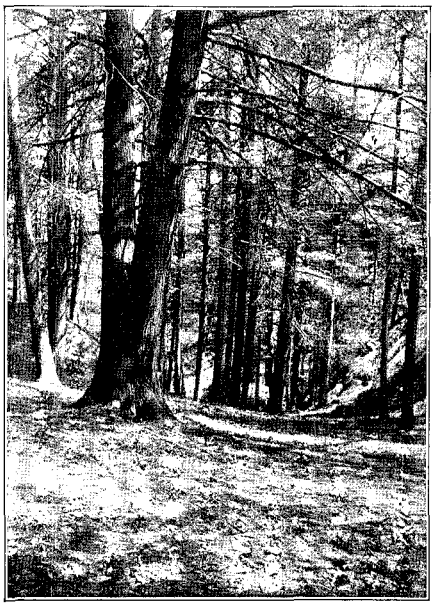
As a matter of course he had no flower-garden. The neighbors whose farm-life he envied had levelled considerable tracts of land about their houses, and surrounded them by balustrades fashioned in all the chaste austerity of classic form. A terrace is so much simpler to the eye, and, after one has paid the cost of blasting, grading, and turfing, so much more restful to the nerves. Within the terrace there was perhaps a pool. As long as the gasolene-pump works, and the spring resists the annual drought, a surface of water, broadly reflecting the sky, is more soothing even than close-cropped turf. Simplest of all, however, is the bed of flowers.



Scattered among the trees were huge glacial boulders.—Page 565.

In grandmother's garden there used to be at all seasons a riot of colors—indeed, to modern sensibilities, it was more in the nature of an insurrection. In the simple farm garden they do this thing better. One color is a genteel sufficiency. Sometimes, indeed, it is the sort of sufficiency celebrated by Mr. Sam Bernard; for, in this matter of colors, seed catalogues are a snare. Pink means anything from salmon to solferino; crimson anything from maroon to magenta. So it is simpler to have one's seeds gathered by the corps of gardeners. Even then many stocks show a degenerate tendency to revert to the hue that used to delight grandmother's crude and barbaric complexity of taste. The gardeners cut back the stalk before it goes to seed—and so this *sancta simplicitas* becomes, like Milton's pensive nun, not only sober and demure, but steadfast. And then there is the matter of spraying. So many pests have been introduced by the cult of the exotic that the simple gardener is obliged to spray not only flowers and shrubs, but fruit-trees and shade-trees. He has been known to spray the baby for fear his bark will contract the Japanese chestnut blight. All this of course takes time and effort; but the simple life is obviously only the richer if it includes the strenuous life.

Not every mind is able to grasp how stimulating this sort of thing may be, even while it soothes. In one such countryside an enthusiastic neighbor proposed to write, for a back-to-nature magazine, a eulogy—he promised, indeed, that it should be a panegyric—entitled, "Successful Italian Gardens Near New York." There was a flutter of delighted anticipation among the farmers' wives throughout the Italian villa district. Crude publicity is to be shunned, but if one can share the delights of simplicity in all the seemliness of anonymity, to do so is, of course, a public duty. There were to be only two tests of the successful garden, and it was everywhere agreed that they were based upon a deep, a fundamental appreciation of the canons of what the initiated call landscape architecture. The gardens chosen were to be utterly appropriate to site and to house, and utterly, utterly simple. But when the enterprising eulogist announced his choice it appeared that he was too utterly unfit for his undertaking. There was, indeed, a shocking revelation of complexity, of sheer duplicity. The Italian gardens which he had chosen as the most appropriate and the most simple of that countryside were those of the workmen along the railway, who surround their tar-paper huts with tomatoes, cabbages, and garlic.

The anomalous resident of whose sad plight I have spoken did not even have time for this sort of Italian garden. Yet,

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as has been said, things grew all over the place. In the vocabulary of the farm, whether formal or informal, they were denominated weeds.

In the cleared lands there were abundant daisies; the admirably intricate and formal wild carrot; goldenrod of a dozen varieties; purple aster, many varieties of lavender aster; and the tiny white-flowered Michaelmas daisy, like a flurry of snow-flakes in summer. In the rocky underwoods grew masses of wild azalea and of mountain laurel, and on the woodland border clumps of hazel and elderberry. In the high pastures were brakes of sumac, their velvet-green, formal leaves overspun in midsummer with a mesh of

The frail white blossoms of the bloodroot.

Spring beauties.

The marsh-marigold's "golden eyes."

deep-crimson cones—the whole flaming in autumn to a rich and varied red. There were clusters of bayberries; and, on the broad hillsides, long-deserted pastures, masses of pungent sweet-fern spread slowly abroad in vast, irregular circles—rosettes of deep-green that burned in autumn to a rich rust-color.

Everywhere ledges cropped out of the pasture-land—in one place a sheer cliff of granite. Mosses flourished in all the soft hues of green, pearl-gray, and brown. In the crevices of southern exposures grew huckleberry-bushes, and shrubs of mountain maple that with the first breath of winter flamed scarlet, deepening to wine-color and a golden bronze. On the northern exposures were many varieties of fern, some spreading lace-like leaves in formal circles, others minutely tracing the

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Pussy-willows in the boggy ground.

irregular course of moss-filled seams. Jack-in-the-pulpits nodded their richly patterned hoods in spring, and in autumn raised up their scarlet clubs of seed. Everywhere the columbine tossed to the winds its delicate, fantastic flowers of bright red and gold.

In rocky swamp-land grew madder-purple ironweed and dusty-crimson clumps of joepye-weed. Among the varied grasses, iris, gentian, and lobelia showed their several blues. In the shade by a tiny spring were the twisted spires of that orchid which is called ladies' tresses for no better reason, apparently, than because it breathes the faintest, most exquisite perfume.

Wild geraniums.

On the crests of the more massive ledges the farmers of old had left dense, solemn groves of cedar, to serve, perhaps, as shaded resting-places for cattle; and with these giants as a base, small and smaller cedars had spread on every side into the open pasture, crowding about their century-old parents as a brood of young partridges clusters at the wings of the mother.

Fiddle-heads of the ferns.

To the strenuous minds of the simple livers, these trees offered glorious opportunities. Slow of growth and difficult to transplant, the cedars are hardly available for extensive use on the farm terrace. Here, however, by the mere aid of clipping-shears and pruning-knife, they could be reduced to the dense, spire-like formality of cypress, and the result would be a farm truly Italian. It would only remain to build a house of stucco with pink or blue walls.

It so happened, however, that many of

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the oldest and most imposing trees could not be reduced to the spire-like form. Here a cluster of several trunks had developed a broad-based conical head, not unlike the ace of spades. Again, for some informal reason, the leader was twisted awry and the lower branches had grown more vigorously than is their wont; the result was an angular shape, wild and fantastic. Scattered among the trees were huge glacial boulders, some half sunk in the soil, and others, perched upon rocky outcrops, raising aloft their lichened domes. One Reuben, who had been in the Orient, suggested that the materials were all at hand for a Japanese garden—gnarled, angular trees interspersed with rocks. It only remained to build a paper house with no cellar and a roof upturned at the corners.

One is bound to admire the energy and the daring of such suggestions. Many people achieve beauty by making the familiar things of here and to-day look like something far different from what they really are, and, perhaps, much better.

The columbine tossed to the winds its delicate, fantastic flowers.—Page 564.

Jack-in-the-pulpit's richly patterned hood.—Page 564.

Dutchman's breeches in the hollow of a sunny hillside.

This is, of course, a case of *de gustibus;* but it may be pointed out that there are many who cannot afford such indulgences.

Their only recourse is to make the most of conditions that are native, intrinsic. In every given soil and climate a certain order of growth is spontaneous—simple and fitting. If the native garden cannot challenge the exotic splendors of the professional gardener and nurseryman, it at least avoids the pitfalls they dig for the most wary. The familiar spirit of any place, the *genius loci,* is not to be set at naught without provoking him to an arduous and unending struggle. It is within the forced and exotic rose that the worm i' the bud rejoices; it is the formal, far-fetched tree that most easily withers and dies. All summer one nurses the delicate creatures, and long before winter sets in they must be securely housed or swathed in straw jackets. At best one has a sanitarium; and a summer of drought or an early frost will turn it into a graveyard.

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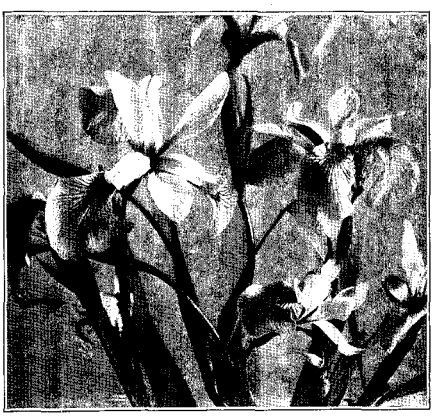
Many varieties of fern spreading lace-like leaves.—Page 563.

Wild violets on a rocky ledge.

The most precious flowers in any garden are peace and good cheer; so why should one willingly plant in it the seeds of disease and death?

If one bows to the local earth-god, however, he becomes a willing and tireless ally. Nature is the most lavish, the most dependable of seed-merchants. No catalogue distributes abroad a decimal fraction of the number and variety of plant germs which she yearly throws to the winds and the birds. And she has in the highest degree the magic of the gardener's touch. With a divination truly wonderful she finds out the best possible soil, the most favorable location. She does not spread the lace-like web of maidenhair fern on a windy hilltop, or rear the aureole of goldenrod in the depth of the forest. If a pest arises to threaten some plant that is dear to her, she needs no force-pump spraying. Slowly, calmly, efficiently, without any apparent effort or anxiety, she lays her touch on that pest, and it fades into oblivion. If man interferes in the process, there is a danger that he will only make matters worse. The spray that is directed against the pest may prove even more deadly to the parasite than is nature's check on it—with the result that, in the absence of the parasite, the pest flourishes more vigorously than ever. When a disease arises that is not self-limited, as for example the blight that is denuding whole States of the pride of their chestnut-trees, the presumption is that it has been imported from a land where, together with the disease, nature has evolved the means of holding it in check.

The adaptations of nature work slowly, of course, and are expensive of time—the one golden coin in the little traffic of man's lifetime. Nor are her ends always to our liking. Her ways are not our ways, her thoughts our thoughts. At most we can enjoy our brief moment in the cosmic cycle. The purpose of the gardener of weeds is to select from the mysterious abundance those elements most precious to his moment. This requires some slight measure of forethought and labor; but when sun and soil are allies, and nature's planting long since done, the care of many acres falls within the scope of the scantiest leisure. Drought and frost have



Blue flags in the low, wet meadow-lands.

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no terrors; and if at any season, or even for a year or more, the gardener's work is perforce neglected, the life of no living creature is in danger. Winter brings only a sleep, for which spring has forever its lusty awakening.

Has any one explained the mystery of the weed? Plough a field, or bank a roadside with earth, and up starts a crop of ragweed and sorrel, thistle and evening primrose

The formal wild carrot.—Page 563.

Wild pinks in the cleft of the rocks.

—not one of which, perhaps, was to be found, until then, in the vicinity. In recent summers of drought, the beds of many of the Croton system of lakes went dry, and immediately there sprang up a universal crop of burdock and smartweed. Where did the seeds come from? The life of a seed is far shorter than is generally supposed. No perennial was ever as hardy as the myth that grains of wheat found in mummy-wrappings have germinated and grown. De Candolle kept seeds of three hundred and sixty-eight species of plants for fifteen years, after which only sixteen species grew—and among them not one of forty-five varieties

Goldenrod.

of Compositæ, among which many of the most persistent weeds are classed. Yet it would seem that everywhere in the soil germs of all manner of plant life are latent.

When the ground is cleared for an even start, the rankest growths prevail. Let no one plough a field or strip a sod who is not prepared to fight, perhaps for years. Yet with patience the final victory is certain, and not too difficult. Run a scythe over the unwelcome weeds as soon as their flowers are done, and it will be found that tender grasses have profited by their shade to take firm root. Repeat the process, and with every year the grass gains ground. The danger of unwelcome growth, of course, is never absent. Even a lawn that has aspired for generations to resemble a billiard-table needs hours of labor every spring with a spud. When the race is free for all, the fairest pasture soon becomes a thicket. Thistle and brier, even the generally welcome goldenrod and aster, overshadow the grass and eventually kill it out with a mat of their

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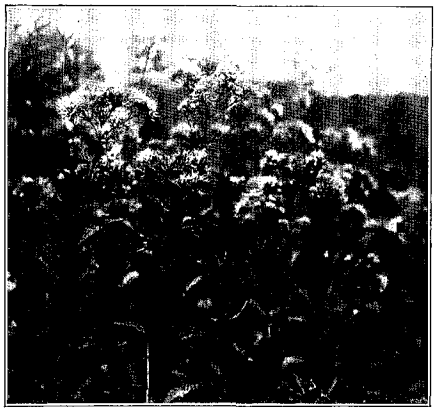
dead stalks. Some plants can be kept at bay by mowing them before they seed; but thistles and briers are persistent enemies. Pull them up ever so carefully and some part of the root remains to send up new stalks. In the second year, however, the growth is weaker, and easily detached. Gradually the torn fibre moulds and rots, and in the end the root is dead.



Crimson clumps of joepye-weed.—Page 564.

On the border of the pond.

The most important moment in the experience of the gardener of weeds is when he chooses his land. He may prefer fertile lowlands, with gentle contours and a near, intimate outlook; or he may prefer the sunny wilderness of rocky upland pasture. That is merely a matter of taste. But whether the land has recently been under cultivation, or long abandoned to the wilding mood of nature, is a serious question of expediency. The wilder the land, as a rule, the greater the variety of flowers and trees to be found on it; but by the same token it requires longer and harder labor to make of the weeds a garden. The most extensive, and by far the most finished and beautiful, place of the kind is on a high ridge in Connecticut, overlooking the Sound from a distance. At the outset it was so densely overgrown with brake and bramble that the native owners could only faintly remember the time when the distant water was visible. In its present state the uninitiated would never suspect that the graceful contours of the land, the irregular mysterious vistas, and the masses of diverse and ever-changing color were in the least premeditated. Yet in this garden almost every flower and fern, shrub and tree, which is native to Connecticut may be found—and the flora of the State numbers upward of eight hundred. To make it what it is has been the labor of seven years, winter and summer, with a large gang of men, horses, wagons, and derricks. The less en-

In the rocky underwoods the mountain laurel. —Page 563.

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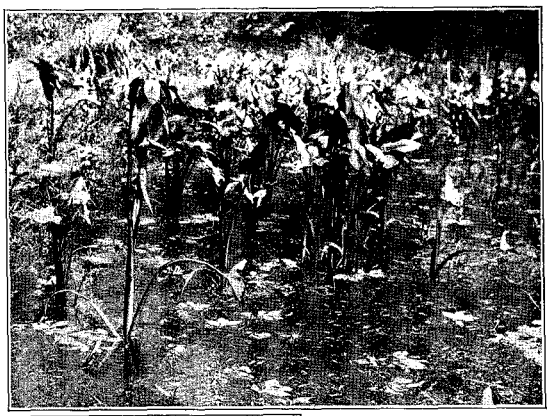
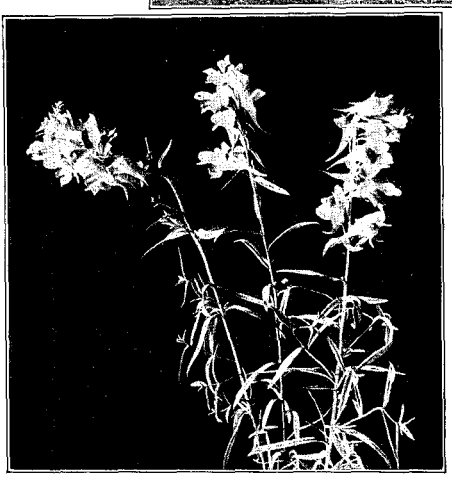
terprising gardener may well be content with a place which has been more recently farmed.

In general, it may be said that the problem is to limit each weed to the place where it does best and is most pleasing. Golden-rod and aster, ironweed, marsh-mallow, and joepye-weed flourish side by side in sun-drenched, well-watered soil, a mass of rich and brilliantly varied color. Once a year the dead stalks are cleared away. Sweet-fern thrives in light, upland soil. In its tiny, leaf-carpeted underwood, cedar and birch, maple, oak, and hickory germinate freely, and offer a hard problem in selection. Each in its way is characteristic, and therefore pleasing. Yet, if allowed to grow, trees will in the end kill the rarer sweet-fern. The cedar makes least shade, and its rich green is most grateful in contrast with the changing hues of the sweet-fern; so it alone is spared. Sumac, which does well in the hot, dry pasture, luxuriates in rich, well-watered soil, and holds its own against all intruders. Each bed may be clearly outlined at little expense of labor, if one's eye finds delight in the more formal and decorative effect.



Arrowheads in the shallows of the stream.



The toad-flax, which the children call butter-and-eggs.—Page 570.

To the ordinary type of gardener a bed of roses is the worst possible symbol of the life of ease and luxury. If one is willing, however, to abide in the will of the local earth-god, there need be no fear of the metaphorical thorn. The taller weeds are eliminated, for they sap the soil and overshadow the roses. Even the taller grasses are sheared close. But the wild strawberry, little fruitful sister of the rose, is spared. It flourishes in the undergrowth. In spring it is welcome for its tiny white flowers, and in midsummer its berries, at once sweeter and spicier than the gigantic product of the cultivated garden, are an often-needed bribe to the weeder. For several weeks in June and early July the bed is thickly starred with the most formally beautiful of roses, and in September, even in October, here and there a late bud opens. Prune the new growth in early autumn and next

Brakes of sumac.—Page 563.

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year the roots will strike wide, sending up a denser growth, and slowly enlarging the area of the bed. In the moist earth beside a bowlder, even in the rocky underwood, wild roses flourish and spread flowers of a deeper pink, that stand forth in wonderful contrast against the silvery gray-green lichens.

The pink heads of the thistle.

In different seasons wild flowers differ in size and number, according as rain or sun predominates. One year the toad-flax, which the children call butter-and-eggs, grows in masses and the next is thin and scattered. If it were an exotic, say from China, its graceful spur, its fantastic yellow lips and downy orange tongue, would perhaps be more admired; but they could not be more quaintly beautiful. Whether it grows in luxuriant masses at the base of a ledge in the pasture, even in an opening of the densely shadowed wood, or whether it is scattered thinly here and there in the landscape, it strikes unerringly its note of cheer.

At the foot of a sloping ledge lay a heap of boulders and stones which had been cast aside from the fields by the fortunate former owners who had been able to live by farming. The stones were used for roads and walls, and the boulders rearranged as the basis of a rock-garden. If time and means had served, the temptation would have been to plant the spaces between the rocks with curious and beautiful exotics from England, the Alps, and the Andes. It so happened that in the pressure of more needful labors the rock-garden was neglected. So the local earth-god took up the task. For decades fallen leaves, and the husks and shells of nuts scattered by the squirrels, had rotted in the crevices of the stone-pile. When the soil was bared to the sun a plant life sprang up of wonderful richness and variety. In the spring there were violets, hepaticas, and bloodroot. In summer clumps of pennyroyal spread their formal growth of sharp leaves and minute, pale-violet flowers against the rock surface. There

Purple New England asters.—Page 563.

Lily-pads in the quiet pools.

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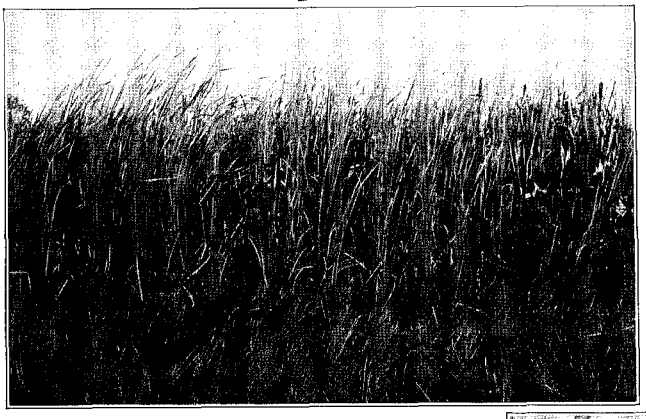
was catnip with its sage-green leaves, angularly branching stems, and soft heads of pale-lilac flowers. Clumps of bastard pennyroyal broke out their lace-like veil of curly blue flowers. With the autumn came the pearly everlasting. In the lower levels ferns flourished, while over the high boulders the Virginia

Lavender asters.—Page 563.



Cat-tails and rose-mallow.

creeper spread its most decorative tracery. All this growth required, of course, to be separated and massed; and eventually it was augmented by maidenhair fern, azalea, and laurel, fetched from the underwoods. But the general character of the rockery retained the stamp which nature, unaided, had put on it.

Trees are the hardiest weeds of all, of course, and in the end overtop and destroy the densest brake or brier-patch. Then, in the mossy and mould-carpeted shadows, crop up the shyest, rarest, and most delicate wood-flowers. At a very small expense of care and labor the process can be immeasurably hastened. Here is a craggy ravine, overgrown with a rank second growth of hickory, linden, maple, wild cherry, and slippery elm. Clear away the less desirable species, leaving only as many trees as can flourish in the given space, and in the following year their tops will close together against the sun; and gradually, as the shadows deepen, mosses and ferns will gather, and the underwood will blossom with flowers. The craggy sides of the ravine stand forth in their characteristic vigor, and between the tall bare trunks one catches glimpses of water and distant hills.

In an age which discourages dogma, even in religion, it would be labor lost to attempt to hedge

Rose-mallow.

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in the love of nature behind a creed. In "The Winter's Tale," Perdita shrinks from the "art" of the gardener which "shares with great creating Nature"; but her father very justly reproves her.

"Yet Nature is made better by no mean
But Nature makes that mean; so, over that art
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes."

Nature lives in the formal garden, and can sometimes be made to live even in the garden of exotics. When that happens, the result is an overwhelming, a saturating beauty. I only wish to point out that at best it is a transient beauty, and never really a simple beauty. One may even doubt whether such a beauty is in any high degree poetical. It would be a dull eye, to be sure, that failed to take delight in the fair products of the stock-breeder—let us say in shapely, soft-toned Jersey cattle. Yet the fancy of the poet ranges more willingly with the wild gazelle. Much the same is true of the triumphs of the floral stock-breeder. The often-doubled violet and the so-called perfect rose are dear to the heart of the author of society verse; but the wood-violet and the native rose have been dearer to the masters of song. One agrees with Polixenes willingly; but Perdita one loves.

In another way the native garden has a larger outlook, and deeper reaches of spiritual blessing. No roof juts above it, no balustrade, hedge, or embankment hems it in. Stretching abroad in the fields, or running sharply to the horizon of the high hillsides, its only borders are trees that raise their heads on high to sun and moon. Somehow they bring very near the benediction of the sky—perhaps because the local earth-god is close kinsman of Him who sows the blue fields of heaven with stars.

Winter brings only a sleep.—Page 567.

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TO SIGURD

By Katharine Lee Bates

Not one blithe leap of welcome?
Can you lie
Under this woodland mould,
More still
Than broken daffodil,
When I,
Home from too long a roving,
Come up the silent hill?
Dear, wistful eyes,
White ruff and windy gold
Of collie coat so oft caressed,
Not one quick thrill
In snowy breast,
One spring of jubilant surprise,
One ecstasy of loving?

Are all our frolics ended? Never more
Those royal romps of old,
When one,
Playfellow of the sun,
Would pour
Adventures and romances
Into a morning run;
Off and away,
A flying glint of gold,
Startling to wing a husky choir
Of crows whose dun
Shadows would tire
Even that wild speed? Unscared to-day
They hold their weird seances.

Ever you dreamed, legs twitching, you would catch
A crow, O leaper bold,
Next time,
Or chase to branch sublime
That batch
Of squirrels daring capture
In saucy pantomime;
Till one spring dawn,
Resting amid the gold
Of crocuses, Death stole on you
From that far clime
Where dreams come true,
And left upon the starry lawn
Your form without your rapture.

And was Death's whistle then so wondrous sweet
Across the glimmering wold
That you
Would trustfully pursue
Strange feet?
When I was gone, each morrow
You sought our old haunts through,
Slower to play,
Drooping in faded gold;
Now it is mine to grieve and miss
My comrade true
Who used to kiss
With eager tongue such tears away,
Coaxing a smile from sorrow.

I know not what life is, nor what is death,
Nor how vast Heaven may hold
All this
Earth-beauty and earth-bliss.
Christ saith
That not a sparrow falleth
—O songs of sparrow faith!—
But God is there.
May not a leap of gold
Yet greet me on some gladder hill,
A shining wraith,
Rejoicing still,
As in those hours we found so fair,
To follow where love calleth?

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THE CONSCRIPT MOTHER

By Robert Herrick

Illustration by Thornton Oakley

I

WHEN I met the signora at the tram station that May morning she was evidently troubled by something which was only partly explained by her murmured excuse, "a sleepless night." We were to cross the Campagna to one of the little towns in the Albanian hills where young Maironi was temporarily stationed with his regiment. If we had good luck and happened upon an indulgent officer, the mother might get sight of her boy for a few minutes. All the way over the flowering Campagna, with the blue hills swimming on the horizon before us, the signora was unusually taciturn, seemingly indifferent to the beauty of the day, to the wonderful charm of the Italian spring, to which she was always so lyrically responsive on our excursions. When a great dirigible rose into the blue air above our heads, like a huge silver fish, my companion gave a slight start, and I divined what was in her mind—the imminence of that war which had been threatening to engulf Italy for many months. It was that fear which had destroyed her customary gayety, the indomitable cheerfulness of the true Latin mother that she was.

"It is coming!" she sighed, glancing up at the dirigible. "It will not be long now before we shall know—only a few days."

And to the ignorant optimism of my protest she smiled sadly, with the fatalism that women acquire in countries of conscription. It was futile to combat with mere theory and logic this conviction of a mother's heart. Probably the signora had overheard some significant word which to her sensitive intelligence was more real, more positive than all the subtle reasonings at the Consulta! The sphinxlike silence of ministers and diplomats had not been broken: there was nothing new in the "situation." The newspapers were as wordily empty of fact as ever. And yet this morning for the first time Signora Maironi seemed convinced against her will that war was inevitable.

These last days there had been a similar change in the mood of the Italian public, not to be fully explained by any of the rumors flying about Rome, by the sudden exodus of Germans and Austrians, by anything other than that mysterious sixth sense which enables humanity like wild animals to apprehend unknown dangers. Those whose lives and happiness are at stake seem to divine before the blow falls what is about to happen! . . . For the first time I began to believe that Italy might really plunge into the deep gulf at which her people had so long gazed in fascinated suspense. There are secret signs in a country like Italy, where much is hidden from the stranger. Signora Maironi knew. She pointed to some soldiers waiting at a station and observed: "They have their marching-kit, and they are going north!"

We talked of other things while the tram crept far up above the Campagna and slowly circled the green hillsides, until we got down at the dirty little gray town of Genzano, where Enrico Maironi's regiment had been sent. There were no barracks. The soldiers were quartered here and there in old stone buildings. We could see their boyish faces at the windows and the gray uniform of the *granatieri* in the courtyards. It seemed a hopeless task to find the signora's boy, until a young lieutenant to whom the mother appealed offered to accompany us in our search. He explained that the soldiers had to be kept shut up in their quarters because they were stoned by the inhabitants when they appeared on the streets. They were a tough lot up here in the hills, he said, and they were against the war. That was why, I gathered, the grenadiers

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had been sent thither from Rome, to suppress all "demonstrations" that might embarrass the government at this moment.

The citizens of Genzano certainly looked ugly. They were dirty and poor, and scowled at the young officer. The little town, for all its heavenly situation, seemed dreary and sad. The word "*socialismo*" scrawled on the stone walls had been half-erased by the hand of authority. War meant to these people more taxes and fewer men to work the fields. . . . The young lieutenant liked to air his French; smoking one of the few good cigars I had left, he talked freely while we waited for Enrico to emerge from the monastery where we finally located him. It would be war, of course, he said. There was no other way. Before it might have been doubtful, but now that the Germans had been found over in Tripoli and German guns, too! What could one do? Evidently the lieutenant welcomed almost anything that would take the grenadiers from Genzano!

Then Enrico came running out of the great gate, as nice a looking lad of nineteen as one could find anywhere, even in his soiled and mussed uniform, and Enrico had no false shame about embracing his mother in the presence of his officer and of the comrades who were looking down on us enviously from the windows of the old monastery. The lieutenant gave the boy three hours' liberty to spend with us and, saluting politely, went back to the post.

With Enrico between us we wandered up the hill toward the green lake in the bowl of the ancient crater. Signora Maironi kept tight hold of her lad, purring over him in French and Italian—the more intimate things in Italian—turning as mothers will from endearment to gentle scolding. Why did he not keep himself tidier? Surely he had the needles and thread his sister Bianca had given him the last time he was at home. And how was the ear? Had he carried out the doctor's directions? Which it is needless to say Enrico had not. The signora explained to me that the boy was in danger of losing the hearing of one ear because of the careless treatment the regimental doctor had given him when he had a cold. She did not like to complain of the military authorities: of course they could not bother with every little trouble a soldier had in a time like this, but the loss of his hearing would be a serious handicap to the boy in earning his living. . . .

It seemed that Enrico had not yet breakfasted, and, although it was only eleven, I insisted on putting forward the movable feast of continental breakfast, and we ordered our *colazione* served in the empty garden of the little inn above the lake. While Enrico ate and discussed with me the prospects of war, the signora looked the boy all over again, feeling his shoulders beneath the loose uniform to see whether he had lost flesh after the thirty-mile march from Rome under a hot sun. It was much as an American mother might examine her offspring after his first week at boarding-school, only more intense. And Enrico was very much like a clean, hearty, lovable schoolboy, delighted to be let out from authority and to talk like a man with another man. He was confident Italy would be in the war—oh, very sure! And he nodded his head at me importantly. His captain was a capital fellow, really like a father to the men, and the captain had told them—but he pulled himself up suddenly. After all, I was a foreigner, and must not hear what the captain had said. But he let me know proudly that his regiment, the *granatieri* of Sardinia, had received the promise that they would be among the first to go to the front. The mother's fond eyes contracted slightly with pain.

After our breakfast Enrico took me into the garden of the old monastery where other youthful grenadiers were loafing on the grass under the trees or writing letters on the rough table among the remains of food. Some of the squad had gone to the lake for a swim; I could hear their shouts and laughter far below. Presently the signora, who had been barred at the gate by the old Franciscan, hurried down the shady path.

"I told him," she explained, "that he could just look the other way and avoid sin. Then I slipped through the door!"

So with her hand on her recaptured boy we strolled through the old gardens as far as the stable where the soldiers slept.

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The floor was littered with straw, which, with an overcoat, Enrico assured me, made a capital bed. The food was good enough. They got four cents a day, which did not go far to buy cigarettes and postage stamps, but they would be paid ten cents a day when they were at war! . . .

At last we turned into the highroad arched with old trees that led down to the tramway. Enrico's leave was nearly over. All the glory of the spring day poured forth from the flowering hedges, where bees hummed and birds sang. Enrico gathered a great bunch of yellow heather, which his mother wanted to take home. "Little Bianca will like it so much when she hears her brother picked it," she explained. "Bianca thinks he is a hero already, the dear!"

When we reached the car-tracks we sat on a mossy wall and chatted. In a field across the road an old gray mare stood looking steadfastly at her small foal, which was asleep in the high grass at her feet. The old mare stood patiently for many minutes without once cropping a bit of grass, lowering her head occasionally to sniff at the little colt. Her attitude of absorbed contemplation, of perfect satisfaction in her ungainly offspring, made me laugh—it was so exactly like the signora's. At last the little fellow woke, got somehow onto his long legs, and shaking a scrubby tail went gambolling off down the pasture, enjoying his coltish world. The old mare followed close behind with eyes only for him.

"Look at him!" the signora exclaimed, pointing to the ridiculous foal. "How nice he is! Oh, how beautiful youth always is!"

She looked up admiringly at her tall, handsome Enrico, who had just brought her another bunch of heather. The birds were singing like mad in the fields; some peasants passed with their laden donkeys; I smoked contemplatively, while mother and son talked family gossip and the signora went all over her boy again for the fourth time. . . . Yes, youth is beautiful, surely, but there seemed something horribly pathetic about it all in spite of the loveliness of the May morning.

The three hours came to an end. Enrico rose and saluted me formally. He was so glad to have seen me; I was very good to bring his mother all the way from Rome; and he and the comrades would much enjoy my excellent cigarettes. "*A riverderci!*" Then he turned to his mother and without any self-consciousness bent to her open arms. . . .

When the signora joined me farther down the road she was clear-eyed but sombre.

"Can you understand," she said softly, "how when I have him in my arms and think of all I have done for him, his education, his long sickness, all, all—and what he means to me and his father and little Bianca—and then I think how in one moment it may all be over for always, all that precious life—O God, what are women made for! . . . We shall have to hurry, my friend, to get to the station."

I glanced back once more at the slim figure just going around the bend of the road at a run, so as not to exceed his leave—a mere boy, and such a nice boy, with his brilliant, eager eyes, so healthy and clean and joyous, so affectionate, so completely what any mother would adore. And he might be going "up north" any day now to fight the Austrians.

"Signora," I asked, "do you still believe in war?"

"They all say this war has to be," she said dully. "Oh, I don't know! . . . It is a hard world to understand! . . . I try to remember that I am only one of hundreds of thousands of Italian women. . . . I hope I shall see him once more before they take him away. My God!"

That afternoon the expert who had been sent to Rome by a foreign newspaper to watch the critical situation carefully pronounced his verdict:

"Yes, this time it looks to me really like war. They have gone too far to draw back. Some of them think they are likely to get a good deal out of the war with a small sacrifice—everybody likes a bargain, you know! . . . Then General Cadorna, they say, is a very ambitious man, and this is his chance. A successful campaign would make him. . . . But I don't know. It would be quite a risk, quite a risk."

Yes, I thought, quite a risk for the conscript mothers!

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II

DURING the turbulent week that followed, while Italy still hesitated, I saw Enrico Maironi a number of times. Indeed, his frank young face with the sparkling black eyes is mingled with all my memories of those tense days when the streets of Rome were vocal with passionate crowds, when soldiers barred the thoroughfares, and no one knew whether there would be war with Austria or revolution. The politician came to Rome and delivered his prudent advice, and the quiescent people began to growl. The ministers resigned: the public growled more loudly. . . .

One night, having been turned out of the Café Nazionale when the troops cleared the Corso of the mob that threatened the Austrian embassy, I wandered through the agitated city until I found myself in the quarter where the Maironis lived, and called at their little home to hear if they had had news of the boy. There was light in the dining-room, though it was long past the hour when even the irresponsible Maironis took their irregular dinner. As I entered I could see in the light of the single candle three faces intently focussed on a fourth—Enrico's, with a preoccupation that my arrival scarcely disturbed. They made me sit down and hospitably opened a fresh bottle of wine. The boy had just arrived unexpectedly, his regiment having been recalled to Rome that afternoon. He was travel-stained, with a button off his military coat which his sister was sewing on while he ate. He looked tired but excited, and his brilliant eyes lighted with welcome as he accepted one of my Turkish cigarettes with the air of a young worldling and observed:

"You see, it *is* coming—sooner than we expected!"

There was a note of boyish triumph in his voice as he went on to explain again for my benefit how his captain—a really good fellow though a bit severe in little things—had let him off for the evening to see his family. He spoke of his officer exactly as my own boy might speak of some approved schoolmaster. Signor Maironi, who in his post at the war office heard things before they got into the street, looked very grave and said little.

"You are glad to have him back in Rome, at any rate!" I said to the signora.

She shrugged her shoulders expressively.

"Rome is the first step on a long journey," she replied sombrely.

The silent tensity of the father's gaze, fastened on his boy, became unbearable. I followed the signora, who had strolled through the open door to the little terrace and stood looking blankly into the night. Far away, somewhere in the city, rose a clamor of shouting people, and swift footsteps hurried past in the street.

"It will kill his father, if anything happens to him!" she said slowly, as if she knew herself to be the stronger. "You see, he chose the grenadiers for Enrico because that regiment almost never leaves Rome: it stays with the King. And now the King is going to the front, they say—it will be the first of all!"

"I see!"

"To-night may be his last time at home."

"Perhaps," I said, seeking for the futile crumb of comfort, "they will take Giolitti's advice, and there will be no war."

Enrico, who had followed us from the dining-room, caught the remark and cried with youthful conviction:

"That Giolitti is a traitor—he has been bought by the Germans!"

"Giolitti!" little Bianca echoed scornfully, arching her black brows.

Evidently the politician had lost his popularity with the youth of Italy. Within the dining-room I could see the father sitting alone beside the candle, his face buried in his hands. Bianca caressed her brother's shoulder with her cheeks.

"I am going, too!" she said to me with a little smile. "I shall join the Red Cross—I begin my training to-morrow, eh, *mamma mia?*" And she threw a glance of childish defiance at the signora.

"Little Bianca is growing up fast!" I laughed.

"They take them all except the cripples," the signora commented bitterly, "even the girls!"

"But I am a woman," Bianca protested, drawing away from Enrico and raising her pretty head. "I shall get the hospital training and go up north, too—to be near 'Rico."

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Something surely had come to the youth of this country when girls like Bianca Maironi spoke with such assurance of going forth from the home into the unknown.

"*Sicuro!*" She nodded her head to emphasize what I suspected had been a moot point between mother and daughter. The signora looked inscrutably at the girl for a little while, then said quietly: "It's 'most ten, Enrico."

The boy unclasped Bianca's tight little hands, kissed his mother and father, gave me the military salute . . . and we could hear him running fast down the street. The signora blew out the sputtering candle and closed the door.

"I am going, too!" Bianca exclaimed.

The poet was coming to Rome. After the politician, close on his heels, the poet, fresh from his triumph at the celebration of Quarto, where with his flaming allegory he had stirred the youth of Italy to their depths! A few henchmen, waiting for the leader's word, had met Giolitti; all Rome, it seemed to me, was turning out to greet the poet. They had poured into the great square before the terminus station from every quarter. The packed throng reached from the dark walls of the ancient baths around the splashing fountain, into the radiating avenues, and up to the portico of the station itself, which was black with human figures. It was a quiet, orderly, well-dressed crowd that swayed back and forth, waiting patiently hour after hour—the train was very late—to see the poet's face, to hear perhaps his word of courage for which it thirsted.

There were soldiers everywhere, as usual. I looked in vain for the familiar uniform of the *granatieri*, but the gray-coated boyish figures seemed all alike. In the midst of the press I saw the signora and Bianca, whose eyes were also wandering after the soldiers.

"You came to welcome D'Annunzio?" I queried, knowing the good woman's prejudices.

"Him!" the signora retorted with curling lip. "Bianca brought me."

"Yes, we have been to the Red Cross," the girl flashed.

"Rome welcomes the poet as though he were royalty," I remarked, standing on tiptoe to sweep with a glance the immense crowd.

"*He* will not go to the front—he will just talk!"

"Enrico is here somewhere," Bianca explained. "They told us so at the barracks. We have looked all about and mamma has asked so many officers. We haven't seen him since that first night. He has been on duty all day in the streets, doing *pichett 'armato*, . . . I wish Giolitti would go back home. If he doesn't go soon, he'll find out!"

Her white teeth came together grimly, and she made a significant little gesture with her hand.

"Where's mamma?"

The signora had caught sight of another promising uniform and was talking with the kindly officer who wore it.

"His company is inside the station," she explained when she rejoined us, "and we can never get in there!"

She would have left if Bianca had not restrained her. The girl wanted to see the poet. Presently the night began to fall, the still odorous May night of Rome. The big arc-lamps shone down upon the crowded faces. Suddenly there was a forward swaying, shouts and cheers from the station. A little man's figure was being carried above the eager crowd. Then a motor bellowed for free passage through the human mass. A wave of song burst from thousands of throats, Mameli's "Inno." A little gray face passed swiftly. The poet had come and gone.

"Come!" Bianca exclaimed, taking my hand firmly and pulling the signora on the other side. And she hurried us on with the streaming crowd, through lighted streets toward the Pincian hill, in the wake of the poet's car. The crowd had melted from about the station and was pouring into the Via Veneto. About the little fountain of the Tritone it had massed again, but persistent Bianca squirmed through the yielding figures, dragging us with her until we were wedged tight in the mass nearly opposite the Queen Mother's palace.

The vast multitude that reached into the shadow of the night were cheering and singing. Their shouts and songs must have reached even the ears of the German ambassador at the Villa Malta a few

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blocks away. The signora had forgotten her grenadier, her dislike of the poet, and for the moment was caught up in the emotion of the crowd. Bianca was singing the familiar hymn. . . . Suddenly there was a hush; light fell upon the upturned faces from an opened window on a balcony in the Hotel Regina. The little figure stood forth in the band of yellow light and looked down upon the dense throng beneath. In the stillness his words began to fall, very slowly, very clearly, as if each was a graven message for his people. And the Roman youth all about me swayed and sighed, seizing each colored word, divining its heroic symbol, drinking thirstily the ardor of the poet.

"The light has not wholly gone from the Aurelian wall . . . fifty years ago at this hour the leader of the Thousand and his heroic company . . . We will not be a museum, an inn, a water-color in Prussian blue! . . ."

The double line of soldiers behind us had forgotten their formation and were pressing forward to catch each word. . . . The signora was gazing at the man with fascinated eyes. Bianca's little hand tightened unconsciously on mine, and her lips parted in a smile. The poet's words were falling into her eager heart. He was speaking for her, for all the ardent youth of Italy:

"*Viva! Viva Roma senza onta! Viva la grande é pura Italia! . . .*"

The voice ceased: for one moment there was complete silence; then a cheer that was half a sigh broke from the crowd. But the blade of light faded, the poet was gone. When at last I got the Maironis into a cab there were bright tears in Bianca's eyes and the mother's face was troubled.

"Perhaps it has to be," the signora murmured.

"Of course!" Bianca echoed sharply, raising her little head defiantly. "What else could Italy do?"

The streets were rapidly emptying. Some companies of infantry that had been policing the city all day marched wearily past. Bianca jumped up quickly.

"They're *granatieri!* And there's 'Rico's captain!"

The sympathetic cab-driver pulled up his horse while the soldiers tramped by.

"'Rico, 'Rico!" the girl called softly to the soldiers.

A hand went up, and the boy gave us a luminous smile as his file swung past.

"I have seen him again!" the mother sighed.

The poet spoke the next day, and the next, to the restless people who waited hour after hour in the street before his hotel. Having found its voice—a voice that spoke its inner heart—young Italy clamored for action. The fret of Rome grew louder hourly; soldiers cordoned the main streets, while Giolitti waited, the ambassadors flitted back and forth to the Consulta, the King took counsel with his advisers. I looked for young Maironi's face among the lines of troops barring passage through the streets. It seemed as if he might be called at any moment to do his soldier's duty here in Rome!

All day long and half the night the cavalry stood motionless before the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, ready to clear away the mobs that prowled about the corner of Via Cavour, where Giolitti lived. Once they charged. It was the night the poet appeared at the Costanzi Theatre. The narrow street was full of shouting people as I drove to the theatre with the Maironis. Suddenly there was the ugly sound of horses' feet on concrete walks, shrieks and wild rushes for safety in doorways and alleys. As our cab whisked safely around a corner the cavalry came dashing past, their hairy plumes streaming out from the metal helmets, their ugly swords high in the air. The signora's face paled. Perhaps she was thinking, as I was, that there might be one thing worse than war with Austria, and that would be revolution. Bianca exclaimed scornfully:

"They had better be fighting Italy's enemies!"

"They are not yet enemies," I ventured.

She gave a little shrug of her shoulders.

"They will be to-morrow!"

The fever within the vast auditorium seemed to bear out the girl's words. Here was no "rabble of the piazza," to repeat the German ambassador's sneer, but well-to-do Roman citizens. For three hours they shouted their hatred of Teuton, sang

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patriotic hymns, cried defiance to the politician Giolitti, who would keep the nation bound in its old alliance. "*Fuori i barbari! . . . Giolitti traditore!*" One grizzled Roman hurled in my ears: "I'll drink his blood, the traitor!"

When the little poet entered his flower-wreathed box every one cheered and waved to him. He stood looking down on the passionate human sea beneath him, then slowly plucked the red flowers from a great bunch of carnations that some one handed him and threw them one by one far out into the cheering throng. One floated downward straight into Bianca's eager hand. She snatched it, kissed the flower, and looked upward into the poet's smiling face. . . .

He recited the suppressed stanzas of a poem, the slow, rhythmic lines falling like the red flowers into eager hearts. The signora was standing on her seat beside Bianca, clasping her arm, and tears gathered slowly in her large, wistful eyes, tears of pride and sadness. . . . Out in the still night from that storm of passion once more, we walked on silently through empty streets. "He believes it—he is right," the signora sighed. "Italy also must do her part!"

"Of course," Bianca said quickly, "and she will! . . . See there!"

The girl pointed to a heap of stones freshly upturned in the street. It was the first barricade.

"Our soldiers must not fight each other," she said gravely, and glanced again over her shoulder at the barricade. . . .

In front of Santa Maria the tired cavalry sat their horses, and a double line of infantry was drawn across the Via Cavour before the Giolitti home. The boys were slouching over their rifles: whatever play there had been in this picket duty had gone out of it. Suddenly Bianca and her mother ran down the line. "Maironi, Maironi!" I heard some of the soldiers calling softly, and there was a shuffle in the ranks. Enrico was shoved forward to the front in comradely fashion. Mother and sister chatted with the boy, and presently Bianca came dashing back.

"They haven't had anything to eat all day!"

We found a café still open and loaded ourselves with rolls, chocolate, and cigarettes, which Bianca distributed to the weary soldiers while the young lieutenant tactfully strolled to the other end of the line.

"To think of keeping them here all day without food!" the signora grumbled as we turned away. The boys, shoving their gifts into pockets and mouths, straightened up as their officer came back down the line. "They might as well be at war," the signora continued.

When I returned to my hotel through the silent streets the *granatieri* had gone from their post, but the horsemen were still sitting their sleeping mounts before the old church. Their vigil would be all night.

The nation's crisis had come and passed. We did not know it, but it was marked by those little piles of stones in the Via Viminale. The disturber Giolitti had fled overnight at the invitation of the government, which now knew itself to be strong enough to do what it would. And thereafter events moved more swiftly. Rome was once more calm. The people gathered again by the hundreds of thousands, but peacefully, in the spirit of concord, in the Piazza del Populo and in the Campidoglio. Their will had prevailed, they had found themselves. A great need of reconciliation, of union of all spirits, found expression in these meetings, in spots consecrated by ancient memories of greatness, under the soft spring sky.

In the press that filled the little piazza of the Campidoglio to the brim, and ran down into the old lanes that led to the Forum and the city, I met Signora Maironi once more. She had not come thither to find her boy—soldiers were no longer needed to keep the crowds from violence. She came in the hungry need to fill her heart with belief and confidence, to strengthen herself for sacrifice.

"We haven't seen Enrico since that night on the streets. He is kept ready in the barracks unless he has been sent away already. . . . But he said he would let us know!"

A procession with the flags of Italy and the desired provinces mounted the long flight of steps above us, and the syndic of Rome, the Prince Colonna, came out

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from the open door and fronted the mass of citizens.

"He is going, and his sons!" the signora whispered. "He is a fine man!" The prince looked gravely over the upturned faces as if he would speak; then refrained, as though the moment were too solemn for further words. He stood there looking singularly like the grave portraits of Roman fathers in the museum near by, strong, stern, resolved. The evening breeze lifted the cluster of flags and waved them vigorously. Little fleecy clouds floated in the blue sky above the Aracœli church. There were no shouts, no songs. These were men and women from the working classes of the neighboring quarter of old Rome who were giving their sons and husbands to the nation, and felt the solemnity of the occasion.

"Let us go," the Prince Colonna said solemnly, "to the Quirinal to meet our King!"

As we turned down the hill we could see the long black stream already flowing through the narrow passages out into the square before the new monument. It was a silent, spontaneous march of the people to its leader. The blooming roses in the windows and on the terraces above gayly flamed against the dark walls of the old houses along the route. But the hurrying crowd did not look up. Its mood was sternly serious. It did not turn aside as we neared the palace of the enemy's ambassador. The time was past for such childish demonstrations.

"If only we might go instead, we older ones," the signora said sadly, "not the children. . . . Life means so much more to them!"

We reached the Quirinal hill as the setting sun flooded all Rome from the ridge of the Janiculum. The piazza was already crowded and at the Consulta opposite the royal palace, where, even at this eleventh hour, the ambassadors were vainly offering last inducements to avoid war, favored spectators filled the windows. It was a peculiarly quiet, solemn scene. No speeches, no cheers, no songs. It seemed as if the signora's last words were in every mind. "They say," she remarked sadly, "that it will take a great many lives to carry those strong mountain positions, many thousands each month, thousands and thousands of boys . . . All those mothers!"

At that moment the window on the balcony above the entrance to the palace was flung open, and two lackeys brought forth a red cloth which they hung over the stone balustrade. Then the King and Queen, followed by the little prince and his sister, stepped forth and stood above us, looking down into the crowded faces. The King bowed his head to the cheers that greeted him from his people, but his serious face did not relax. He looked worn, old. Perhaps he, too, was thinking of those thousands of lives that must be spent each month to unlock the Alpine passes which for forty years Austria had been fortifying! . . . He bowed again in response to the hearty cries of *Viva il Re!* The Queen bowed. The little black-haired prince by his father's side looked steadily down into the faces. He, too, seemed to understand what it meant —that these days his father's throne had been put into the stake for which Italy was to fight, that his people had cast all on the throw of this war. No smile, no boyish elation, relieved the serious little face.

"Why does he not speak?" the signora murmured, as if her aching heart demanded a word of courage from the King.

"It is not yet the time," I suggested, nodding to the Consulta.

The King cried, "*Viva Italia!*" then withdrew from the balcony with his family.

"*Viva Italia!*" It was a prayer, a hope, spoken from the heart, and it was received silently by the throng. Yes, might the God of battles preserve Italy, all the beauty and the glory that the dying sun was bathing in its golden flood! . . .

Signora Maironi hurried through the crowded street at a nervous pace.

"I do not like to be long away from home," she explained. "'Rico may come and go for the last time while I am out."

We had no sooner entered the door of the house than the mother said: "Yes, he's here!"

The boy was sitting in the little dining-room, drinking a glass of wine, his father on one side, his sister on the other. He seemed much excited.

"We leave in the morning!" he said.

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There was an exultant ring in his voice, a flash in his black eyes.

"Where for?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"They never tell—to the front somewhere! . . . See my stripes. They have made me bicyclist for the battalion. I've got a machine to ride now. I shall carry orders, you know!"

His laugh was broken by a cough.

"Ugh, this nasty cold—that comes from Messer Giolitti—too much night work—no more of that! The rat!"

I glanced at the signora.

"Have you all his things ready, Bianca?" she asked. "The cheese and the cake and his clothes?"

"Everything," the little girl replied quickly. "'Rico says we can't come to see him off."

The mother looked inquiringly at the boy.

"It's no use trying. Nobody knows where or when," he explained. "They don't want a lot of mothers and sisters fussing over the men," he added teasingly.

Little Bianca told me how she and her mother slipped past all the sentinels at the station the next morning and ran along the embankment outside the railroad yards where the long line of cattle-cars packed with soldiers was waiting.

"They know us pretty well in the regiment by this time," she laughed. "I heard them say as we ran along the cars looking for 'Rico: 'See! There's Maironi's mother and the little Maironi! Of course they would come somehow! . . .' We gave them the roses you brought yesterday—you don't mind? They loved them so—and said such nice things." Bianca paused to laugh and blush at the pretty speeches which the soldiers had made, then ran on: "Poor boys, they'll soon be where they can't get flowers and cakes. . . . Then we found 'Rico at last and gave him the things just as the train started. He was so glad to see us! Poor 'Rico had such a cough, he looked quite badly, he doesn't know how to take care of himself. Mother is always scolding him for being so careless—boys are all like that, you know! . . . And there was such a noise! We ran along beside the train, oh, a long way, until we came to a deep ditch—we couldn't jump that! And they cheered us, all the soldiers in the cars; they looked so queer, jammed in the cattle-cars with the straw, just like the horses. Enrico's captain gave us a salute, too. I wonder where they are now." She paused in her rapid talk for a sombre moment, then began excitedly: "Don't you want to see my Red Cross dress—it's so pretty! I have just got it."

She ran up-stairs to put on her nurse's uniform; presently the signora came into the room. She was dressed all in black and her face was very pale. She nodded and spoke in a dull, lifeless voice.

"Bianca told you? He wanted me to thank you for the cigarettes. He was not very well—he was suffering, I could see that."

"Nothing worse than a cold," I suggested.

"I must see him again!" she cried suddenly, passionately, "just once, once more—before—" Her voice died out in a whisper. Bianca, who had come back in her little white dress, took up the signora's unfinished sentence with a frown:

"Of course we shall see him again, mamma! Didn't he promise to write us where they sent him?" She turned to me, impetuous, demanding, true little woman of her race. "You know I shall be sent up north, too, to one of the hospitals, and mamma will go with me. Then we'll find Enrico. Won't we, mother?"

But the signora's miserable eyes seemed far away, as if they were following that slowly moving train of cattle-cars packed with boyish faces. She fingered unseeingly the arm of Bianca's dress with its cross of blood-red. At last, with a long sigh, she brought herself back to the present. Was I ready for an Italian lesson? We might as well lose no more time. She patted Bianca and pushed her gently away. "Run along and take off that terrible dress!" she said irritably. Bianca, with a little, discontented gesture and appreciative pat to the folds of her neat costume, left us alone. "She thinks of nothing but this war!" the signora exclaimed. "The girls are as bad as the men!"

"Is it not quite natural?"

We began on the verbs, but the signora's mind, usually so vivacious, was not

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on the lesson. It was still with that slow troop-train on its way to the frontier.

"You are too tired," I suggested.

"No, but I can't stay in here—let us go into the city."

Rome seemed curiously lifeless and dead after all the passionate movement of the past week. It was empty, too. All the troops that had filled the seething streets had departed overnight, and the turbulent citizens had vanished. The city, like the heart of Italy, was in suspense, waiting for the final word which meant war.

"You will not stay much longer, I suppose?" the signora questioned.

"I suppose not." Life seemed to have flowed out of this imperial Rome, with all its loveliness, in the wake of the troop-trains.

"If I could only go, too! . . . If we knew where he was to be!"

"You will know—and you will go with Bianca."

"I would go into battle itself to see 'Rico once more!" the poor woman moaned.

"There will be lots of time yet before the battles begin," I replied with lying comfort.

"You think so! . . . War is very terrible for those who have to stay behind."

III

In obedience to Signora Maironi's mysterious telegram, I waited outside the railroad station in Venice for the arrival of the night express from Rome, which was very late. The previous day I had taken the precaution to attach to me old Giuseppe, one of the two boatmen now left at the *tragheto*, all the younger men having been called out. There were few *forestieri*, and Giuseppe was thankful to have a real signor, whom he faithfully protected from the suspicious and hostile glances of the Venetians. Every stranger, I found, had become an Austrian spy! Giuseppe was now busily tidying up his ancient gondola, exchanging jokes with the soldiers in the laden barks which passed along the canal. Occasionally a fast motor-boat threw up a long wave as it dashed by on an errand with some officer in the stern. All Venice, relieved of tourists, was bustling with soldiers and sailors. Gray torpedo-boats lay about the piazzeta, and Red Cross flags waved from empty palaces. Yet there was no war.

"Giuseppe," I asked, "do you think there will be any war?"

"*Sicuro!*" the old man replied, straightening himself and pointing significantly with his thumb to a passing bargeful of soldiers. "They are on the way."

"Where?"

"Who knows? . . . The mountains," and he indicated the north with his head. "I have two sons—they have gone."

"And Italy will win?" I continued idly.

"*Sicuro!*" came the reply reassuringly, "*ma!*"

And in that expressive "*ma*" I might read all the anxiety, the fears, of Italy.

At last the signora came, dressed in the same black she had worn the day Enrico had left Rome. In her hand she carried a little black bag. She gave me a timid smile as Giuseppe settled her under the *felza*.

"You were surprised at the telegram?"

"A little," I confessed.

"I had to come." She sighed as the gondola pushed into the narrow, tortuous canal that led back to the piazza.

"What news from Enrico?"

"Nothing! Not a word! . . . That's why I came."

"It's only been a week—the mails are slow," I suggested.

"I could stand it no longer—you will think me mad. I mean to find him!"

"But how—where?" I demanded in bewilderment.

"That's what I must discover here."

"In Venice!"

"Somebody must know! Oh, I see what you think—I am out of my head. . . . Perhaps I am! Sitting there in the house day after day thinking, thinking—and the poor boy was so miserable that last morning—he was too sick."

"Surely you must have some plan?"

"An officer on the train last night—a major going up there to join his regiment—he was very kind to me, lent me his coat to keep me warm, it was so cold. He is a well-known doctor in Rome. Here, I have his card in my sack somewhere. . . . He

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says it's a matter of hours now before they begin."

"Well," I said, in a pause, hoping to bring the signora's mind back to the starting-point. "What has the major to do with your finding Enrico?"

"He told me to inquire at Mestre or here where Enrico's train had been sent. . . . They wouldn't tell me anything at the railroad station in Mestre. So I must find out here," she ended inconsequentially.

"Here in Venice? But they won't tell you a thing even if they know. You had a better chance in Rome."

She shook her head.

"No, they wouldn't tell his father—he tried to find out."

"And you couldn't get north of Mestre. It's all military zone now, you know."

"Is it?" she answered vacantly. "I had to come," she repeated like a child, "and I feel better already—I'm so much nearer him. . . . Don't you really think I can get to see him for a few minutes?"

I spent a futile hour, while Giuseppe pushed us languidly through the gray lagoons, trying to convince Signora Maironi that her search for the boy was worse than useless, might easily land her in prison should she attempt to penetrate the lines. At the end she merely remarked:

"'Rico expects me—he said that last night: 'You will come up north to see me, mother, before war is declared.'"

Thereat I began again at the beginning and tried more urgently to distract the signora from her purpose.

"You might be locked up as a spy!" I concluded.

"But I am an Italian woman—an Italian mother!" she cried indignantly.

Giuseppe nodded sympathetically over his long sweep and murmured something like "*E vero!*" It ended by my asking the old fellow if he knew where the office of the Venetian commandant was.

"*Sicuro!*" the old man laughed, waving a hand negligently toward the Zattere. So we headed there. I thought that an hour or two spent in vainly trying to see the busy gentleman in command of Venice would probably do more than anything else to convince Signora Maironi of the futility of her quest. As I helped her to the quay from the gondola in front of the old convent which was now the military headquarters, she said gently, apologetically: "Don't be so cross with me, signor! Think merely that I am an old woman and a mother with a son about to fight for his country."

I saw her disappear within the gate after being questioned by the sentinel; then Giuseppe and I waited in the shadow of an interned German steamship—one, two, almost three hours, until the sun had set the marble front of the Ducal Palace aflame with a flood of gold. Then I heard Giuseppe murmuring triumphantly, "*Ecco! la signora!*" The little black figure was waiting for us by the steps, a contented smile on her lips.

"Have I been long?" she asked.

"It makes no difference, if you have found out something. Did you see the commandant?"

She nodded her head in a pleased manner.

"I thought I should never see him—there were so many officers and sentinels, and they all tried to turn me off. But I wouldn't go! It takes a great deal to discourage a mother who wants to see her son."

"And he told you?" I asked impatiently.

"Heavens, how lovely the day is!" the signora remarked with her provoking inconsequentiality. "Let us go out to the Lido! I know a little fisherman's osteria at San Nicolo where we can get supper under the trees."

The gondola headed seaward in the golden light.

"It will be a terrible war," the signora began presently. "They know it. . . . The commandant talked with me a long time after I got to him, while others waited. . . . There are many spies here in Venice, he told me—Austrians who are hidden in the city. . . . He was such a gentleman, so patient with me and kind. . . . Do you know, I wept—yes, cried like a great fool! When he told me I must return and wait for news in Rome, and I thought of that long ride back without seeing my sick boy—I just couldn't help it—I cried. . . . He was very kind."

In the end the facts came out, as they always did with the signora, in her own casual fashion. The military commander of Venice, evidently, was a kind, fatherly sort of officer, with sons of his own in the

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army, as he had told the signora. After giving the distracted mother the only sound advice he could give her—to resign herself to waiting for news of her son by the uncertain mails—he had let fall significantly, "But if you should persist in your mad idea, signora, I should take the train to ——," and he mentioned a little town near the Austrian frontier not three hours' ride from Venice.

"What will you do?" I asked as we approached the shore of the Lido.

"I don't know," the signora sighed. "But I must see Enrico once more!"

The Buon' Pesche, a little osteria near the waterside, was thronged with sailors from the gray torpedo-boats that kept up a restless activity, dashing back and forth in the harbor entrance. We found a table under a plane-tree, a little apart from the noisy sailors who were drinking to the success of Italian arms in the purple wine of Padua, and, while the dusk fell over distant Venice, watched the antics of the swift destroyers.

"Don't they seem possessed!" the signora exclaimed; "like angry bees, as if they knew the enemy was near."

We were speaking English, and I noticed that the country girl who served us looked at me sharply. When we rose to leave it was already dark, the stars were shining in the velvet sky, and Venice was mysteriously blank. As we strolled across the grass toward the boat-landing, a man stepped up and laid his hand on my shoulder, indicating firmly that I should accompany him. He took us to the military post at the end of the island, the signora expostulating and explaining all the way. There we had to wait in a bare room faintly lighted by one flaring candle while men came and went outside, looked at us, talked in low tones, and left us wondering. After an hour of this a young officer appeared, and with a smiling, nervous air began a lengthy examination. Who was I? Who was the signora —my wife, my mother? Why were we there on the Lido after dark, etc.? It was easy enough to convince him that I was what I was—an amicable, idle American. My pocketful of papers and, above all, my Italian, rendered him quickly more smiling and apologetic than ever. But the signora, who, it seems, had not registered on her arrival in Venice, as they had ascertained while we were waiting, was not so easily explained, although she told her tale truthfully, tearfully, in evident trepidation. To the young officer it was not credible that an Italian mother should be seeking her soldier son on the Lido at this hour. Another officer was summoned, and while the first young man entertained me with appreciations of English and American authors with whose works he was acquainted, the signora was put through a gruelling examination which included her ancestry, family affairs, and political opinions. She was alternately angry, haughty, and tearful, repeating frequently, "I am an Italian mother!" which did not answer for a passport as well as my broken Italian. In the end she had to appeal to the kindly commandant who had listened to her story earlier in the day. After hearing the signora's tearful voice on the telephone he instructed the youthful captain of artillery to let us go. The young officers, whose responsibilities had weighed heavily on them, apologized profusely, ending with the remark: "You know we are expecting something to happen—very soon! . . . We have to be careful."

We hurried to the landing, where we found Giuseppe fast asleep in the gondola, but before we could rouse him had some further difficulty with suspicious *carabinieri*, who were inclined to lock us up on the Lido until morning. A few lire induced them to consider our adventure more leniently, and well past midnight the sleepy Giuseppe swept us toward the darkened city.

"You might think they were already at war!" I grumbled.

"Perhaps they are," the signora replied sadly.

"Well, you see what trouble you will get into if you attempt to enter the war zone," I warned.

"Yes," the subdued woman said dully, "I see!"

"That story of yours doesn't sound probable—and you have no papers."

She sighed heavily without reply, but I thought it well to drive home the point.

"So you had better take the train home to-morrow and not get arrested as a spy."

I awoke from a dream with a confused reverberation in my ears several hours

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later. Birds were wheeling in the gray dawn, crying loudly. Suddenly there came another crash very close to the hotel, followed by sputtering and crackling. I did not have to be told—this was war! From my balcony I could see the round dome of the peaceful Salute in the morning mist. The birds were still wheeling and crying in the garden beneath, and all along the Grand Canal sounded the clatter of machine guns and at intervals the louder explosions of bombs.

Soon I could distinguish from other sounds the persistent hum of a motor far above in the sky. And there, like some gigantic gadfly, was the enemy aeroplane, buzzing in a straight line over Venice toward the Adriatic. The little machine was the very incarnation of hostile will, winging its way above its prey, dropping into the gray abyss its unseen missiles, indifferent to the splutter of the guns on the palace roofs. The aeroplane disappeared, but presently another came in sight from Mestre and the noisy bombardment began again. Some louder explosions near me seemed to punctuate the fusillade.

Yes, this was war! And as I hurriedly dressed myself I thought that Signora Maironi would be lucky if she got back safely to Rome. We met over an early cup of coffee. The signora, who also had been awakened by the visit of the aeroplanes, seemed not in the least frightened; indeed, she was stirred to renewed determination by this touch of war.

"Go back now without seeing him!" she said spiritedly. "Never!"

So Giuseppe took her over to Mestre in the gondola. I judged that it would be safer for her to start on her quest alone, depending solely on her mother appeal to make her way through the confusion at the front. She waved me a smiling farewell on the steps of the old palace, her little bag in one hand, looking like a comfortable middle-aged matron on a shopping expedition, not in the least like a timid mother starting for the battle line in search of her child.

And that was the last I saw of Signora Maironi for four days. Ordinarily, it would not take that many hours to make the journey to X——. But these first days of war there was no telling how long it might take, nor whether one could get there by any route. Had her resolution failed her and had she already returned to Rome? But in that case she would surely have telegraphed. Or was she detained in some frontier village as a spy? . . .

The morning of the fifth day since the signora's departure I was dawdling over my coffee in the deserted *salone*, enjoying the scented June breeze that came from the canal, when I heard a light step and a knock at the door. Signora Maironi entered and dropped on a lounge, very white and breathless, as if she had run a long way from somewhere.

"Give me coffee, please! I have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning." And after she had swallowed some of the coffee I poured for her she began to speak, to tell her story, not pausing to eat her roll.

"When I left you that morning—when was it, a week or a year ago?—I seemed very courageous, didn't I? The firing, the danger, somehow woke me up. But before I started I really wanted to run back to Rome. Yes, if it hadn't been for the idea of poor 'Rico up there in that same thing I should never have done it. . . . Well, we got to Mestre, as Giuseppe no doubt told you. While I was waiting in the station for the train to that place the commandant told me, I saw a young lieutenant in the grenadier uniform. He was not of 'Rico's company or I should have known him, but he had the uniform. Of course I asked him where he was going. He said he didn't know, he was trying to find out where the regiment was. He had been given leave to go to his home in Sardinia to bury his father, poor boy, and was hurrying back to join the grenadiers. 'If you will stay with me, signora,' he said, 'you will find where your boy is, for you see I must join my regiment at once.' Wasn't that lucky for me? So I got into the same compartment with the lieutenant when the train came along. It was full of officers. But no one seemed to know where the grenadiers had been sent. The officers were very polite and kind to me. They gave me something to eat or I should have starved, for there was nothing to be bought at the stations, everything had

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been eaten clean up as if the locusts had passed that way! . . . And there was one old gentleman—here, I have his card somewhere—well, no matter—we talked a long time. He told me how many difficulties the army had to meet and about the spies. It seems that the spies are terrible. The Austrians have them everywhere, and many are Italians, alas! the ones who live up there in the mountains! They are arresting them all the time. They took a woman and a man in a woman's dress off the train. Well, that didn't make me any easier in my mind, but I stayed close to my little lieutenant, who looked after me as he would his own mother, and no one bothered me with questions. . . .

"Such heat and such slowness, you cannot imagine how weary I became before the day was done! Trains and trains of troops passed. Poor fellows! And cannon and horses and food, just one long train after another. We could scarcely crawl. . . . So we reached X—— as it was getting dark, but the *granatieri* were not there. They had been the day before, but had gone on forward. To think, if I had started the night before I should have found 'Rico and had him a whole day perhaps."

"Perhaps not," I remarked, as the signora paused to swallow another cup of coffee. "It was all a matter of chance, and if you had started the day before you would have missed your lieutenant."

"Well, there was nothing for it but to spend the night at X——. For no trains went on to Palma Nova, where the lieutenant was going in the morning. So I walked into the town to look for a place to sleep, but every bed was taken by the officers, not a place to sleep in the whole town. It was then after nine o'clock; I returned to the station, thinking I could stay there until the train started for Palma Nova. But they won't even let you stay in railroad stations any longer! So I walked out to the garden in the square and sat down on a bench to spend the night there. Luckily it was still warm. Who should come by with an old lady on his arm but the gentleman I had talked with on the train, Count—yes, he was a count—and his mother. They had a villa near the town, it seems. 'Why, signora!' he said, when he saw me sitting there all alone, 'why are you out here at this time?' And I told him about there not being a bed free in the town. Then he said: 'You must stay with us. We have made our villa ready for the wounded, but, thank God, they have not begun to come in yet, so there are many empty rooms at your disposal.' That was how I escaped spending the night on a bench in the public garden! It was a beautiful villa, with grounds all about it—quite large. They gave me a comfortable room with a bath, and that was the last I saw of the count and his mother—whatever were their names. Early the next morning a maid came with my coffee and woke me so that I might get the train for Palma Nova.

"That day was too long to tell about. I found my young lieutenant, and as soon as we reached Palma Nova he went off to hunt for the *granatieri*. But the regiment had been sent on ahead! Again I was just too late. It had left for the frontier, which is only a few miles east of the town. I could hear the big cannon from there. (Oh, yes, they had begun! I can tell you that made me all the more anxious to hold my boy once more in my arms.) Palma Nova was jammed with everything, soldiers, motor-trucks, cannon—such confusion as you never saw. Everything had to pass through an old gate—you know, it was once a Roman town and there are walls and gates still standing. About that gate toward the Austrian frontier there was such a crush to get through as you can't imagine!

"They let no one through that gate without a special pass. You see, it was close to the lines, and they were afraid of spies. I tried and tried to slip through, but it was no use. And the time going by and Enrico marching away from me always toward battle. I just prayed to the Virgin to get me through that gate—yes, I tell you, I prayed hard as I never prayed before in my life. . . . The young lieutenant came to tell me he had to go on to reach his regiment and offered to take anything I had for Enrico. So I gave him almost all the money I had with me, and the little watch you gave me for him, and told him to say I should get to him somehow if it could be done. The young

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man promised he would find 'Rico and give him the things at the first opportunity. How I hated to see him disappear through that gate into the crowd beyond! But there was no use trying: there were soldiers with drawn bayonets all about it. My prayers to the Virgin seemed to do no good at all. . . .

"So at the end, after trying everywhere to get that special pass, I was sitting at a café drinking some milk—everything is so frightfully dear, you have no idea!—and was thinking that after coming so far I was not to see my boy. For the first time I felt discouraged, and I must have shown it, too, with my eyes on that gate. An officer who was waiting in front of the café, walking to and fro, presently came up to me and said: 'Signora, I see that sorrow in your eyes which compels me to address you. Is there anything a stranger might do to comfort you?' So I told him the whole thing, and he said very gently: 'I do not know whether I can obtain the permission for you, but I know the officer who is in command here. Come with me and we will tell him your desire to see your son before the battle, which cannot be far off, and perhaps he will grant your request.'

"Think of such fortune! The Virgin *had* listened. I shall always pray with better faith after this! Just when I was at the end, too! The kind officer was also a count, Count Foscari, from here in Venice. He has a brother in the garrison here, and there's a lady to whom he wishes me to give some letters. . . . I wonder if I still have them!"

The signora stopped to investigate the recesses of her little bag.

"First, let me know what the Count Foscari did for you," I exclaimed, tantalized by the signora's discursive narrative. "Then we can look after his correspondence at our leisure."

"There they are! . . . He took me up into the offices of the military commander of the town—a very busy place it was. But the count just walked past all the sentinels, and I followed him without being stopped. But when he asked for the pass the commander was very cross and answered, 'Impossible!'—short like that. Even while we were there, another, stronger order came over the telegraph from the staff forbidding any civilian to pass through the town. I thought again it was all over—I should never see 'Rico. But Count Foscari did not give up. He just waited until the commander had said everything, then spoke very gently to him in a low tone (but I could hear). 'The signora is an Italian mother. I will give my word for that! She wants to see her son, who was sick when he left Rome.' Then he stopped, but the other officer just frowned, and the count tried again. 'It is not much good that any of us can do now in this life. We are all so near death that it seems we should do whatever kindness we can to one another.' The commandant's secretary was there with the pass already made out in his hand—he had been preparing it while the others were talking—and he put it down on the table before the commandant for his signature. But he turned his head, and the count gave a nod to the secretary, and the kind young man took the seal and stamped it and handed it to me with a little smile. And the commandant just shrugged his shoulders and pretended not to see. The count said to him: 'Thanks! For a mother!'

"So there I was with my pass. I thanked Count Foscari and hurried through that gate as fast as my legs would carry me, afraid that some one might take the paper away from me. What an awful jam there was! I thought my legs would not hold out long on that hard road, but I was determined to walk until I fell before giving up now. . . . I must have passed forty sentinels; some of them stopped me. They said I would be shot, but what did I care for that! I could hear the roaring of the guns ahead, louder all the time, and the smoke. It was really battle. I began to run. I was so anxious lest I might not have time."

"Were you not afraid?"

"Of what? Of a shell hitting my poor old body? I never thought of it. I just felt—little 'Rico is on there ahead in the middle of all that. But it was beautiful all the same—yes," she repeated softly, with a strange gleam on her tired face, "it was *beau* and horrible at the same time. . . . I passed the frontier stones. Yes! I have been on Austrian territory, though it's no longer Austrian now, God be praised! I

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Drawn by Thornton Oakley.

"Five minutes at the most I had with him there by the side of the highroad . . ."—Page 590.

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was very nearly in Gradesca, where the battle was. I should never have gotten that far had it not been for a good man in a motor-car who took me off the road with him. How we drove in all that muddle! He stopped when we passed any troops to let me ask where the *granatieri* were. It was always 'just ahead.' The sound of the guns got louder. . . . I was terribly excited and so afraid I was too late, when suddenly I saw a soldier bent over a bicycle riding back down the road like mad. It was my 'Rico coming to find me! . . . I jumped out of the motor and took him in my arms, there in the road. . . . God, how he had changed already, how thin and old his face was! And he was so excited he could hardly speak, just like 'Rico always, when anything is going on. 'Mother,' he said, 'I wanted so to see you. You said you might come up here, and I looked for you all along where the train stopped, at Bologna and Mestre and Palma Nova. But I couldn't find you. This morning I knew you would come—I knew it when I woke.' Don't you see I was right in keeping on? . . . The young lieutenant had told him I was looking for him, and they let him come back on his bicycle to find me. Poor boy, he was so excited and kept looking over his shoulder after his regiment! 'You see, mamma,' he said, 'this is a real battle! We are at the front! And our regiment has the honor to make the first attack!' He was so proud, the poor boy! . . . Of course I could not keep him long—five minutes at the most I had with him there by the side of the highroad, with all the noise of the guns and the passing wagons. Five minutes, but I would rather have died than lost those minutes. . . . I put your watch on his wrist. He was so pleased to have it, with the illuminated hands which will give him the time at night when he is on duty. He wrote you a few words on this scrap of paper, all I had with me, leaning on my knee. I took his old watch—the father will want it. It had been next his heart and was still warm. . . . Then he kissed me and rode back up the road as fast as he could go. The last I saw was when he rode into a cloud of dust. . . .

"Well," the signora concluded, after a long pause, "that is all! I found my way back here somehow. I have been through the lines, on Austrian territory, almost in battle itself—and I have seen my boy again, the Virgin be praised! And I am content. Let God do with him what he will."

Later we went in search of Count Foscari's brother and the lady to whom he had sent his letters. Then Giuseppe and I took the signora to the train for Rome. As I stood beside the compartment, the signora, who seemed calmer, more like herself than for the past fortnight, repeated dreamily: "My friend, I have seen 'Rico and I am content. Perhaps it is the last time I shall have him in my arms, unless the dear God spares him. I know now what it is he is doing for his country, what battle is! He is fighting for me, for all of us. I am content!"

With a gentle smile the signora waved me farewell.

Enrico came out of that first battle safely, and many others, as little Bianca wrote me. She and the signora were making bandages and feeding their thirsty hearts with reports of the brave deeds the Italian troops had done along the Isonzo. "They are all heroes!" the girl wrote. "But it is very hard for them to pierce those mountains which the Austrians have been fortifying all these years. There is perpetual fighting, but Enrico is well and happy, fighting for Italy. Yesterday we had a postal from him: he sent his respects to you. . . ."

Thereafter, there was no news from the Maironis for some time; then in September came the dreaded black-bordered letter in the signora's childish hand. It was dated from some little town in the north of Italy and written in pencil.

"I have been in bed for some weeks, or I should have written before. Our dear Enrico fell the 3d of August on the Col di Lana. He died fighting for Italy like a brave man, his captain wrote us. . . . Bianca is here nursing me, but soon she will go back to Padua into the hospital, and I shall go with her if there is anything that a poor old woman can do for our wounded soldiers. . . . Dear friend, I am so glad that I saw him once more—now I must wait until paradise. . . ."

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BONNIE MAY

BY LOUIS DODGE

A strolling player comes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

IX

HOW A CONVEYANCE WENT AWAY EMPTY

MRS. BARON "took to her room," as the saying is. For an hour or more she might have been, to all intents and purposes, in some far country.

She left an awed silence behind her.

"If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go and talk to Mrs. Shepard awhile," said Bonnie May, not without significance. The atmosphere had become too rarefied for her. She was turning from an inimical clan. She was obeying that undying instinct which impelled the cavemen of old to get their backs toward a wall.

Baron, Sr., prepared to go out. He turned to Flora and Victor as he took his leave, and his whole being twinkled quietly. He seemed to be saying: "Don't ask me!"

Flora stole up to her mother's room. She tapped at the door affectionately—if one can tap at a door affectionately.

A voice muffled by pillows was heard. "Making hay," it seemed to say. Flora frowned in perplexity. Then her brow cleared and she smiled wistfully. "Oh!" she interpreted, "'Go away!'"

She sought Victor again.

"I suppose she'll have to go," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Oh, yes, certainly; yes, she'll have to go," agreed Victor firmly.

"And yet I can't say it's her fault."

"You might say it's her misfortune."

"Yes. . . . Isn't she—wonderful!"

"Oh, well, if two people simply can't understand each other, that's all there is to it."

"But *she* understands. She just talks too much. She won't realize that she's only a child."

"Oh, what's the use!" exclaimed Baron. He thrust his hands into his pockets and strolled through the house, up into the library.

He took down a copy of "Diana of the Crossways" and opened it at random, staring darkly at words which the late Mr. Meredith never wrote:

"Why couldn't she have made allowances? Why couldn't she have overlooked things which plainly weren't meant to be the least bit offensive?"

Obscurities, perhaps; but what does one expect of Meredith?

He ruminated long and dejectedly. And then he heard his mother in the sitting-room.

He put aside his book and assumed a light, untroubled air. "Better have it out now," he decided, as he opened the door and confronted his mother.

"Where is the Queen of Sheba?" asked Mrs. Baron.

Baron dropped into a chair. "You know I'm awfully sorry, mother," he said. There was a singular lack of real repentance in his tone.

"I don't doubt that. Still, you might have taken me into your confidence before you brought that outrageous little creature into the house. I never heard of such a child. Never."

"But you know what the circumstances were——"

"Don't go into that again. I know that you brought her here, and that there wasn't any excuse for such foolishness."

"But, mother!" Baron's face became heavy with perplexity. "She's such a little thing! She hasn't got anybody to turn to when she's in trouble. My goodness! I think she has done nobly—not whimpering once since she came into the house. She's probably—rattled! How would you or I behave if we were in her shoes?"

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "Bonnie May" appears on page 7 of the Advertising pages.

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Drawn by Reginald Birch.

She assumed a slightly careless air, and looked airily at imaginary objects. . . .—Page 601.

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Mrs. Baron's eyebrows steadily mounted. "The point is, we're not in the slightest degree responsible for her. I want to know how we're going to get rid of her."

Baron had taken a chair directly in front of his mother. Now he arose and paced the floor. When he spoke his tone was crisp almost to sharpness.

"It isn't any more difficult now than it was yesterday," he said. "I can turn her over to the police."

Something in his manner startled his mother. She flushed quickly. "That's just like you," she protested. "What do you suppose people would say if we turned a motherless child over to the police? You ought to see that you've forced a responsibility upon me!"

Baron regarded her darkly. "There is," he admitted, "always the question of what people would say; though I'd rather believe we cared more for what we ourselves—" He broke off with a return to his crisp manner. "I could ask Thornburg to take her," he resumed. "He offered to help. I have an idea he would be only too glad to have her."

"The theatre man—yes. And he'd dress her up in a fancy-ball costume, and encourage her in her brazen ways, and she'd be utterly shameless by the time she got to be a young woman."

Baron spoke with decision. "Mother, don't!" he exclaimed. "Thornburg isn't that kind at all. He—he'd probably try to get at her point of view now and then, and he might allow her to have certain liberties. I think he's broad enough to want her to be good without insisting upon her being miserable!"

"Victor Baron!" warned his mother; and then she added with decision: "Then you'd better get him to take her—and the sooner the better."

"To-morrow—I'll see him about it to-morrow," said Baron. He spoke deferentially. He felt that anger had driven them both farther than they need have gone. He still hoped that there might be other solutions of the problem than the one he and his mother had agreed upon.

Nevertheless, he called on Thornburg the next morning.

"No, it's not that she has disappointed me," he replied in response to a question from Thornburg. "The fact is I didn't foresee the—the complications. My mother has taken them into account, and it's her decision rather than mine that we ought to give her up."

There was an interruption here—the bustling intrusion of one of the attachés of the theatre. When Thornburg turned to Baron again he presented the appearance of one who has lost the thread of a conversation. "You were saying—oh, yes; you've got enough of—of what's her name? Well, what's your impression of her, now that you've had time to look her over?"

"I haven't changed my mind at all. I like her."

"The family made a row?"

Baron answered evasively. "It isn't quite a question of liking. It's something like trying to keep a canary in a suit-case, or putting a lamb or a kitten into harness."

Thornburg smiled. "Tell me just how she fails to square with the—the domestic virtues," he said.

"Her way of saying things—her views. . . . She is so wholly unconventional," said Baron haltingly. "She doesn't stand in awe of her superiors. She expresses her ideas with—well, with great liberty. You know children aren't supposed to be like that. At least, my mother takes that view of the case."

He so plainly had little or no sympathy with the argument he made that Thornburg looked at him keenly.

"I see! She scratches the paint off!" interpreted the manager. He smiled upon Baron exultingly.

"You might put it so," agreed Baron, to whom the words were highly offensive. He proceeded coldly. "I understood that you felt some measure of responsibility. I thought perhaps you might be willing to take her, in case we decided it would be difficult for us to keep her."

The manager pretended not to notice the aloofness of the other's tone. "Now, if it were a matter of expense—" he began.

"It isn't. She doesn't seem at home with us. I think that states the case fully."

"How could she feel at home in the little time she's been with you?"

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"Then I might put it this way: she doesn't seem congenial."

"Of course that's different. That seems to leave me out, as far as I can see."

"You mean," said Baron, "you wouldn't care to assume the responsibility for her?"

"Why should I?" demanded the manager bluntly. He glared at Baron resentfully.

"You're quite right, certainly. I seem to have had the impression——"

"I have an idea she's doing better with you than she would anywhere else," continued Thornburg in milder tones. "Why not give her her place and make her stay in it? I can't understand a family of grown people throwing up their hands to a baby!"

"I merely wanted to get your views," said Baron as he rose to go. "I didn't want to call in the police until——"

Thornburg got up, too. "Don't understand that I wash my hands of her," he hastened to say. "Of course, if you *won't* keep her——"

Baron thought he detected an ill-concealed anxiety in the other's tone. He waited patiently.

"Look here, Baron, I'm going to be frank with you. When you took her home I was inclined to think you were a bit officious, just at first. I like them—children, I mean. You see, you had taken her off my premises; and when you told me something about her the next day, about her being intelligent and nice—well, I thought about the big house I've got, and not a child in it, and never to be one, and I figured I might as well have taken her myself. Of course there were difficulties . . ." His expression became troubled. "Once before I tried to take a child into the house and Mrs. Thornburg objected. It was my own child, too." He paused. "You know I've been married twice."

Baron's thoughts went back a few years to the somewhat unpleasant story of Thornburg's divorce from an actress with whom he had spent only a little more than one troubled year. The facts had been public property at the time. He made no reply.

Thornburg continued: "I'm in doubt as to how my wife would look at it if I suggested that I'd like to bring this waif home. Of course, it's just possible she might not want to take a child of mine, and still be willing to take in some outsider. You know what strange creatures women are."

Baron did not break the silence that ensued, and presently the manager resumed: "You see what the difficulty is. The—the wife is likely to suspect that Bonnie May is the same little girl I wanted to bring home before—that she's mine. She never saw the little daughter. I'd have to be careful not to make her suspicious."

"But the circumstances . . . I don't see how she could suspect anything," argued Baron.

"Not if I don't seem too much interested. That's the point. I'll tell you, Baron—you come out and see us. Me and my wife. Come to-night. State the case to us together. Tell the plain truth. Explain how you got hold of Bonnie May, and tell my wife your people don't see their way clear to keeping her. That ought to make the thing clear enough."

Baron turned homeward, marvelling at Thornburg. It seemed strange that a strong, successful man should feel obliged to shape his affairs to please an ungracious, suspicious wife. He felt sorry for him, too. He seemed to be one of those blunderers who find their dealings with women are always bewildering, haphazard experiments.

He had promised to call that evening—to lend his aid to the manager. It was the sensible thing to do, of course. They had to get rid of Bonnie May. Nothing was to be gained by debating that point any further. And yet . . .

When he reached home he was hoping that his mother might, on some ground or other, have changed her mind.

He found her up-stairs, and she met him, as he entered her room, with the air of one who will listen to no evasions, no half-measures.

"I think Thornburg will take her," he said. He tried to speak lightly—as if the matter were too trivial to care very much about. "I believe he's got to do a little planning."

"People sometimes do, before they

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bring strange children into their houses," was Mrs. Baron's retort.

Baron turned toward the library. A mischievous impulse seized him—engendered by that last fling of his mother's. He called back over his shoulder: "If the perverse little thing is quite unendurable you might lock her up in the attic and feed her on bread and water until she leaves."

Mrs. Baron stared after him, dumfounded. "I'll do nothing of the sort!" she exclaimed. "She shall not be treated unkindly, as you ought to know. We owe that much to ourselves."

But beyond that amazed remonstrance she did not weaken; and though Baron spoke of the matter again at dinner he failed to shake her resolution.

In his most callous manner he said—after Bonnie May had slipped back into the kitchen to be with Mrs. Shepard—"I'm going over to Thornburg's to-night, to help him in shaping his plans. So that we can get rid of her without any delay, you know."

He shot a furtive glance at her, only to discover that she was maintaining her self-possession perfectly. And so, later in the evening, he set out for the Thornburgs'.

He went away just a moment too soon to observe that an automobile swerved out from its course on the avenue and drew up in front of the mansion.

A youthful-looking old lady, with snowy hair and small, neatly-gloved hands, pushed open the door and emerged. With the manner of one who repeats a request she paused and turned.

"Do come in, Colonel," she called into the shadowy recesses of the car.

A gray, imposing-appearing man, with a good deal of vitality still showing in his eyes and complexion, smiled back at her inscrutably. "Go on," he said, tucking his cigar beneath his grizzled mustache, and bringing his hand down with a large gesture of leisurely contentment. "You'll be all right. I don't mind waiting."

And Mrs. Harrod proceeded alone to make her call.

By the most casual chance Mrs. Baron was standing at her sitting-room window when the car stopped before the house; and when she perceived that it was Mrs. Harrod—Amelia Harrod, as she thought of her—who was crossing the sidewalk, she underwent a very remarkable transformation.

So complete a transformation, indeed, that Bonnie May, who was somewhat covertly observing her, sprang softly to her feet and became all attention.

Mrs. Baron's face flushed—the child could see the heightened color in one cheek—and her whole attitude expressed an unwonted eagerness, a childish delight.

The truth was that Mrs. Harrod was one of the old friends who had seemed to Mrs. Baron to be deserters when the neighborhood in which the Barons lived had become noisy and grimy from the encroachments of commerce. And they had been girls together, and intimates throughout their married lives—until the neighborhood had moved away, so to speak, and the Barons had remained.

It is true that, despite Mrs. Baron's fancies, Mrs. Harrod had remained a fond and loyal friend, though she had reached an age when social obligations, in their more trivial forms, were not as easily met as they had been in earlier years. And it may also be true that something of constraint had arisen between the two during the past year or so, owing to Mrs. Baron's belief that she was being studiously neglected, and to Mrs Harrod's fear that her friend was growing old ungracefully and unhappily.

"Oh, it's Amelia!" exclaimed Mrs. Baron, withdrawing her eyes from the street. She gave herself a quick, critical survey, and put her hands to her hair, and hurried toward her room in a state of delighted agitation.

She had not given a thought to Bonnie May. She did not know that the child slipped eagerly from the room and hurried down the stairs.

Bonnie May was, indeed, greatly in need of a diversion of some sort. Not a word had been said to her touching the clash that had occurred at the table during the Sunday dinner. She did not know that the machinery necessary to her removal from the mansion had been set in motion; but she had a distinct sense of a sort of rising inflection in the atmosphere, as if necessary arrangements were

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in the making. And she was becoming restless.

Now she opened the door and stepped aside, smiling, before the caller had time to touch the bell.

"Come in," she said; and when she had closed the door she added: "Will you wait until I can make a light? I'm afraid we've all forgotten about the light." The lower rooms had become quite gloomy.

She had climbed upon a chair in the drawing-room and touched a match to the gas-burner before she could be questioned or assisted, and for the moment the visitor was only thinking how peculiar it was that the Barons went on relying upon gas when electricity was so much more convenient.

"Please have a seat," the child added, "while I call Mrs. Baron." She turned toward the hall. "Shall I say who it is?" she asked.

Mrs. Harrod had not taken a seat. When the light filled the room child and woman confronted each other, the child deferential, the woman smiling with an odd sort of tenderness.

"Who *are* you?" asked the visitor. Her eyes were beaming; the curve of her lips was like a declaration of love.

"I'm Bonnie May." The child advanced and held out her hand.

Mrs. Harrod pondered. "You're not a—relative?"

"Oh, no. A—guest, I think. Nothing more than that."

Mrs. Harrod drew a chair toward her without removing her eyes from the child's face. "Do sit down a minute and talk to me," she said. "We can let Mrs. Baron know afterward. A guest? But you don't visit here often?"

"This is my first visit. You see, I have so little time for visiting. I happen not to have any—any other engagement just now. I was very glad to come here for—for a while."

"You haven't known the Barons long, then?"

"In a way, no. But you know you feel you've always known really lovely people. Don't you feel that way?" She inclined her head a little; her lips were slightly parted; her color rose. She was trying very earnestly to meet this impressive person upon an equal footing.

"I think you're quite right. And—how did you meet them? I hope you don't mind my asking questions?"

"Not in the least. I met Mr. Victor at a—a kind of reception he was attending. He was lovely to me. He asked me to meet his mother."

"How simple! And so you called?"

"Yes. That is, Mr. Victor came and—and brought me. It was much pleasanter, his bringing me."

She had wriggled up into a chair and was keeping clear, earnest eyes upon the visitor. She was recalling Mrs. Baron's agitation, and she was drawing conclusions which were very far from being wholly wrong.

"I think Victor's a charming young gentleman," declared Mrs. Harrod. "He's always doing something—nice."

"Yes," responded Bonnie May. She had observed that the visitor paused before she said "nice." Her eyes were alertly studying Mrs. Harrod's face.

"And your name is Bonnie May. Is that the full name or——?"

"Yes, that's the full name."

Mrs. Harrod pondered. "You're not of the Professor Mays, are you?"

"Why, I'm of—of professional people. I'm not sure I'm of the Mays you're thinking about." She had edged herself from her chair uneasily. "I hope I haven't forgotten myself," she added. "I'm sure I should have let Mrs. Baron know you are here. I think you didn't say what the name is?"

"I'm Mrs. Harrod. I hope you'll remember. I should be glad if you'd be a friend of mine, too."

The child's dilemma, whatever it had been, was past. She smiled almost radiantly. "I'm very glad to have met you, Mrs. Harrod," she said. She advanced and extended her hand again. "I truly hope I'll have the pleasure of meeting you again."

Then she was off up the stairs, walking sedately. It had meant much to her that this nice woman, who was clearly not of the profession, had talked to her without patronizing her, without "talking down" to her.

A strange timidity overwhelmed her when she appeared at Mrs. Baron's door. "It's Mrs. Harrod," she said, and there

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was a slight catch in her voice. "I mean, Mrs. Harrod has called. I let her in."

Mrs. Baron, standing in her doorway, was fixing an old-fashioned brooch in place. She flushed and there was swift mistrust in her eyes. "Oh!" she cried weakly. The sound was almost like a moan. "I thought Mrs. Shepard——"

"I didn't tell her I was—I didn't tell her who I was. I thought you would rather I didn't. I was just nice to her, and she was nice to me."

She hurried away, then, because she wanted to be by herself. For some reason which she could not understand tears were beginning to start from her eyes. Mrs. Baron had not been angry, this time. She had seemed to be ashamed!

She did not know that the old gentlewoman looked after her with a startled, almost guilty expression, which gave place to swift contrition and tenderness.

Mrs. Baron did not descend the stairs. She was about to do so when Mrs. Harrod appeared in the lower hall.

"Don't come down!" called the latter. "I mean to have my visit with you in your sitting-room." She was climbing the stairs. "I don't intend to be treated like a stranger, even if I haven't been able to come for such a long time." Shadows and restraints seemed to be vanishing utterly before that advancing, friendly presence. And at the top of the flight of stairs she drew a deep breath and exclaimed:

"Emily Boone, *who* is that child?" She took both Mrs. Baron's hands and kissed her. "I told the colonel I simply wouldn't go by without stopping. He had an idea we ought to go to see—what's the name of the play? I can't remember. It gave me a chance to stop. I seem never to have the opportunity any more. But do tell me. About the child, I mean. Do you know, I've never seen such a perfect little human being in my life! She's so lovely, and so honest, and so unspoilt. *Who* is she?"

Mrs. Baron felt many waters lift and pass. Bonnie May hadn't done anything scandalous, evidently. And here was her old friend as expansive, as cheerfully outspoken, as in the days of long ago.

She found herself responding happily, lightly.

"A little protégé of Victor's," she said. "You know what a discoverer he is?" They had entered the sitting-room. Mrs. Baron was thinking again how good it was to have the old bond restored, the old friend's voice awakening a thousand pleasant memories.

But as Mrs. Harrod took a seat she leaned forward without a pause. "Now do tell me about that—that cherub of a child," she said.

In the meantime Victor Baron was experiencing something very like surprise to discover that Thornburg, the manager, seemed a new, a different, sort of person, now that he was in his own home. He had quite the air of—well, there was only one word for it—a gentleman.

The Thornburg home was quite as nice, even in the indefinable ways that count most, as any home Baron was acquainted with. There was an impression of elegance—but not too much elegance—in the large reception-room. There was a general impression of softly limited illumination, of fine yet simple furniture. The walls had a kind of pleasant individuality, by reason of the fact that they were sparingly yet attractively ornamented.

A grandfather's clock imparted homeliness to one end of the room; there was a restful suggestion in the broad fireplace, in which an enormous fern had been installed. Baron's glance also took in the grand piano of a quietly subdued finish.

Mrs. Thornburg alone seemed in some odd way out of harmony with the fine, cordial picture in which Baron found her. She was a frail, wistful woman; and because her body was ailing, her mind too—as Baron speedily discovered—was not of the sound, cheerful texture of her surroundings.

"Ah, Baron!" exclaimed Thornburg, advancing to meet his guest as the latter was shown into the room. "I'm glad to see you here."

As he turned to his wife, to introduce the visitor, Baron was struck by something cautious and alert in his manner—the manner of a man who must be constantly prepared to make allowances, to take soundings.

"Mr. Baron is the man who carried

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that little girl out of the theatre the other day," explained the manager. He turned again to Baron with a casual air. "Do you find that your people still want to let her go?"

He was playing a part, obviously—the part of one who is all but indifferent. Mrs. Thornburg scrutinized the visitor's face closely.

"Yes, I believe they do," replied Baron.

"I've been talking to Mrs. Thornburg about the case. She understands that I feel a sort of responsibility. I think I've about persuaded her to have a look at the little girl."

Mrs. Thornburg seemed unwilling to look at her husband while he was speaking. Baron thought she must be concealing something. She was gazing at him with an expression of reproach, not wholly free from resentment.

"Hasn't the child any relatives?" she asked. She seemed to be making an effort to speak calmly.

"I really can't answer that," said Baron. "She seems not to have. She has told me very little about herself, yet I believe she has told me all she knows. She has spoken of a young woman—an actress—she has travelled with. There doesn't appear to have been any one else. I believe she never has had a home."

Mrs. Thornburg withdrew her gaze from him. She concerned herself with the rings on her thin, white fingers. "How did you happen to be with her in the theatre?" she asked.

"I was in one of the upper boxes. I don't know how she came to be there. I believe she couldn't find a seat anywhere else."

"And you'd never seen her before?"

"Never."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Both Thornburg and Baron were looking interestedly at Mrs. Thornburg, who refused to lift her eyes. "I wonder how you happened to take her to your home?" she asked finally.

Baron laughed uneasily. "I'm wondering myself," he said. "Nobody seems to approve of what I did. But if you could have seen her! She's really quite wonderful. Very pretty, you know, and intelligent. But that isn't it, after all. She is so charmingly frank. I think that's it. It's unusual in a child."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Mrs. Thornburg. "Unusual in any one, I should say."

"Why, perhaps it is," agreed Baron, simply. He was not a little puzzled.

"And why don't you want to keep her?" she wanted to know.

"We meant to. But it turns out that she and my mother are—well, antagonistic."

"That's unfortunate, isn't it? Please pardon me—you see, I'm really very much in the dark. But—what kind of woman is your mother?" She put the question so softly that it did not seem offensive.

Baron hesitated. "Perhaps it will explain if I say that she is elderly? There haven't been any children in the house for a good many years. She believes—what is the familiar saying?—that children ought to be seen and not heard."

Mrs. Thornburg hesitated. "That wouldn't be quite the reason," she said. "Your mother is—is orthodox, I suspect. In her friendships and ways. I'm sure you see what I mean."

"Yes," admitted Baron. "I think you are getting closer to the facts than I did."

A pretty, delicate hue warmed the woman's face, and her voice softened almost to tenderness. "I think I know," she went on. "The little girl of the stage, out of some unknown place in Bohemia—she must seem quite disturbing, hopelessly out of harmony. . . ."

"You put the case much better than I did. Yet you know all that's scarcely fair to Bonnie May. She's not really bold and impertinent, in the usual sense of those words. She hasn't had the kind of training other children have. She has never associated with other children. You can see that instantly. She assumes that she has the same right to her opinion that older people have to theirs. She never means to offend. I have an idea she's really quite affectionate. I have an idea if you once won her over——"

Mrs. Thornburg turned toward her husband and leaned forward in her chair. Her eyes were filled with a soft, generous impulse. When she spoke her voice vibrated with feeling.

"Bring her home!" she said.

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Baron fancied there was an expression of triumph in the manager's bearing. "You mean now—to-night?" he asked.

"Why not to-night? I'm eager to have her; really eager, now that I've decided."

"It's quite simple," declared Thornburg. "I suppose you'll have to—to get a few things ready?"

Her whole being became tremulous—she who had had no children of her own, and who knew nothing about them. "Nothing to-night, to speak of. To-morrow——" She clasped her hands and looked into vacancy, as if visions were coming to her.

When Thornburg's automobile stopped before the Baron mansion, half an hour later that evening, and the manager and Baron got out, something happened.

Mrs. Baron, her gray hair stirring slightly in the spring breeze, stood on the front steps for all the world like an alert sentinel.

"Well, Victor?" she demanded, as her son advanced toward her. Her voice was sternly challenging.

"This gentleman has come to take Bonnie May away," replied her son. He derived a certain satisfaction from her disturbed state.

"Do you mean you've brought that machine to take her away to-night?"

"Why, yes—certainly."

"Well, you can just send it away. You won't need it to-night."

She turned with the air of a queen who had been affronted. In an instant she had disappeared. The door had been quite unmistakably slammed behind her.

X

RELATES TO THE PLAYING OF PARTS

MUCH light is thrown upon the character of Victor Baron when it is said that he was the kind of young man who likes to sit in an attic when the rain is falling.

Such a young man may possess many high virtues, certainly; but he can scarcely hope to escape occasional contact with what is called the world's cold shoulder. He is clearly not the sort of person who knows what magic there is in the matter of percentages, and other such progressive and acquisitive sciences.

We now encounter this peculiar young man in his attic room, on an afternoon when the rain was falling steadily.

Days had passed since Mrs. Baron had driven the manager, Thornburg, from her front door. Something like a fixed status in the case of Bonnie May had been brought about. Seemingly she had become a permanent member of the Baron household.

Yet Baron was not happy. Having performed his duty in solving one problem, he had now passed on to another, an older problem.

There was the fact of his aimless existence staring him in the face; the fact that he had been home from the university over a year now and that as yet he had chosen no plough to the handles of which he meant to set his hands.

He did a little newspaper writing when the spirit moved: articles and reviews which were often quite cordially accepted—and sometimes even urgently solicited—but which were still subjected to a measuring process in the accounting-room of the newspaper offices and which were only meagrely profitable.

To be sure, his needs were quite simple. He made no contribution to the upkeep of the household. He kept his tailor's bills paid with a reasonable degree of promptitude. Usually, too, he had funds enough for books and other simple needs. Still, there were occasions when he had to go to his mother for assistance; and this practise he was compelled to contemplate with utter disfavor.

It is true that he never asked his mother for money. The Barons pronounced the word "money" as if it were spelled with a capital letter, like certain other more or less unsavory names: Lucretia Borgia, New Caledonia, Christian Science, Prussianism, or Twilight Sleep. He used to ask her, when need arose, if she had any street-carfare lying about. And she would put her index finger to her forehead and meditate, and then remember suddenly that there was some in her work-basket on the centre-table, or under something or other on the sideboard. A burglar would have had a discouraging experience in the mansion—not because there was never anything to steal, but because what money there was

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always lay about in such unpromising places.

"I really ought to get down to business," concluded Baron, sitting in his attic—though the phrase was inept, since business was another word which the Barons pronounced as if it were spelled with a capital letter.

The place was depressingly quiet, and the silence weighed upon Baron's spirit. He was glad when Bonnie May broke in upon his revery.

She came into the attic room and spread her arms wide, inviting inspection. "You will please make no unkind remarks about my new dress," she began. She assumed the attitude of a fencer, and slowly turned around.

The subject—and the child's frivolous manner—irritated Baron. "Really, I think it's very pretty and suitable," he said.

"Not at all. It's neither pretty nor suitable—though both words mean about the same thing, when it comes to a dress. But it's a great improvement on that first thing. I told your mother that. I told her I'd wear it until I got something more becoming."

Baron sighed. "What did she say to that?"

"She was offended, of course. But what was I to do? I can't see that I was to blame."

"But can't you see that mother is doing the best she can for you, and that you ought to be grateful?"

"I see what you mean. But I believe in having an understanding from the beginning. She's got her ideas and I've got mine. She believes your Satan's if you look pretty—and I believe you ought to be, if you don't."

"But you do look—pretty." He spoke the last word ungraciously.

She shook her head slowly, her eyes thoughtfully averted. Then she brightened. "Anyway," she said, "I think it's the chance of my life—my being here with you all."

"A chance—for what?" he asked.

"Oh, to pick things up. You know I can't always be a Little Eva. I'll be too old for that after a while. And then it will be handy for me to have a little—a little class."

"Class!" exclaimed Baron. "Class?"

He had been thinking that the one thing wrong with his way of thinking and living was that he and his family had attached a silly importance to the class idea, and that it had prevented him from learning to be active and useful in ways that counted in the world in which he had to live.

"It's a good thing," defended Bonnie May. "It's needed in all the best plays. And you can't get it just by going to the wardrobe mistress, either. It's something that's got to be *in* you. In order to do it right you've pretty near got to have the goods."

She couldn't understand why Baron had spoken with such emphasis—with such resentment.

"Class," mused Baron to himself. He looked intently at this child who did not know where she had been born—who knew nothing even about her parentage.

But she had turned to a happier memory. "You know you can't play the part of Little Eva very long, even when you begin quite early. And I was just a little bit of a thing when I played it first." She laughed heartily. "I couldn't even speak plain. I used to say 'U'kle Tom!' How they laughed at me! 'U'kle Tom!' It's really a hideous word, isn't it? 'Uncle,' and 'Aunt,' too. You can see that the man who framed up those words never thought very highly of uncles and aunts. Just compare those words with 'father' and 'mother'! Aren't they lovely? 'Father!'" she spoke the words musingly. "'Father!'" Her body drooped forward slightly, and her face was pitched up so that she was gazing into space. "And 'mother!' . . . 'mother!'" Her voice had become a yearning whisper.

Baron touched her shoulders with gentle hands. "Don't, child!" he implored her.

She aroused herself as from a dream. Her eyes brightened. She looked at him searchingly. "You thought . . . I believe I was, too!"

She sprang to her feet. "I really do mean to pick up a lot of things while I am here," she added briskly. She walked across the floor. "An imitation of a person of class," she said. She moved with studied elegance. "You see!" she exclaimed, turning to him, "I can't do it

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at all right. I ought to beat that." She returned to her starting-point. "See if I do it any better," she said.

Mrs. Baron appeared in the doorway, but neither Baron nor the child saw her. Again Bonnie May crossed the room. This time she assumed a slightly careless air, and looked airily at imaginary objects to right and left. Her movement was slightly undulating. She turned to Baron suddenly: "What you have to do is to really be proud, without thinking about it. I know how it ought to be done, but it's hard to get the hang of it. If you don't get it just right you're likely to look like a saleslady." She discovered Mrs. Baron, who stood rather scornfully in the doorway.

"Oh, Mrs. Baron!" she exclaimed. She was somewhat dismayed. She thought of adopting a conciliatory course. "You could show us just what I mean, if you would," she said.

"I came to say that dinner is ready," said Mrs. Baron. "Could show you what?"

"Won't you please come here?—quite over to this end of the room. Now please go out. We'll come right away."

Mrs. Baron regarded her sternly. Bonnie May flushed and her glance became softly appealing. She took Mrs. Baron's hand and patted it. "I'm not being rude, really," she declared. "It's as if we were asking you to settle a bet, you know."

"I don't understand at all."

"Well, please don't be angry. If you are, it will spoil everything."

Mrs. Baron turned to her son. He was telegraphing to her an earnest appeal, in which she read an assurance that she was not to be made ridiculous, even from the extraordinary view-point of Bonnie May.

"Did you understand that dinner is ready?" she asked.

"Yes, mother. We'll be right down."

Mrs. Baron left the room.

"Look at it! Look at it!" whispered Bonnie May. Her hands were clasped in a worshipful ecstacy. Her eyes seemed to retain the picture after Mrs. Baron had disappeared. Then she turned with swift intensity to Baron.

"Oh, I do hope she'll care for me a little!" she exclaimed. "She's so—so legitimate!"

XI

MYSTERIES—AND A CALLER

From a sky that had been rapidly clearing a bolt fell.

For the first time in his life Baron received one morning an anonymous communication.

The thing had the merit of brevity:

"*Do not give up the child Bonnie May to any one who does not present a legal claim on her.*"

He threw the puzzling words aside. People did not pay any attention to anonymous communications, he reflected.

Nevertheless, he could not calm himself. He started nervously at the sound of the telephone-bell down in the dining-room.

Responding, he heard Thornburg's voice at the other end of the wire.

"Is this Baron? Say, can you come down to my office right away?" The manager's voice betrayed excitement, Baron thought. Or was he himself in an abnormal frame of mind?

"Yes, certainly," he replied. He added: "anything wrong?"

"Why—no; no, I think not. I'll tell you when you get here."

Something was wrong, however—Baron could see it the moment he entered the manager's office half an hour later.

He had to wait a little while for an audience. Thornburg was talking to an actress—or to a woman who had the appearance of an actress. She sat with her back toward the office-door, and did not turn around. But Thornburg, upon Baron's entrance, made a very obvious effort to bring the interview with this earlier caller to an end. He seemed vastly uncomfortable.

"What you ought to do is to get a stock engagement somewhere," Thornburg was saying impatiently. "I might possibly get you in with Abramson, out in San Francisco. He wrote me the other day about a utility woman. I'll look up his letter and see if there's anything in it. You might come back."

He arose with decision, fairly lifting the woman to her feet by the force of peremptory example. "About that other matter—" he moved toward the door, clearly

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intimating that he wished to finish what he had to say outside the door.

The woman followed, but in passing Baron she paused and her eyes rested upon him sharply. There was a suggestion of suspicion in her manner, in her glance; and Baron had the vexing sensation of having seen her before without being able to identify her. A furrow appeared in his forehead. He made a determined effort to remember. No, he couldn't place her. She might be an actress he had seen on the stage somewhere or other.

She and Thornburg passed out of the office, and the manager closed the door behind him. Baron could still hear their voices, now lowered to an angry whisper. Thornburg seemed to be speaking accusingly, but Baron could not catch the words.

Then this one sentence, in Thornburg's voice, came sharply: "I tell you, you've worked me as long as you're going to!"

Then the manager, flushed and excited, re-entered the office and closed the door angrily.

And in that moment Baron remembered: that was the woman who had stood in the theatre talking in a tense fashion with the manager the day he, Baron, had sat up in the balcony box with Bonnie May!

He had no time to ponder this fact, however. Thornburg turned to him abruptly. "Have you seen the *Times* to-day?" he asked.

"I glanced at it. Why?"

The manager took a copy of the paper from a pigeonhole in his desk. "Look at that," he directed, handing the paper to Baron. It was folded so that a somewhat obscure item was uppermost.

Baron read: "Any one having knowledge of the whereabouts of the child calling herself Bonnie May, and professionally known by that name, will please communicate with X Y Z, in care of the *Times*."

Baron dropped the paper on the desk and turned to Thornburg. "I'll have to reply to that right away, of course," he said.

"That's precisely what I don't want you to do. That's why I sent for you. I want to attend to the matter myself."

Baron flushed. Then he arose with decision. "I'll leave it to you," he added. "Only, I want to make one condition."

"Oh—a condition! Well, what?"

"You'll not take offense, Thornburg." Baron's mind had gone back over several episodes, and his analysis of them pointed unyieldingly to one plain duty. "I want to ask you just one question, and you're to answer it in just a word—Yes or No."

"Well, what's the question?"

"The woman who was here in your office when I came in, who stood with you in the theatre that day I took Bonnie May home——"

"Well?"

"Is she the—the former Mrs. Thornburg? Is she the mother of Bonnie May?"

And Thornburg's answer came resolutely, promptly, in the tone of a man who tells the truth:

"No!"

Unconscious that destiny had its eye upon her, Bonnie May found increasing comfort and contentment in her new home.

As if for her special entertainment, unusual things happened.

For example, Mr. Addis called again! And a call from Mr. Addis became, in Bonnie May's drama-loving mind, the most delicious form of intrigue. Mrs. Baron became indignant at the very mention of Mr. Addis's name. Flora became quietly wistful.

Kneeling on a low brussels hassock at the front window of the upper floor one night Bonnie May saw the figure of a man extricate itself from the passing current of humanity and make resolutely for the Baron door.

She swiftly placed her finger on her lip and reflected. "Mr. Addis!" she exclaimed in a whisper.

She made a supreme effort to leave the room without appearing to have any definite purpose. Once out of sight in the hall, however, she rushed down the stairs, just in time to open the door before the bell was rung. She was in an elated state. She had the lower floor to herself, save for Mrs. Shepard, who would be sure not to interrupt.

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"Oh! Mr. Addis!" she whispered eagerly. She promptly ushered him into the drawing-room and quietly closed the door with an effect of being absent-minded rather than designing. "Please sit down," she said. She had the light burning immediately.

She drew a chair forward and stood beside it a moment; and under her inspection Mr. Addis's cheeks took on even a deeper rosiness and his brown eyes twinkled.

"How is—my confederate?" he asked.

She was delighted. "That's it," she said. "That's what I want to be. Your confederate. May I?"

"You may," he said, with emphasis.

She sat down. "You know," she confided, "I'm strong for what you call heart interest. If you haven't got anything but manners in your show, you soon find that people are patronizing the burlesque houses. Don't you think I'm right?"

Mr. Addis did not make a very pertinent response to this. "You're a queer little customer," he said.

"That's what I call favorable criticism put into plain words. I thank you." She added, "I want to be friends with you if you'll let me, because I think we can't have the right kind of heart interest around here unless you—unless you take a more prominent part."

Mr. Addis nodded. "That's my idea, too. That's why I called. If you'll tell Mrs. Baron I'm here, I'll see if I can't get her to agree with us."

Bonnie May did not stir. "Please not just yet," she begged. "Couldn't we talk things over first? If I could find out what's wrong . . ." She looked at him with pretty embarrassment.

"What, for instance, would you like to know?"

She pulled herself farther back into her chair and reflected a moment. "Would you mind," she asked, "telling me how you got acquainted with Miss Flora?"

"Not at all. She's been coming to my store—to order things—ever since she was a little girl."

"Oh!—your store. Well, go on."

"And occasionally I've dropped into the church she goes to. You know who I am, I suppose?"

She beamed upon him. "I may not have all the details. Suppose you make a complete confession."

He shot a dubious glance at her; then he smiled. Bonnie May thought his teeth were quite wonderful. "I'm the head of the Addis Stores Company."

Bonnie May looked slightly dismayed.

"A business man," added Mr. Addis firmly. "I've admired Miss Flora a very long time. I had chances just to be nice and polite to her. I haven't taken any pains to hide from her, for a year or so——"

"I understand," Bonnie May finished for him.

"Well, then. But the trouble is that Mrs. Baron——"

"She can only see you with a pencil behind your ear," supplemented Bonnie May.

Mr. Addis laughed. "Now you have it!" he agreed.

Bonnie May pondered. "You know you're *not* a regular-looking Romeo," she conceded.

"I know that very well. But at the same time——"

She gave him time to finish; then, as he seemed to lack words, she came to his aid again. "If you undertook to pay a lady's travelling expenses, it would take a pretty smooth Iago to make you do anything nasty."

"That's it!" agreed Mr. Addis with emphasis.

"Have you tried the—the little, unimportant things?"

"As for an example?"

"Well, just as a suggestion—you know you weren't carrying a stick when you came in to-night."

"Oh, that sort of thing! You see, that's not in my line at all. I wouldn't know how to carry a stick, or where to put it. I don't see any use in 'em except to beat off dogs, maybe—and all the dogs like me!"

Bonnie May nodded. "After all, I believe you're right in not taking up that sort of thing. Anyway, I wasn't criticising. What I was saying was just—just confederate stuff, you know."

"Yes, I understand."

"Would you . . . would you mind telling me what you think about mostly?

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When you're not thinking about Miss Flora?"

Mr. Addis smiled quite delightedly. "Not at all. I think of a nice home, you know. A place out in the suburbs, with several acres of ground, with a driveway, and—and chickens," he concluded somewhat lamely.

"Chickens!" echoed Bonnie May.

"Well, there would be fresh eggs; and then the look of them about the place—especially the little ones; and roosters crowing in the morning."

She shook her head dubiously. "What else?" she asked.

"Oh, such things as investments. Ground in the new additions, where the values are going up fast. Such things."

Bonnie May put up a restraining hand. "That will do," she said. "Now tell me what chance you have of seeing Flora when you—when you haven't got your pencil behind your ear."

"Why, there's church. I can always go to church. They make a real to-do over me. They like to come to me for subscriptions, you know."

At the word "church" she looked at him with quickened interest. "Did they try to put anything over on you the first time you went there?" she asked.

"Not a thing."

"That's funny." She put her own experiences out of her mind. "Well," she resumed, "why don't you go to church regularly and let them see how nice and friendly you look when you haven't got your make-up on?"

"I've thought of that. But, you see, it doesn't seem quite honest. As I understand it, church is mostly for singing; and I couldn't carry a tune any more than a bird could carry a bank-account. I'd feel like an impostor if I went."

Bonnie May, sitting bolt upright in her chair, put her hand on her heart and moved her head, carefully erect, as far forward as possible, without changing the attitude of her shoulders.

"I greet you," she said. "I can't sing either."

"And so going to church doesn't seem to put me in Miss Flora's class at all."

"Still," observed Bonnie May thoughtfully, "Flora is not one of the Original Songbird Sisters herself."

"No, but she follows along. And I never could get the hang of the thing at all."

Bonnie May laughed swiftly, and then cast a cautious eye at the ceiling and checked herself. "After all," she said, "we're not getting at the real trouble, whatever it is. You know the difference between the Old Families and the—the others, is that the others talk about making money, while the Old Families talk about spending it. You're not an Old Family probably?"

"Well, I never talk about it, if I am. I like to work. I like to be interested in things that everybody else is interested in. The objection to me, I think, is that my business happens to be groceries. People think of soap, I suppose, and a crate of eggs, with here and there a broken one in it. Ugly things, you know."

Bonnie May shuddered. "Please don't!" she implored. "You must keep your mind off of it. Your suburban-home idea is nice. But put a soft pedal on the chickens. Think of Chinese lanterns. Lawn parties, I mean. Talk about *al fresco* performances of Shakespeare, and house parties. Don't let anybody think about how you earn money. Let them believe you've just got it! Really, it's not a very nice subject. If the word 'money' ever comes up, just yawn and say something about not being able to decide whether you want to spend the summer in the Yellowstone or in the Thousand Islands."

Mr. Addis shook his head. "No," he said. "I couldn't put on airs. You see, I think Miss Flora thinks enough of me as I am, and I couldn't be something different just to please her mother."

At this juncture Mrs. Baron, in her sitting-room, closed the anthology with the flexible leather covers and inclined her head slightly.

"Flora," she called, "I'm sure I hear voices down-stairs. Will you go see?"

Flora appeared in the doorway. "I can't hear anything," she said. "Where's Bonnie May? I thought she was here with you."

"I thought she was here too, until just now. She may be 'receiving' to-night. Of course she wouldn't think it necessary to take us into her confidence."

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Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"Enter the heroine!" was the child's greeting.—Page 606.

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Flora sighed softly. "I really don't hear anybody," she said. "I expect she's gone up to Victor's room." A smile came to her lips as she went down-stairs. Her mother's petulance had been of the sort she might be expected to manifest if her own child had irritated her.

She was startled when she opened the drawing-room door and confronted Mr. Addis and Bonnie May.

"Enter the heroine!" was the child's greeting. "Exit the crowd." She would have left the room then, but Miss Baron stood in her way.

"Bonnie May!" she cried with gentle severity, "I'm afraid you're going to get us all into trouble one of these days." She turned a flushed face to Mr. Addis. "Good evening," she said, with reproach in her tone. She added, with gentle mischief, "You seem to have gained an ally."

Mr. Addis was on his feet shaking her hand vigorously. "I have," he confessed. "But please don't blame her. I think I haven't set her a very good example."

Flora turned to the child with a kind of forlorn fondness, and made a characteristic movement, as if she were pushing escaping strands of hair into place. She appeared not to observe that Mr. Addis was still holding her hand. Then with evident decision she moved away from him.

"It won't do," she declared, meeting the visitor's eyes. "It's not the right way to do things."

"I've been trying to think of the right way," replied Mr. Addis with dignity.

"But doing things secretly . . . I don't believe anything is worth having unless you have it honestly—even a friendship. You know how mother feels. And—and I can't quarrel with her. I think a little injustice is better than quarrelling." Her voice held a note of sadness, of discouragement.

Mr. Addis suddenly stood more erect. "Miss Flora, you're right," he said. "I mustn't try to hide anything. I won't."

"Bonnie May," said Flora, "will you please go and ask mother to come down?"

"That's it," agreed Mr. Addis. "The thing for me to do is to have a little talk with her." And then they waited, without looking at each other, until Mrs. Baron descended the stairs and entered the room.

The poor old lady's manner hardened the instant she entered the room.

"Good evening, Mr. Addis," she said in a tone of frank resentment. "I don't believe we were expecting you."

"No, I wasn't expected," replied Mr. Addis. "I hope you'll excuse me for taking you by surprise."

Flora was holding to a chair as if for support. She did not sit down.

"There's no harm done," said Mrs. Baron. "I dare say there won't be." She seated herself with great firmness of purpose, and looked from Mr. Addis to Flora and then back to Mr. Addis without winking.

This aloof form of bullying had a happy effect upon Mr. Addis. He became ominously calm.

"No, no harm at all," he said. "On the contrary. I think a little plain talk may be the best thing for all of us. Maybe I haven't come to the point as I should have done, up to now. I think I've been a little timid, you know. But here's the fact. I think Miss Flora here is the finest girl I've ever met. I've got great respect for you, too, Mrs. Baron. And for your family. But—the plain truth is, I want Miss Flora. I don't say she's mine for the asking. But I want the right and the chance to consult her about it. If she tells me she's quite sure I won't do, that'll settle it. But you seem to have made up your mind beforehand that Flora shall not have a mind of her own. One of the reasons why I think so highly of her is that she is a good daughter. That isn't such a common thing, nowadays, Mrs. Baron. She's nice and high-minded. She wouldn't stoop to any tricks. She's a young lady who tells the truth. And that, if you will excuse me, is something I like to do myself. What I want to point out is that I don't believe you've thought what it means for you to take advantage of her obedience and respect. You don't want her to pay a penalty for being a good girl. Give her a chance. Give me a chance. I don't mind your proving to her that I wouldn't make her a good husband—if you can. But you can trust to her sense and to her honor. Be frank

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with her. Don't treat her as if she were a child. You know, madam, it's her own affair more than it is yours, after all. Give her and me a chance to talk it over."

Flora's color came and went during this patient, rather labored recital. The utterly prosaic course events were taking, as a result of her mother's prejudice, impressed her strangely. She could have laughed—but also she could have wept.

Mrs. Baron had refused to meet Mr. Addis's eyes while he spoke, but now she compelled herself to regard him. Her eyebrows were at a most formidable elevation. "I have tried to impress you with the fact, Mr. Addis," she said, "that I do not consider you a suitable person to—to become associated in any way with my family."

Mr. Addis flushed. "The loss would be mine, ma'am, if I were not permitted to be friendly toward all the members of your family, but if you will pardon me, I can very easily console myself for the loss, if I have Miss Flora." These words Mr. Addis spoke with unmistakable emphasis.

"Would you mind," said Mrs. Baron, speaking very evenly, "would you mind not speaking quite so loudly?"

She succeeded in conveying the idea that he had violated all the laws of good taste, and that she had borne with him like a martyr.

Mr. Addis looked at her questioningly. When he spoke again his voice was low, his words were measured.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I always tell my young men not to become too spirited when they're in earnest. If I have offended in that way I ask you to excuse me."

There was a lump in Flora's throat. He had accepted a rebuke which seemed to her needless, and even cruel, with the kind of dignity which her mother should have prized above all other qualities. And he seemed so splendidly simple and earnest and strong.

She came forward with an obvious effort to speak and move easily. "Mother," she said, "Mr. Addis is only asking to be received here as a visitor. He has paid us the compliment of wishing to become better acquainted with us. Can you think of any good reason why he shouldn't?—because, really, I can't think of any at all."

"Oh, you can't!" responded her mother. "Then I'll make it plain to you. For the present I must ask you to go upstairs and let me have a word with this—this gentleman, who appears to have his own method of getting into houses where he isn't invited."

Flora was too deeply wounded to respond to this. Shame and grief were in her glance. "Good night," she said. She went out of the room without glancing back. But there was something strangely eloquent in her exit. She seemed to take with her beauty and light, and to leave the room a prey to all manner of unloveliness.

Something in her bearing had dismayed Mrs. Baron. Something, too, in the cold, steady glance of Mr. Addis dismayed her. She turned nervously toward the hall. "Flora!" she called. "Flora!" And she followed her daughter up the broad stairway.

They had all forgotten Bonnie May. When she had summoned Mrs. Baron, at the behest of Flora and Mr. Addis, she had returned, quietly and unobserved, and had taken her place inconspicuously in a far corner of the room.

Now she came forward, a light of eagerness in her eyes.

"That was a great speech you made," she said.

Mr. Addis, gazing toward the empty staircase, seemed unaware of her presence.

"It was good stuff," she said; and then Mr. Addis, like one who returns from a strange country, turned to her with an almost unseeing glance.

(To be continued.)

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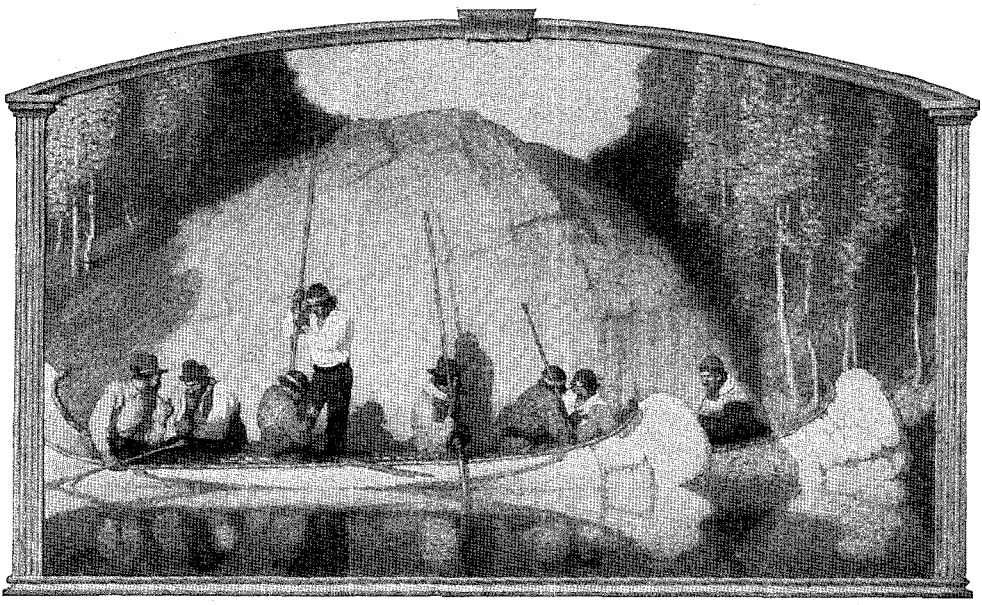

The QUEST of NARCISSE LABLANCHE

by George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

"QUEY! Quey!" As he spoke, the bowman of the thirty-foot freighter bound up the Albany to Fort Matagami on the English River, rose to his feet, shading his eyes with a lean hand.

Up-stream, the far flash of dripping paddles in the July sun already low on Keewatin hills, marked an approaching canoe. "What is it, David?" called a bearded Scotchman from the stern of the big birch-bark, which bore on its curved bow the letters H. B. C.

"Four paddle! 'Jibway!" replied the half-breed after an interval, still watching intently the regularly repeated dip and swing of spruce blades driven by sinewy hands in the oncoming craft.

"Ojibway crew? It must be a Fort Hope boat, then," said the Scotchman. "Swing her inshore. We'll wait for 'em."

The bowman thrust forward his long paddle, and, with a turn, pried the nose of the canoe off the current, while five narrow Cree blades drove the boat sidling to the shore.

Shortly the nearing canoe, swept downstream by the vicious lunge of its Ojibway crew, aided by the swift current, was within speaking distance.

Again the bowman called.

"Bo'-jo'! Bo'-jo'!" came the answer from many throats, and with a few strokes the up-river canoe was alongside.

"Hello, Craig! What brings you to Albany in July? We passed your York boats yesterday homeward bound," called the factor of Fort Matagami.

"The same reason, Walter Douglas, that brought you to the Bay with your English River brigade when you belong at

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home—the longing for the sight of a red Scotch beard and the taste of a drop of Highland dew."

While Douglas acquainted the Fort Hope factor with the news from the outside world brought by the spring ship to James Bay, the crews, holding the canoes against the current with propped setting poles, exchanged the gossip of the fur-posts in a medley of Ojibway, Cree, and broken English. But one, a tall French-Cree, leaning on his pole behind the bowman of the Matagami boat, took no part in the chatter. As he listened, his black eyes wandered from one to another of the up-river crew. Finally, his gaze focussed momentarily on the grizzled sternman whose sharp features, and lighter color even under the tan, marked a strong strain of French blood. Presently the low sun warned the Company men of the necessity for seeking camp-grounds and the canoes parted.

The Fort Hope boat had left the freighter slowly bucking the current and was well down-stream, when the young breed in the Matagami canoe said, in Cree, to the bowman:

"The old man in the canoe from Hope—he is no Ojibway?"

"No," replied David, over his shoulder, "he is a Frenchman. He comes from Quebec."

"Why does he work at a post in the Ojibway country?"

"I don't know. He came to the Bay many snows ago."

"What is his name?"

"They call him Black Jack."

"Black Jack?" Rising to his feet, the younger man turned with an oath toward the down-river boat.

"What's the matter with you, Narcisse? Sit down!" shouted Douglas from the stern.

Oblivious to the command, Narcisse Lablanche, his dark features distorted with hate, hurled curse after curse at the fast-disappearing canoe.

In wonder at this paroxysm of rage, the bowman turned to him:

"What you do, Narcisse? De 'mal-de-tête' get you?"

A parting grimace of mingled hatred and despair twisted the swart features of the frenzied youth as he turned from the boat speeding down the Albany trail. Then until the freighter swung into the shore for the night, the boiling of Albany water behind his blade as he followed the quick strokes of the bowman, or the vicious drive of his pole as he threw his weight into it, alone told of the desperation and grief that obsessed him.

As the crew unloaded the long craft preparatory to turning it over on the shore, the factor spoke to him:

"Look here, Narcisse, you stick in camp to-night and don't go trailin' down-river after that Fort Hope crowd. You can't settle any old scores on this trip. If you're missing when we break camp to-morrow, there'll be trouble. Understand?"

But the silent Narcisse had no answer for his chief. Later, when the men sprawled around the fire after supper, the tall bowman sought the sullen youth, who sat apart, head in hands, gazing moodily between narrowed eyelids at the blazing birch logs.

David sat down at his side, produced a black plug, cut with his knife a pipeful, and handed the plug to Narcisse. Lablanche took the tobacco and filled his pipe. Then the older man drew a burning ember from the fire and lighted both pipes. For a time they smoked, until the older man spat at the fire and broke the silence.

"You never see heem before, dees Black Jack?"

The face of Narcisse remained set, the beady eyes intent on the fire. From the rigid lips came no answer.

The two smoked on. Finally, after an interval, the younger man took the pipe from his mouth, expelled a cloud of smoke, and with eyes still on the fire, said slowly:

"It ees many long snows."

Again silence, until the older man ventured:

"You not lak heem?"

Slowly came the low answer: "He be dead man now, eef I know heem to-day."

"Ah-hah!" the other murmured, exhaling a mouthful of smoke. Then, Indian-like, he threw out indirectly:

"He mak' some bad t'ings wid your famile?"

The stone-hard face of Narcisse Lablanche for the first time relaxed. His

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mouth shaped a bitter smile as he nodded.

"Oua, he mak' some leetle trouble wid my famile. Ah-hah! Some leetle trouble!" he repeated, and the deep-set eyes took on a far-away look as though the words of David had conjured a vision of pain out of the past—a cruel memory. Then he drew a sinewy hand across his brow as if to blot out the picture. "Oua" continued Lablanche, "he was so close to-day, I keel heem wid de knife." His lean fingers closed convulsively as if upon the throat of his enemy.

He rose, took an ember from the fire, and lit the pipe which had gone out. Then he resumed his seat beside the silent bowman and began, in the Cree tongue of their mothers:

"This I speak, for you were to me a father when I came to Fort Matagami. Never in the many moons we have journeyed by canoe and dog-team have you asked me what trouble eats at my heart. The sternman from Fort Hope, some day, I will kill as the gray wolf kills the moose that is weak from age and hunger. So!" Thrusting out his right hand in a quick movement, the speaker opened and shut his fingers, following the gesture with a turn of the wrist.

"Many moons have I camped on his trail; north up the east shore of the Big Water under the white lights where the husky sleeps in snow-tepees, and hunts in skin canoes the long-toothed fish that breathe the air, and the seal, brother to the otter, and the great bear with fur like the snow. But I never looked on his face, for they told him I had come to find him.

"Far into the Ojibway country beyond Lac Seul, to the great Lake of the Spirit, I wandered to that fort of the Company called Norway House, but, fearing me, he had gone.

"Into the south I travelled, even to the trail over which the white man drives the iron horse fed with fire; but always, he had gone. One summer I went on the Company boat to Fort Churchill, many sleeps over the Big Water toward the setting sun, for they told me he had wintered there with the French traders. But no man knew where he had journeyed. He had travelled in a Company canoe to Lac Isle-à-la-Cross, and the crew had returned without him.

"Over the north I have followed him from the day I was strong enough to voyage in Company boat or drive the dogs. Eight long snows have drifted and vanished in the sun since I left Albany and the good Père Bisant at the mission, to search for this man. And now to-day, I found him and knew him not."

Again the tense features of the speaker knotted with pain. The man at his side smoked on. In a moment the other continued:

"He was a dead man to-day, but he has gone."

Once more David ventured: "He is a bad man; he made trouble with your famile, maybe?"

Slowly came the answer: "He killed my mother."

"Ah-hah!"

"He killed my mother, and I will find and kill him if his trail reaches into the sunset even to the great Barren Grounds."

For some time the two men sat watching the fire. Then Narcisse spoke:

"I will tell you a story.

"Many snows ago a Frenchman came to Fort Albany. His dogs were better than any the Crees had. He had credit, too, with the Company, and was a good hunter and canoe-man, so the factor said who had known him in Quebec. He came from the Timiskiming country with a fine outfit—canoe, tent, traps, everything. That summer, at the mission, he married my mother, a young girl."

The speaker paused as if to control the emotion that memory roused in him, then continued:

"It was the winter of the rabbit-plague. We were camped far on the headwaters of the Drowning River. There were three of us. I had seen four summers, but there was no other child. The snow came early and was the longest in many years. Toward spring, the salt goose and dried fish were gone, and the moose and caribou had left the country. It was hard to travel, for the snow kept filling up the trails after they were hardened. Never had there been so much snow. Although my mother set her rabbit-snares for many miles around our camp, because of the plague she caught few; and the par-

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tridge and ptarmigan were starving and scarce."

Lablanche was silent for a space, then began again.

"It was the moon of the breaking of the snowshoes. The ice still held in the river, but the trails were too soft for travel with the sled, and besides we had eaten our dogs. We caught few fish in the net under the ice or with bait, and were slowly starving. Unless my father found moose or caribou soon, the river would open too late for us to reach Henley House.

"I was very young, but I remember, now, the look in my mother's eyes when she put me in the blankets at night. That I might eat she starved. The rabbits she snared she often hid from him, that I might have enough, for my father needed much food to give him strength to hunt. Often, when he found me eating, they quarrelled. But she loved her son and was not afraid.

"At last, one night, when he returned with no game, they talked long in the tepee by the fire. Before daylight, my father left to hunt for caribou, as he had to travel far before the sun softened the snow. Days we waited, my mother and I, living on a rabbit and a few fish."

Lablanche sat long, with his head in his hands. Then he finished his story.

"She never saw him again. His heart was rotten, like the spring ice in the lakes. After many sleeps, he crawled, half dead, into Henley House and fattened there, while his wife and child starved far on the Drowning River. She took food from herself that I might live. When the ice went out, she caught a few fish, and a rabbit now and then, but there came a sun when she was too weak to go to the snares. One night she took me in her arms and lay down in our blankets. In the morning when I cried to her, she heard me not. I touched her face. It was cold.

"She would starve no more that her son might live. She had gone to the Happy Valley where there are no long snows and men with the hearts of wolverines, to wait for me. Later some Crees found our tepee and brought me to Henley House."

The speaker stopped, then, turning to the man at his side, said:

"He left us that he might fill his belly. We could not all reach the post, until the river opened, so he went away alone. Some day I will have his throat here in my two hands, so, and as he begs for life and chokes, I will say: 'This is for the little starved mother and the child you deserted on the Drowning River. This child you gave life, now gives you death for the woman you forgot.'"

"You do well to keel heem. He ees a ver' bad man," David said.

One afternoon, weeks later, a birch-bark was slowly poled up the rapids below Martin's Falls on the middle Albany. The lean face of the half-breed voyageur lighted with a smile as he turned a bend and recognized the buildings of the loneliest fur-post in Ontario, huddled on the high shore above the white water. Swiftly his long pole drove the light craft against the current, the practise of years making easy what would have been an impossible feat for one less skilled. Greeted at the shore by a pack of half-wild huskies which he kicked out of his way, he climbed the path leading to the stockade and trade-house.

"Quey! Quey!" grunted the half-breed factor, surprised at the appearance of a single Company Indian at this season on the middle Albany.

"De old man from Fort Hope, he has passed on his return?" was the eager question.

"No, he's down-river still. What you doin' up here? I t'o't you were a Matagami man."

"I carry letter for old man at Fort Hope. When I reach de Albanee, I tink he gone by, and I come up six sleeps."

"Six sleeps? By Gar! you travel fast."

By sunrise on the following morning many a mile of racing river separated the canoe of Narcisse from the post at Martin's Falls. Three days he travelled before sighting his quest far below the mouth of the English. Then one late afternoon, beneath a flock of gray geese swinging down-stream into the far distance, he saw the flash of paddles.

"Ah-hah!" he muttered. "At last he comes to me. One sleep will see de end of dees 'malade' in de heart of Narcisse Lablanche." He turned his canoe to the shore and hid it in the thick brush. Then he waited.

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It was after sundown when the Fort Hope boat came abreast of the watcher in the willows. As they followed the west shore of the wide river, seeking a campground, the faces of the crew were indistinguishable, but there in the stern stood the man whom for eight years he had hunted through the wide north. The eyes of the half-breed glittered as he watched them poling slowly against the current. His heart tortured him with its pounding.

Not a hundred yards above him they landed on the opposite shore and made camp. Where the watcher lay, the laughter of the crew, as they busied themselves with their cooking and pitched the leaking seams of the birch-bark, drifted across on the twilight air. When the dusk fell, the light of their fire against the background of spruce marked his goal to the one who had waited years for this moment.

Stars pierced the purple sky as night closed in on the restless river. Pipes were smoked and the light from the fire went low. Dark shapes passed to and fro, and finally he knew that they were rolled in their blankets.

For two hours he waited that they might lie deep in sleep when he crossed. Then, putting his canoe into the water, he paddled swiftly down-stream to the opposite shore. The river ran too strong for paddling against the current and he dared not pole, so he waded silently, drawing the canoe behind him. A hundred yards below the camp he left the boat on the beach and crept toward the sleepers. The fire was almost dead, but the waning light from the red embers threw into relief the white mosquito tent of the factor. Waiting a moment with ear strained for the breathing of the crew, he rose to his knees behind some low willows and looked. There, rolled in their blankets near the fire, they lay. But the man he sought—which was he?

Narcisse stood upright to obtain a better view, when a snore and a groan from a sleeper dropped him flat on his chest. The "Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo" of a gray owl held him there, scarcely breathing. A wood-mouse skimmed over the leaves. Then, like a blanket, silence fell again.

After years of fruitless search this man whom he hunted should not escape him through too much haste. The night was young; so he lay, shaken by his laboring heart as a boat by its engine.

Later he stole into the friendly depth of some young balsam that he might study the sleeping shapes. But not a face was exposed. Indian-fashion, and to escape the flies, they slept with blankets over their heads. There lay four men—three Ojibways and a Frenchman. Which was his man?

Learning nothing where he was, he began to crawl on his stomach nearer. He had his knife in his teeth now, for it was swift work and a quick flight that lay before him. No slow strangling while the terror in his victim's eyes faded into the glassy stare of death. No one should know; David would keep his secret safe at Matagami. A deep thrust home, and daylight would overtake him a day's journey down the river.

He raised his head to look at the two men who lay near him, side by side. Their moccasins were Ojibway. A Frenchman in summer would sleep in his socks. Again he circled back, and approached from the rear the remaining two sleepers. An Ojibway moccasin, poked out of a blanket, covered the foot of one. Besides, this was a large man, too large to be the one he sought.

As he lay within striking distance of the other a wave of exultation swept him. Trembling with the joy of the moment, Narcisse Lablanche forgot his danger and the long trail he had taken to reach this man. Memory gripped like fingers of steel at his throat. He saw a hollow-cheeked little mother in a tepee, on the Drowning River, feeding her son while she starved. His face set hard. His teeth bit at the blade of his knife. Closer he wormed his way to the sleeping form. He was within arm's length of his goal when the sleeper moved, groaning in his dreams. In a flash Lablanche had his knife at the muffled throat. Again the sleeper groaned, mumbling in Ojibway.

The pounding heart of Narcisse, checked, turned to ice. He became desperate. Could he have made a mistake? He must see the sleeper's face at the hazard of waking him and the whole camp.

The regular snoring was resumed. Narcisse took a position at full length by the

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"My son, when will you put this revenge from your heart?"—Page 615.

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side of his victim. If any of them waked but partially and saw him, he would be mistaken for one of the crew. A stockinged foot showed beneath the blanket. The rest wore Ojibway moccasins. It was he whom he sought.

Slowly, with great care, he began cutting a slit in the soft Company blanket which, tucked under, covered the back of the sleeper's head. If the hair was grizzled, it was his man, and he would drive the knife deep in under the left shoulder-blade, and make for the canoe.

He had cut the two sides of a flap that would expose the hair, when the sleeper moaned and changed his position. Burying his face in his arm, Narcisse snored loudly, watching from the corner of his eye. With a grunt the man sank again in slumber. For a long while the hunter lay motionless, then he carefully turned back the flap he had cut in the blanket.

Pain stabbed his heart as his knife would have pierced that of his victim. The hair beneath was black as a crow's wing.

Dazed, and in his disappointment reckless now of the danger of being caught, he rose and carefully examined the three men he had passed by. They were all Ojibways.

Despair crushed him. The one he sought had escaped. Raising his hands to the stars, he shook his clenched fists at the Fate that so ironically thwarted him, and stole back to his canoe.

Four days later, at Albany, Père Bisant walked before his mission on the river shore, with a kindly arm across the shoulders of a tall half-breed.

"Yes, he came with the Fort Hope boat, but went to Moose in a Company canoe, and is, no doubt, headed for Timiskiming and the settlements."

"He knew that I would not let him live at Fort Hope till the long snow," said the voyageur bitterly. "I have lost him again."

"My son, when will you put this revenge from your heart, this fire that consumes you? Have I not told you these many years that the Great Father will not forgive one who slays him who has given him life?"

"Yes, father, but the hunger and the thirst and the pain will not die. It is always here." The speaker struck his chest with clenched fist. "Always the face of that little starving mother is in my thoughts. Always those eyes, so sad, so big, look at me. I will hunt him till I can run no longer with the dogs or journey in the Company boats. I will follow his trail while this arm can strike with the knife, or these fingers sink into his throat."

"My son, from the time I taught you as a child in the mission school, I have loved you, and it grieves me that this demon still rages in your heart. I would that the man would die and give you peace."

Six years later Narcisse Lablanche, head voyageur at Fort Matagami, drove the Fort Albany winter packet around to the trade-house to get the mail-bag and his provisions for the trip. Douglas, the factor, was finishing a letter to the commissioner at Winnipeg as the courier entered the store.

"Narcisse, David's rheumatism is too bad for the Albany trail; you'll have to take the dogs through alone. I don't think the old man will be good for many hard winter trails again," said the factor, closing the mail-bag and handing it to Narcisse.

"It looks like dirty weather. You'd better take two weeks' rations. You'll likely run into a northwester."

Narcisse lashed the provision-bags, tent, and blankets on the light sled, with whitefish for the dogs, and, shaking hands with the factor, shouted a "Bo'-jo'!" to the post people. Cracking his long dog-whip, he turned the team down into the river trail and was off on a swinging trot.

Except for the position of honor that he now held in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, as head Company man at Fort Matagami, time had made little change. The best bowman on the English and lower Albany River, and a hardened dog-runner, he had long been indispensable to the great Company. Having no family of his own, he sat, when at the post, in the cabin of old David, while the children of David's children crawled over him, and he shared David's tepee when they trapped together during the months the Company's service did not require

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them. Long since he had put from his heart the hope of finding the man who had deserted his wife and child, for the news had come to Albany years before that the Frenchman, "Black Jack" Lablanche, had been drowned in the Montreal River near Lake Timiskiming, far to the southeast toward the settlements.

Cracking his whip at the lead-dog's ears, he swung down the hard sled-trail of the English River, with pleasant anticipation of a few days at Albany with his old friend, Père Bisant, of the Oblat Mission.

Behind him fled the white miles, for his dogs were fast. At times, where the wind had beaten the snow from the ice, he rode on the sled, urging on the too willing huskies, who were as keen for the trail as a thoroughbred for the thrill of the race.

On the third day out of Matagami the Albany packet ran into the blizzard. Through the afternoon, before the snow had made deep enough for the drive and swirl of the northwester to block the trail with drifts, Narcisse forced the dogs, head on, into it. Then, when the fierce cold froze the powdery flakes into a needle-pointed scourge which beat blood from the faces of man and dogs, and the team, refusing to face the torture longer, swung round in their traces with thick-coated backs to the torment, Narcisse gave up and made camp in the spruce timber of the shore where he waited for the withering wind to spend its fury.

One afternoon, days later, the Albany mail was jingling again into the north, now floundering through white ridges, shoulder-high, now racing over the icy shell of the river, swept naked of snow by the unleashed wind. For some time the dogs had been slowly making their way behind their master who broke trail through a long stretch of new snow. Suddenly the lead-dog threw up his muzzle and sniffed, then yelped. This action was followed by the dogs behind.

Narcisse turned, looking in the direction of their pointed noses. No tepee smoke of storm-bound traveller rose above the silent spruce forest. The dogs had caught the scent of some animal on the near shore, and were excited. There might be moose or caribou in there stalled by the blizzard. The thought of fresh meat spurred him.

Unlashing his rifle in its skin case from the sled, he drove the team to the shore and, much against their protest, tied them with their traces to trees. In the deep, soft snow they would only hinder his hunting. Then he circled far back upwind, hoping to strike a fresh trail. But the snow lay unmarked as the storm had left it, except by the tracks of furred creatures, who, on the previous night, had sought to break a three days' fast.

Narcisse had reached the river shore again, above his team, and was approaching, when their excited yelping broke out anew. He hurried to them and loosed their traces. On being freed the lead-dog at once ran down the shore a few hundred yards, followed by his mates, and disappeared in the spruce, where the yelping began again.

The curiosity of Narcisse was aroused. They had found something in that silent forest that had escaped him. Following their trail into the thick timber, he discovered them scratching at a tepee half buried in the snow. Out of a drift near the tent stuck the end of a sled and the webbed toe of a snow-shoe. All other signs of human habitation were obliterated by the snow.

With the shoe Narcisse hurriedly shovelled down to the tent-opening, knowing too well what horror might lie within. Tearing open the frozen caribou-skin flap, he peered inside. There, muffled in blankets, lay a body beside the dead embers of a fire. Scattered about with cooking-utensils were fragments of bones, which had been broken and boiled for their marrow. It was a starvation camp on which he had stumbled, and not the first.

Crawling into the tepee, Narcisse turned back the blankets from the huddled body. A mat of long gray hair and beard obscured the sunken features of an old half-breed. Hurriedly he examined the body for signs of life. Detecting a faint flutter of the heart, the Company man vigorously set to work in a struggle with the white death for the life of the man he had found.

Bringing up his sled, he soon had a fire going under kettles of tea and pemican. Then he started in to rub the circulation back into the shrivelled limbs of the old breed. Soon he could distinguish the

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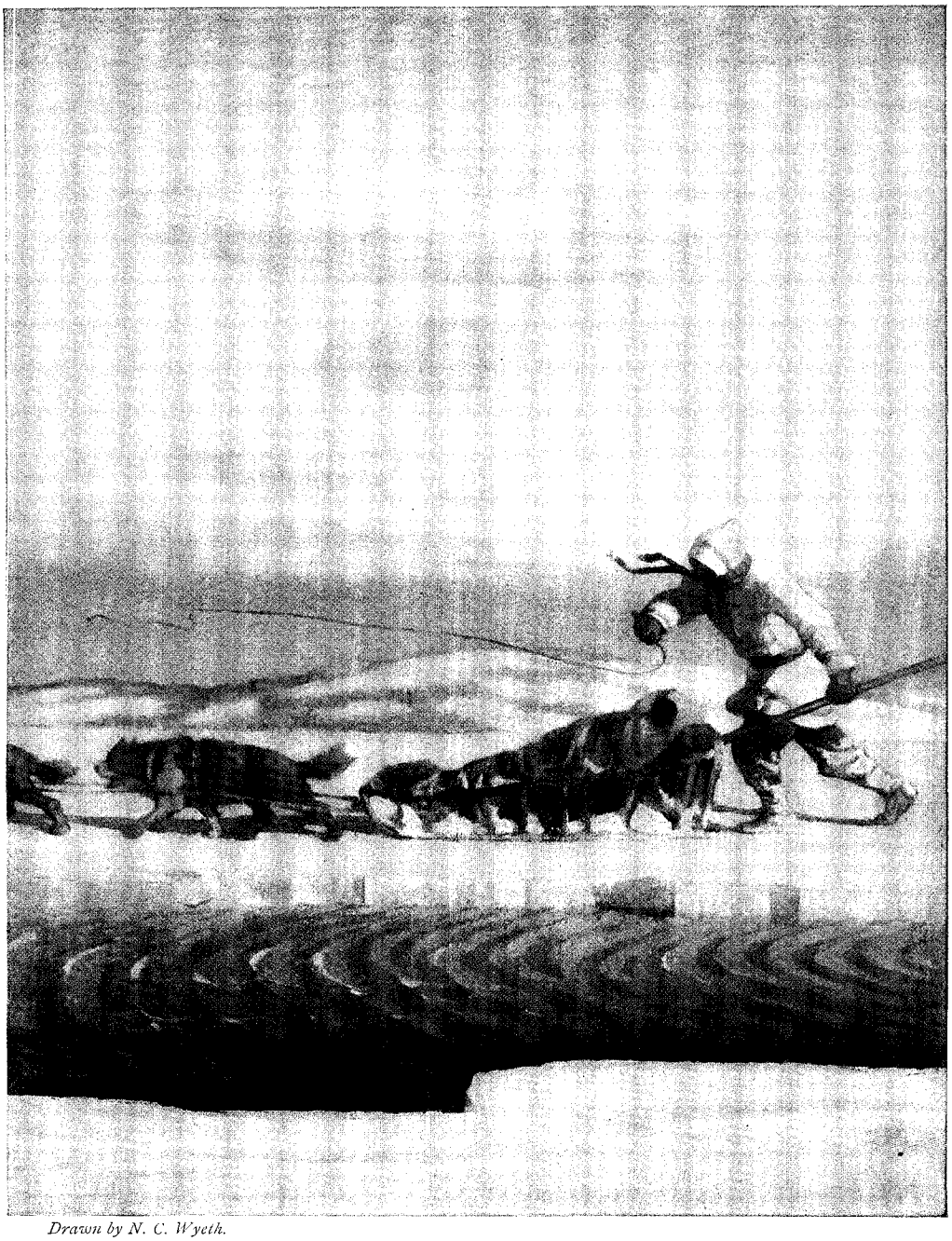

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

One January afternoon, at dusk, the Matagami winter mail jingled up to the trade-house.—Page 619.

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faint beating of the heart, and redoubled his efforts. For an hour Narcisse battled for the life that he barely held from snuffing out by a hair. At length the quivering of sunken eyelids told him he would win. When he was able to get the half-conscious man to swallow some hot tea, the fight was over.

Late that night the stricken one opened his eyes and muttered a few words in Cree, then sank into a peaceful sleep. With the aid of the life-giving tea and steaming soup, Narcisse had conquered starvation and the white death.

For days the packet camped in the spruce, while the starved man was gaining sufficient strength to ride on the sled to Albany. Anxious as he was to reach the fort and his friends there, Lablanche patiently nursed the old man without regret at the delay, for of the unwritten laws of the north none is more rigidly observed than that commanding the succor of those worsted by the relentless hand of nature. From Labrador to Bering Sea, while there is game for the kettle or bannocks for the pan, to ask is to be fed.

Gradually the old Indian regained his strength and began to talk. He said he had been trapping alone on the headwaters of a small river. Some time back the scarcity of game had wiped out his provisions to such an extent that he had started for Albany. On the way downstream to the Albany River he had fallen and hurt his leg. This had prevented him from travelling, and he had been forced to eat his dogs. The last dog went before the blizzard. He was a French-Cree with relations who traded at Albany, but no living family. Starvation had completed what the strain of winter trail and summer portage had left of life and strength in his aged frame.

At length the old man was strong enough to ride on the sled, on which Narcisse had fashioned a cariole body of wooden strips lashed with caribou hide, taken from the sled of the Indian.

So one January afternoon, at dusk, the Matagami winter mail jingled up to the trade-house at Fort Albany with its human freight. Narcisse drove his team at once to the Oblat Mission below the post to turn over the invalid to his friend, Père Bisant.

At the door of the mission stood the bearded priest awaiting them.

"My son, it gladdens my heart to see you," cried the father in Cree, gripping Narcisse's hand. "We feared for you when the northwester struck in. A dog-team was to go up-river to look for you in a day or two. But what have you here?" the priest asked, peering into the dusk at the blanketed form on the sled.

"Old Indian, starved out, father," replied the courier. "He was too weak to travel." Then under his breath: "He is a very old man, and I think will take the long trail soon."

"Take him into the hospital, my son; we have two there who were brought in yesterday."

Narcisse unlashed his passenger and carried him into the log hospital of the Oblat Mission, where two lay brothers took the old man and placed him in a bunk by the roaring stove.

Then the voice of Père Bisant called Lablanche to the priest's private room.

"Come to me, my son, that I may look at your face in the light. It is indeed good to see you again, straight and strong as ever. It is many moons since you were at Albany." He spoke in Cree.

"Yes, father, and your face shows much worry for your children, while the snow falls thick upon your brow."

"My cares are many. The winter has been lean for my people, and word has come that already there are many starvation camps on the Elkwan. But, come, let us look to your man; what is his name?"

"He told me his French name was Joe Brazeau," said Narcisse, following Père Bisant into the bunk-room.

The old man lay asleep where the light from a large lantern fell full on his face. Seating himself on the cot, the priest pushed back the tangled gray hair from the emaciated features. He looked long at the famine-pinched face. Presently he turned as if to speak to Lablanche, who stood with back toward him warming his hands at the stove. For a moment Père Bisant sat deep in thought, then he hurriedly exposed the neck of the sleeping man. A long scar crossed the left collar-

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bone. Again the priest carefully examined the face before him.

"Come!" he commanded, rising and moving to the door, his dark eyes strangely bright. When they were alone in the priest's room, Père Bisant took the astonished Lablanche into his arms. "My son," he cried, "at last my prayers are answered. You have put the demon from your heart."

The half-breed held the priest at arm's length.

"What words do you spik, father?"

"Mock me not, my son. I have loved you since I taught you as a child here at Albany. And when you went into the north, seeking one you would destroy, it grieved me much. But now——"

"By Gar! What you say?" The perplexed Narcisse trembled with a great fear that suddenly swept him.

It was the priest's turn to be amazed. "Do you not know?" he asked.

"Oh, no! No!" groaned the one to whom the light was coming as a knife comes to the breast. "Dat ole man in dere, et ees not he. He were drown' long ago, long ago. No! No! Eet ees not he!"

Narcisse buried his face on the priest's shoulder.

A great disappointment made heavy the heart of Père Bisant as he sighed: "And you did not know, my son, who this man was?"

"I nevaire see heem but one tam in all dese year I hunt for heem."

As he finished, Narcisse strode to the room where the man he had saved slept. Fearing his intentions, the priest followed. With face picturing the hate that was in his breast, the half-breed stood with clenched hands menacing the man who had left his wife and child to a wilderness death that he might live. Then the priest led him away.

Late that night they sat and talked—the priest and the victim of fate's irony. The good medicine of this kindly physician of souls was working its cure at last. The wound in the heart of the sufferer, open and raw for years, had begun to heal.

As they parted the priest said: "Remember, my son, she once loved you both. She would have it as it is. From the Happy Valley where she looks out tonight, she sees you together here, and is glad. Yes, she would have it so."

Long alone sat Narcisse after his friend left him. Many and far trails he travelled in memory; from a lone tepee on the Drowning River, north up the east coast, where the white lights veil the stars; south to the iron rails; west where the sun sets in the great barrens. Over these his fancy hurried him by phantom dog-team and canoe, always seeking one who eluded him. Again he lived through the torture of those goalless years as he pursued his quest. Twice in the night, when the old hate momentarily mastered the growing peace in his heart, he went to the bedside of the man he had sworn to kill. Twice the last words of the Oblat father sent him back to his vigil in the other room.

At last the vision of one in the Happy Valley conquered the bitterness. Rising, he went to the sleeping man. Stretching forth his arms, with eyes that beheld a mother and child in snow-enveloped tepee on a desolate river shore, deserted, he groaned:

"Maybe de good père spiks true. She would have eet so."

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THE STRUGGLE FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN

By Frederic C. Howe
Author of "Why War," etc.

WHEN the story of the European war comes to be written by an impartial historian, its ultimate causes will be found far back of the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand in Bosnia, the alleged mobilization of the armies of Russia, or the invasion of Belgium. They will not be found in the White Books, the Blue Books, or the Orange Books. They will not be found in the utterances of foreign offices or the accidents that precipitated the cataclysm in the summer of 1914. Just as the mines which exploded the Civil War were planted by the Missouri Compromise and the Fugitive Slave Act, so the causes of the present European war are traceable back to a merger of financial, economic, and political conflicts that began with the occupation of Egypt by England in 1882. And one of the hidden, unofficial explosives is the struggle for the Mediterranean, a struggle whose record is only to be found in the diplomatic correspondences and conventions of the last twenty years and the national hopes and fears that the struggle involved.

Access to, free passage through, or control of the Mediterranean is the permanent objective behind the foreign policy of all the greater European powers. It is an objective by its very nature so diffused and covering such a wide geographical area that it cannot be expressed in state papers, even had the nations in conflict dared to declare their ultimate policies. It is an objective, however, that lies at the very industrial and commercial life of Great Britain and Russia, that is bound up with all of the ambitions of Germany, and that underlies the industrial and financial aspirations of Italy and the Balkan states. For the Mediterranean is the greatest trade route in the world. It is the gateway from the Occident to the Orient. Through it a large part of the maritime commerce of England and Germany passes. In the Orient are hundreds of millions of non-industrial people, offering an almost limitless market for the output of the mills and factories of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and Lancashire in England, and of Essen, Barmen, Elberfeld, Düsseldorf, and the lower Rhine regions of Germany. For centuries Russia has looked with unsatisfied eyes toward the Bosporus as an outlet from the Black Sea, through which her wheat would find a market —a market necessary for the payment in gold of the interest upon her public debt to France. The Balkan states were moved by the same urge to gain access to some port upon the Mediterranean; otherwise their exports and imports must pass through hostile territory. Austria, like Russia, desired free access to the Mediterranean, unchecked by Italy. The new industrial forces which have revolutionized Europe during the past fifty years were all crowding against the barriers which, in one way or another, shut them out from free contact with the outside world.

At the outbreak of the present war England was mistress of the Mediterranean, which is in fact a British sea. Its western and eastern entrances are controlled by Gibraltar and the Suez Canal. The Straits of Gibraltar are narrow. The British fortress is impregnable. It commands the narrow passageway as do the guns which guard the entrance to a harbor. The shipping of all other nations is under this menace, a menace recently brought into action to compel Greece to permit the landing of the Allies at Salonika. At the opposite end of the Mediterranean Great Britain controls Egypt and the Suez Canal. She secured possession of the canal by the secret purchase of a controlling interest in the stock by Disraeli in 1875. The purchase was made through the house of Rothschild. It has proven a brilliant financial investment, for the shares now yield 25 per cent dividends annually. Since that time British capital has flowed into Egypt in immense sums. The pro-

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tection of these investments and the prevention of internal disorder was responsible for the bombardment of Alexandria and the occupation of Egypt in 1882. This was the beginning of British imperialism, an imperialism that resulted in the friction with France which continued until 1903. It was in part responsible for the loss of British influence in Turkey and the subsequent alliance of Germany with Turkey. It marks the beginning of the struggle for colonial possessions on the part of all the greater powers and the identification of their governments with the bankers and concession-seekers that has since brought a great part of the uncivilized world under the dominion of Great Britain, France, and Germany.

The Mediterranean has since been the storm centre of Europe. The colonial policies of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Russia have, in the main, revolved about the control of the lands bordering upon it. Crowded out of Egypt by Great Britain, France turned to northwest Africa. She had possessed Algeria since 1830. Following the Franco-Prussian War France was encouraged to expand her possessions into Tunis as a means of satisfying the desire for revenge for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. France recovered from her losses quickly. She expanded eastward from Algeria into Tunis, over which she soon acquired a protectorate. To the west, in Morocco, her task was more difficult. Morocco covered an immense stretch of territory bordering upon the Mediterranean and Atlantic Ocean. Here Great Britain, Germany, and Spain claimed interests, all more or less fictitious but all loaded with potential controversies. The interest of England was political. Her chief concern was that the shores of Morocco should not fall into the hands of a hostile power that would menace Gibraltar and her exclusive control of the western entrance to the Mediterranean. The claims of Germany were based upon concessions from the Sultan, while those of France were those of the nearest colonial power fearing a dangerous neighbor. Germany also possessed mining concessions granted to the Krupps and Mannesmanns. She had banking, dock, and other concessions granted by the Sultan. She was assured of an open door for her trade and commerce by the Sultan.

These were the explosives nearly ignited into war in 1911 by the landing of French troops in Morocco, the bombardment of Casablanca, and the penetration of French troops into the Moroccan capital. Germany sent the *Panther* to Agadir to present her claims and as a protest against the destruction of the autonomy of Morocco, which had been guaranteed by the Algeciras Act of 1906, an act which insured the open door to all of the powers and guaranteed all of the rights and financial concessions previously granted by the Sultan. Great Britain backed France in her claims. Lloyd George in his famous Mansion House speech announced that Great Britain would support the French people in the control of Morocco, a control which was inspired by the French bankers who had invested millions of dollars in the country and who desired greater protection for their concessions than the Sultan was able to give.

In this controversy Germany was further actuated by a desire to preserve her standing with the Sublime Porte at Constantinople, whose protector in Europe Germany had undertaken to become.

Only a miracle saved Europe from war as a result of the Morocco incident. But the seeds of hatred between Germany and England were laid, and in the minds of many the Morocco imbroglio was the prelude to the present war.

Germany increased her naval armament; her imperialists insisted that the dignity of the empire required a navy able to enforce a recognition of German claims in the subsequent partition of the world. From 1911 dates the tension, the aggravated suspicions, and the irritation of peoples among the warring nations of Europe.

As a result of the Morocco settlement, France, a nation friendly to Great Britain, gained control of all the lands bordering upon the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, to the east of Egypt and Tripoli. England's trade route to the Orient was made further secure, while France obtained possession of a country rather rich in minerals but with small purchasing power for goods and commodities.

Balked in the west, German activity

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turned even more feverishly to the Near East—to Turkey and Asia Minor. As early as 1889 the Deutsche Bank had obtained concessions for certain railroad-building in Turkey. In that year the Kaiser made a trip to Constantinople to bring about a commercial and financial rapprochement between Germany and Turkey. Ten years later the Kaiser made a second visit as a means of converting the commercial relationship into a political one. As a result of these visits Germany became the protector of Turkey in Europe—a protectorate in which the Deutsche Bank was the pioneer, and through whose activities the political penetration of Germany was promoted. And one of the terms of the German-Turkish understanding was a concession for the building of the Bagdad Railway, which began at the Bosporus and extended through to the Persian Gulf at Koweit. About this stretch of steel, which crossed Asia Minor and continued through the Mesopotamian Valley and down through Bagdad to the sea, the new imperialism of Germany was developed. It was partly financial, partly commercial, and largely political. As viewed by German statesmen, it was a transcontinental railway beginning at Hamburg and continuing through Berlin, Vienna, Nish, and Constantinople, and then on to the Far East, over which German goods and German merchandise would find an unmolested route to the Orient. By means of this all-rail route Germany would free herself from the British control of the Mediterranean; she would avoid Gibraltar and the Suez Canal. She would be able to place her surplus products in the markets of the Orient far more expeditiously than would Great Britain, compelled to follow an all-sea route.

This was the German *Drang nach Osten*, a drive which ignored all of the costly Gibraltars which Great Britain had erected during a century, to insure her control of the trade routes to the Orient. And this was the desire of the German trading classes; of that great group of industrials located about the lower Rhine, whose achievements have placed the German merchant marine and "Made in Germany" in every market in the world. But this drive to the East was also a drive of imperial proportions. It opened up a new empire, comparable to that of ancient Rome in the time of Trajan. It was an empire of easy defense. It was an empire that satisfied the historical mind of Germany. It appealed to the sentiments of the historian and the militarist. And, quite as important, it was an empire that threatened to split the British Empire in twain. For the Bagdad Railway concessions included branches from the main line to Smyrna on the Ægean Sea. There were other branches from Adana, which menaced Cyprus. There was a line from Aleppo, through Damascus, down through Palestine to the Gulf of Arabia, which threatened the Suez Canal and British control of Egypt. Beyond lay India, Australia, and the British Chinese ports.

Endless obstacles were placed in the way of the building of the Bagdad Railway by England, France, and Russia. Great Britain and France insisted that the railway should be under the joint control of all of the European powers; they insisted on this as a condition to aiding in its financing. For Germany was unable to finance the road herself, despite the colossal profits which it promised. She desired that its shares should be listed on the Bourse and invited French, English, and Russian participation into the control, but with Germany always as the predominant partner. But this did not satisfy the other powers, and France and England endeavored to create a vacuum of capital around the project. They endeavored to thwart its building by these means. The negotiations and diplomatic intrigues covered a period of ten years. But despite the obstacles the building of the railroad progressed; the menace loomed larger and larger in British eyes. Finally Great Britain demanded that the last stretch of the Bagdad Railway reaching to the Persian Gulf should be internationalized or placed under her exclusive control. This Germany refused to concede, for the outlet on the Persian Gulf was of the very life of the railroad itself. Then England took matters into her own hands. She abandoned diplomacy and by some means or other induced the sheik whose possessions bordered upon

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the Persian Gulf to disavow allegiance to Turkey and accept a protectorate from Great Britain. One morning European foreign offices were electrified by the news that a British gunboat had entered the harbor of Koweit and that the British flag was flying over this port. Great Britain had again balked Germany in her ambitions about the Mediterranean: she had balked the dream of years of a drive to the East and a free, unimpeded highway from the North Sea to the Indian Ocean. Possibly even more important—the plans for a great German hinterland in the form of a semicolonial dependency running from the Balkans to Persia and Arabia, equal in its possibilities to the richest of Great Britain's colonial dependencies, were menaced by the control of its eastern terminus by the power which had become Germany's implacable industrial foe.

Coincident with the negotiations over Morocco and the diplomatic negotiations and financial strategy for the blocking of the Bagdad Railway, Great Britain erected further safeguards to her control of the Near and Far East by the partition of Persia through conventions with Russia. This process covered a period of five years, from 1907 to 1912; it involved the segregation of Russian influence in northern Persia and of British influence in southern Persia. In this process Persia, like Morocco, lost her independence. The dismemberment of Persia diverted Russian ambitions from the Persian Gulf; it gave England an additional bulwark against Russian and German advance to the East and protected her control of the Persian Gulf. It also opened up valuable opportunities for new railroads to be built by British capital as well as opportunities for other financial concessions.

The recent shifting of the seat of war from the French and Russian frontiers to the Balkans and Turkey is a shifting from assumed centres of conflict to the actual centre of conflict, a conflict which, under diplomatic conversations and conventions, has been going on for the greater part of twenty years. And this is a struggle almost as old as the world. It is a struggle for the historical centre of civilization. To Great Britain it involves not only Egypt and the Suez Canal, it involves the life-cord that unites the empire. It involves the free passage of her ships of war, of her merchant marine, of raw materials and food supplies. Were this life-cord severed, the eastern colonies and dependencies would be open to attack or severance from the mother country. But the struggle has even wider significance than this. The financial fabric of Great Britain is erected upon the control of the seas. This is endangered, as is her great merchant marine and the clearing of the trade of the world through her ports of London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Glasgow. Great Britain is the world's market-place; her shipping is the distribution agency; her banking institutions support these industries as well as supply the credit for the development of the empire. And over $20,000,000,000 has been invested by Great Britain in different parts of the world. From this source she derives one-fourth of her annual income. Into these colonies and dependencies she pours $1,000,000,000 a year in new investments. And the breaking of her control of the Mediterranean through the building of the Bagdad Railway threatens the financial and commercial structure which Great Britain has erected during the past hundred years. It threatens her maritime and trading supremacy. For the maintenance of this supremacy every diplomatic move of a generation has been directed, as has the expenditure of untold wealth. For the British navy on its present basis came into being with the conquest of Egypt, the control of the Suez Canal, and the financial imperialism which had its origin at this time. The German *Drang nach Osten* is far more than a drive at Egypt or even the acquisition of a great colonial empire, it is a drive at the financial and imperial heart of the British Empire. It would be difficult to overestimate the consequence to the industrial and commercial life of Great Britain if the substantial monopoly of the shipping and financing of the Orient, and with it the industrial structure identified with this control, were subject to the competition of a rail route from Germany and Central Europe to the Indian and Pacific Oceans and the trade of the Near East and Africa, Asia, India, and the Pacific islands as well.

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THEIR GARMENTS

By Edith M. Thomas

SHE knew the garments hanging in the hall,
Their old, worn garments—knew them, one and all.
It seemed a kind of light around them shone—
The old, rough cloak the winter road had known,
The plaided shawl that kept the ingle-nook,
The battered cap awry upon the hook,
The blouse of blue—so faded in the sun.
She took them from the wall, and, one by one,
She pressed them to her face, and kissed them all—
There, standing silent in the silent hall. . . .
But there was Something she could not recall—
And oh! the unused tears began to fall!
They fell—they burst the folded doors of sight,
And in upon her rushed the empty Night!
There was no hall—no garments touched with light,
But only tears, marking a dream's swift flight.

THE ROAD FROM POTTERVILLE

By Charles Caldwell Dobie

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GAYLE HOSKINS

ANDREW CAMERON'S farm was the last touch of civilization upon the road from Potterville. Beyond, the road climbed boldly through the timber, straggling into a mere trail that sheep-herders from the parched San Joaquin country traversed in quest of perpetual spring and green pastures.

The house, weather-beaten and decrepit, stood bleakly upon a ridge; before it, the little mountain clearing fell away abruptly to where a wind-blown apple orchard separated fields from meadow. Altogether it should have been a genial environment when the season allowed, but somehow it gave an impression of isolation, of ruggedness, of gaunt beauty, that robbed it of any sense of human homeliness. Its fields seemed to yield their harvests sullenly, the forest at its back frowned darkly upon it, the wind stirred continually across the face of the meadow and up through the distorted apple-trees with insistent melancholy. It was as if old Andrew Cameron himself had set the stamp of his personality upon the very fields he had broken to the plough, and they had responded dutifully, sufficiently, but without prodigality or joy.

But however dull and sad the fields and forest, the road from Potterville was a thing of life. The very boldness with which it plunged in a curving line down the mountainside and into the purple westward glow stamped it with the vitality of the unexpected. Any one, anything, might emerge from the distant mists; and any one, anything, might be swallowed up in the whispering pine country beyond.

So, at least, it seemed to Margaret Cameron, who always found the road from Potterville full of promise and the

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wayward charm of surprise. Not that anything wonderful had ever passed over its sun-baked surface in her day, although she had waited and hoped with an almost religious faith. But meagre as experiences were with Margaret Cameron, this road from Potterville was connected with every vital and stirring thing in her life. When had she ever heard singing except from the throats of rollicking horsemen swinging down the road from Potterville? When did the cries of children ever stir her, except at springtime as the squaws herded their broods along the highway and up into the forests and freedom? What had been the occasion of her first tears? Was it not when the last bend of the road had shut her brother from view as he galloped confidently into a far country? And the bitterest moment of her whole life had been when old Andrew Cameron, her father, had ridden away, without one tender word, along the same road not three weeks ago.

Since then, every evening, Margaret Cameron had scanned the road from Potterville for a sign of her father's home-coming. Day after day she had watched clouds of dust rise, evolve into horsemen, mule-teams, flocks of sheep, pass the house, and merge into dust again. But her waiting had no element of anxiety in it; she waited more from a sense of duty than from expectancy.

The sight, at last, of her father's horse, climbing past the first bend in the road surprised, but did not excite, her. She rose from her seat and leaned against the porch railing. It was her father's horse without a question, but the rider was not her father. Unmoved, she threw her sunbonnet aside. The dust rose in a denser cloud, shutting the ambling horse and its strange rider completely from view.

She was sure, quite sure, that she would never see her father again. But she felt no sorrow, no regret, not even pity. Yet she put her hand to her eyes, trying to rouse a sense of filial anxiety, at least a feeling of dread.

On that last day, when her father had saddled his lean, stumbling horse and ridden away, he had not even kissed her, he had scarcely said good-by. And she had felt pity then, pity for his bent frame, for the added note of thinness to his stern lips, for the senile cough that racked him with feeble fury. If he had kindled the dying fires in her heart with even a belated spark of affection, she could not have stood thus, dry-eyed and unafraid.

She recalled the last impression of her father, the grim silhouette of a stooped form against scarred cliffs, as he dipped down the winding road and disappeared. She had thought then: "He is dying; he will not live another month." And she had gone into the house shuddering, not at the fear of death, but at the realization that one could be so near to solving the eternal mystery and still have zest for life and its futilities. In the face of death he had cruelty and rancor enough left to set out upon the roughest of journeys to collect a debt almost on the day it fell due. Yes, she could still see the line of satisfaction hardening his lips, the cold glitter in his eyes, the nervous play of his claw-like fingers as he saddled his horse, all his faculties rising above physical infirmity at the spur of avarice. How bravely the October sun had mocked the warped figure crawling down the mountainside! Now, the early twilight, enveloping the home-coming horse and its strange rider, struck a gentler note, she thought, as she watched the black mass emerge from its dust-cloud again and crawl tortoise-wise up the hard white road.

The evening air rustling fretfully through the pines recalled her. The brief Californian twilight had spent itself and she discovered that it had grown quite dark.

She went into the house, lit a lantern, and started down the road. The crunching of hoofs came nearer. She stopped; at last her heart began to beat.

As she lifted up her lantern a swarm of moths fluttered gayly in its yellow light. Then, quite suddenly, the roadway was darkened by her father's horse. She lifted the lantern higher. It was just as she had guessed: the rider was *not* her father.

She stepped forward, and the light fell upon the stranger's face. At first, only a confused jumble of bloodshot eyes, a bristling stubble of beard, and a dust-stung brow flashed across her consciousness. But in an instant the truth rose to the surface and her mind leaped quickly

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How bravely the October sun had mocked the warped figure crawling down the mountainside! —Page 626.

over the gap of ten weary years. She remembered her first tears and the youthful, buoyant figure that had swung down the Potterville road and out of her life on a spring day that had mocked her grief, a youthful, buoyant figure that now sagged wearily in her father's saddle.

The figure swayed sidewise and crumpled into the dust. The horse stopped. Margaret Cameron's lantern fell with a crash. Her brother had come home again.

II

AFTERWARD, sitting in her father's low-browed room, Margaret Cameron had time to think upon the wanderer's return. On a broad couch her brother slept with heavy-lidded exhaustion.

A slight stir from him brought her to his side. He did not wake, but she stood and watched him, searching deeply the spiritual scars that life had left upon his face.

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How often had she pictured this home-coming! Always with a vague sense of pageantry which she had some difficulty in visualizing. She had expected a stirring note, a clattering of many horsemen, fluttering banners, the pomp and circumstance of a cavalcade, and, of necessity, her brother the central figure. She never had seen the road from Potterville peopled with quite the merry company that was to gallop home with her brother, and she knew that such companies no longer existed. But she treasured this vague vision in her heart until it blossomed into a symbol of what his return was to mean to her. And now reality came and mocked her again with the bedraggled figure of her brother, creeping up the hillside upon her father's lean, stumbling horse, silently and alone.

Beneath the sandy stubble of beard she followed the curving line of her brother's mouth, parted slightly as he lay with head thrown back. Yes, it was the same gentle, almost sensuous, mouth that had so often trembled before his sister's blunt reproofs, but which had been so ready to ripple with smiles. Even in his sleep this same smile hovered timidly. The blurred memory of her mother, or, more particularly, her mother's smile, came to her, a smile that had so often faded in the face of Andrew Cameron's thin-lipped displeasure. There had come a time when her mother's smile had grown rarer, and finally ceased to blossom; she had died soon after this melancholy circumstance. Why, Margaret Cameron found herself wondering. And, at once, the last picture of her father rose before her, a grim, self-sufficient, terrible figure, dipping down the winding road.

She turned from her brother and went toward the open window. A cool wind colored her cheeks and blew strands of her uncompromising hair loose. She leaned upon the sill and looked out.

Where had her brother met their father? Before or after Andrew Cameron had left Potterville? And the money? Had the old man collected the debt? She had been so surprised, so moved by her brother's home-coming that thoughts about the money had never occurred. A vague uneasiness stirred her. What had become of the *money?* She could think of nothing else.

She heard her brother stirring again, and she went to him. He twisted toward the light, and then sat up suddenly. She dropped on her knees before him. He reached out and took her two hands in his.

"Margaret," he began, "are you ready to hear bad news? The fact is—you see——"

"Father is dead," she finished for him harshly.

He glanced at her with a look more of pain than surprise.

"Yes. Father is dead. He died just off the road, near the Pinto Trail, about thirty miles out of Potterville."

"Near the Pinto Trail?" she echoed indifferently. "How—then *you* were coming home?"

He let her hands fall. "No. I was not coming home. I'd been down the Merced Way herding cattle, and I was working back. I just stumbled onto him. He'd fallen from his horse, and he lived only a few hours. I suppose you'd call it Providence, if you've a leaning that way. But *I've* quit believing in most things."

"So have I," she flung back, clenching her fists.

A startled look swept him. "You, too?" he queried compassionately, and he put out his hands to her.

She gave him her hands again, coldly, mechanically. Only one question burned in her brain. *What had become of the money?*

"He was pretty far gone, Margaret," he droned on. "I found him at three o'clock and by sundown he was dead. At first I thought: 'I'll bury him here.' It was a peaceful enough spot, pines overhead and plenty of blue sky between. So I thought: 'I'll bury him here and then I'll go home and tell Margaret.'" He stopped for a moment and instinctively drew her closer. "But, then, when I'd thought it all out I made up my mind *that* wouldn't do. There's the law and all that to think of, even in a place as wild as the Pinto Trail country. So I strapped his body across the horse and started for Potterville. . . . I wish to God I hadn't."

She shuddered a bit as she rose. Her brother's eyes were searching her face

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Drawn by Gayle Hoskins.

"You *are* a coward," she sneered.—Page 631.

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hungrily, searching, she felt sure, for the tears that would not come.

"Was all this after he left Potterville?" she asked significantly.

"Yes, after he left Potterville."

"Did he tell you why he went there?"

"Yes. He went to collect the old debt that Mulford owed him. He had it on him when he died, the whole fifteen hundred."

She turned upon him eagerly. "Then the money is safe?"

He got up. "No. The money's spent—every nickel of it. That's what I came home to tell you, Margaret. I spent every nickel of it in Potterville—on cards, and women, and all the rest."

He sat down quite suddenly and naturally, while she stepped back into the shadows in an effort to regain herself. His jaws were snapped together with a viciousness that smothered the curve in his lips, and the mouth, losing its genial quality, seemed, even in intensity, hopelessly weak. There was a brutal heaviness, too, about his face that made Margaret Cameron recoil—as if the suddenness of his confession had forced every ugly thing in his nature to the surface.

"*Every nickel of it in Potterville—on cards, and women, and all the rest.*" Her brother's words struck her with all their simple irony. Her father's money, the money of old Andrew Cameron, squandered in the pursuit of pleasure! *Squandered in the pursuit of pleasure!* She found hysterical satisfaction in turning this idea over in her mind. It was so inconceivable, so remote, so fantastic.

She looked at her brother again, long and searchingly, almost with a desire to laugh. So this was the figure that for ten years had animated her day-dreams! She would not have cared so much if his unworthiness had been tricked out jauntily in a cloak of swagger and bravado—she had all the furtive, feminine admiration for impudent outlawry. But his inefficiency was so palpable—he had not even the courage of his acquired viciousness.

A feeling of rancor began to stir her. If old Andrew Cameron's money was to have been squandered in the pursuit of pleasure, who but she had the right to squander it?

She moved into the circle of light again and faced him.

"What possessed you to come and tell me?" she demanded.

He shrugged. "Because I'm a coward."

"That's just what I thought," she sneered. "You're a regular prodigal, ain't you? Somehow, prodigals never do have courage to eat their husks alone, like men. They always come crawling back on their hands and knees, asking somebody's forgiveness. Bah!"

He shrank from the flame of her sarcasm, and his cowering movement roused her to fresh cruelty. She could feel the pent-up fury of the years struggling for a voice.

"I've always wanted to preach a sermon," she fumed; "once, just once, so I could give the *unprodigal* his innings. Everybody always cries over your *sort*. But did you ever hear of any one shedding a tear for the *one who stays home?* Does any one *ever* waste a tear, or a fatted calf, on the *one who stays home?*" She pushed her face close to him. "Do you see the lines on this face? And my hands—look at them! Do you imagine I was ever repaid for staying with him? Do you imagine any one ever is repaid for such foolishness? Look at me. Why, the dirtiest Indian squaw who passes this cabin with a child at her breast has got more out of life than I have. I've been cheated out of every good thing—even the chance of being a prodigal. I've just showed you my wrinkled face and my shrunken hands. But if you could see my soul—I tell you I haven't enough soul left for even the devil to bother with!"

She stopped, waiting for his answer. He sat quite still, a stinging flush on his face. He said nothing. She had meant to call him a thief, to scream about the squandered money, but, curiously enough, she found that this loss meant nothing to her. All her anxiety concerning it had been an unconscious subterfuge with which she had kept at bay the fear of her brother's unworthiness.

She turned upon him with redoubled bitterness. "Why did you come back?" she demanded. "How *could* you come and tell me such a story! If I'd been in your shoes, I'd have killed myself first."

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He shrank away. "I tried—I did try, Margaret," he gasped. "But I couldn't —somehow——"

She bent over toward him. "My God, but you *are* a coward," she sneered.

He did not flinch this time; he looked steadily at her.

"So are you," he replied dully. "Everybody is a coward—some way. What made you stay with him? Wasn't it because you were *afraid* to do the thing you wanted to do? And I didn't cheat you of any chance to be a prodigal. You're too much like father. Prodigals are born, not made!"

She turned from him and tapped the floor with her foot. She knew he was right. She had been a coward; she always would be a coward; slaves to duty could be nothing else. Conscience? Duty? Necessity?—these were all pretty names that people gave cowardice. . . . Yes, prodigals were born, not made. And, at once, the lean silhouette of her father dipping down the winding road rose before her.

She stole a furtive look at her brother. He was on his feet again, and the lamplight struck him full in the face, emphasizing his uncanny gauntness.

"How long since you've had anything to eat?" she asked suddenly.

"I—I don't remember," he stammered.

"Sit down!" she commanded.

He did as he was bidden, and she brought food. . . . Standing back, she watched him eat, snapping at his victuals like a lean jackal. She had known hardship and privation and frugality, but never gnawing, physical hunger. She wondered dimly whether any affinity lay between the starvation of his body and the starvation of her soul. . . . Had her inner life shrunken to just such a parcel of skin-hung bone?

This ministering to her brother's physical necessity stirred in her an odd, primitive joy. Suddenly she sensed the deep, mystical truths that lay beneath the surface of simple, elemental things, and the significance of the prodigal's feast was clear to her. Pity began to well up in her, pity which swept away all scorn of his timidity, his cowardice, his inability to play up boldly to his faults.

Her mind wandered swiftly over the years of sacrifice and self-denial that had not ennobled. Perhaps these years had not been so hard in a physical way, but they were devoid of color, of beauty, of anything elemental, except elemental ugliness. And old Andrew Cameron? Yes, he was a just man, an honest man, a God-fearing man. But in this brief moment of ministering to a prodigal's need, Margaret Cameron knew that her father had travelled with the blind eyes of a just man and missed every good thing in life. *He* had never feasted, *he* had never sung, *he* had never wasted his substance, riotously or otherwise, *he* had never tasted the joys of forgiveness or being forgiven. And she remembered again the picture of him on that last day when he had saddled his lean, stumbling horse and ridden away—a grim, self-sufficient, terrible figure disappearing in the bend of the road.

How long she stood in battle for her soul's possession she did not know, but when she came from the struggle her brother's head had sunk in sensual torpor across the grease-smeared surface of his empty plate. The wind was still blowing through the open window, and a tossing curtain made fantastic shadows on the wall. It had grown very cold.

She tiptoed to the couch and picked up a blanket. Hesitating a moment, she held the covering high above the sleeping figure sprawled heavily across the table, then gently, very gently, she let it fall upon her brother's shoulders.

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WAR

By Thomas Walsh

Illustration by Charles H. Cullen

THE High-God Mars is dead!—
They cried—Ye poets, keep his dirge and praise
And pageantry alone for ancient days;
Now for the Golden Age of Peace!—they said.
'Twas true, proud God of Hates,
You died—not on a Cross, but where the rust
And purple worm besieged you in your dust;
And all the boast of your emblazoned gates,—
O Rome and Macedon,—
O Xerxes, Hannibal, Attila, Tamerlane,
And Bonaparte,—were but as shadows vain
Where tinselled things might lurk before they run.
Dead God of War,—then who
Is this that ravens o'er the rocking world?
What foul alembic of the fiends unfurled
This thing of Frankenstein to ape at you?
Not Hate itself begot
Such ghoul,—but Error from its tepid mire;
Not here your savage rapture, strength and fire,
But blight as from a caldron Hate knew not.
Here are the madness, sweat,
And hunger, dissolution and disease;
But where the falchions and the argosies,
The Lion-Hearts, the shields and lances met?
In bronze and marble lain
Are they that battled right or wrong, but well;
Like men they challenged, grappled, slew, or fell,
Owning their victor, mourning foemen slain.
Now is there knightly plume,
Or patriot king, or rustic hero crowned
In all your pantheons, War, but hears this sound
Of monstrous treading down his shrine and tomb
Where his renown of yore
Is gulped within this dire machine of shame,
But dreads to hear the children speak his name
With lips that call these modern shambles War?

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"MUTINY!"

By Dudley Burrows

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. AYLWARD

THE *Babylonia*, pinioned to the side of her North River pier by countless manila hawsers, wire cables, spring-lines, and what-not, suggested nothing so much as a great aquatic Gulliver. Captured while asleep, she was now forced to endure the excited rush of thousands of Liliputian feet, which carried their owners hither and yon over the surface and interior of the leviathan, making her ready for a long battle with the elements and well-ordering the massive cargo of miscellaneous merchandise which had been pouring down her hatches for six days past. Occasionally the clanking steam-winches would scream in protest as some particularly heavy mass of machinery, or *brochette* of iron car-wheels, was slung on the hooks—but the *Babylonia* gave forth no sound nor even quivered when a carelessly adjusted sling gave way, dropping a thousand pounds of babbitt metal deep into her middle. Complain? Never! It was not for complaining that the owners had fondly entitled her "Queen of the Seven Seas!"

Not that there wasn't complaining going on inside the monster liner. A crowd of the older rivets on the port side—the side which scraped along Doncaster Reef for a matter of a hundred yards or so in '95, if you remember—had nursed a revolutionary propaganda for three trips past, and were even now threatening to carry away and raise merry Ned if they were not reinforced, or removed altogether! On the last trip home from Rio these malcontents had been joined by a group of rudder-chain links, who grumbled that they had had no vacation in twenty years, and by more than one pair of propeller-shaft bearings, who declared that no self-respecting bronzes would toil the way *they* had, for a similar period, without remonstrance. A row of steam-gauges (which were slightly cracked anyway) spluttered indorsement of the conspiracy; the forra'd and after pump-valves signified a willingness to strike; even the wireless dynamos displayed unmistakable symptoms of co-adjuvancy with the rebellion.

But not a word of this impending secession came to the ear of the old *Babylonia* herself—not a hint of the disaffection which was spreading amongst her integers. The rivets grasped their hull-plates firmly; the rudder-chain links drank unsparingly of the oil which kept them strong; the shaft-bearings sang sweetly in response to the inspection hammer; the steam-gauges correctly recorded the "push" of the Great White Hercules; the pump-valves held snug; the dynamos whizzed obediently in response to signals from the wireless room—each and all awaiting with studied and sullen insouciance the battle-cry of insurrection. So the *Babylonia*, with a grand casting-off of fetters, a succession of stentorian siren blasts, a monstrous churning of stern-water, and a majestic repudiation of assistance from a squadron of servile, clamoring tugs, backed out into the river, stood down past the Statue, past Quarantine, past the cocky little Ambrose Channel light-ship, and pointed a course for Bahia, Rio Janeiro, Buenos Aires, and way ports.

She was carrying the record cargo and passenger list of her career. Twelve thousand tons of valuable freight lay beneath her hatches; five millions in gold (South America's bill for coffee, wheat, and beef) reposed in her treasure-chest; and three hundred first-cabin passengers (including an even hundred Personages) strode her broad promenade-decks and planned their work and play once they set foot on the southern continent. The aggregate value of the ship-load, reckoning men and women at their income-tax valuation and the cargo at its selling price in South America, was approximately one hundred million

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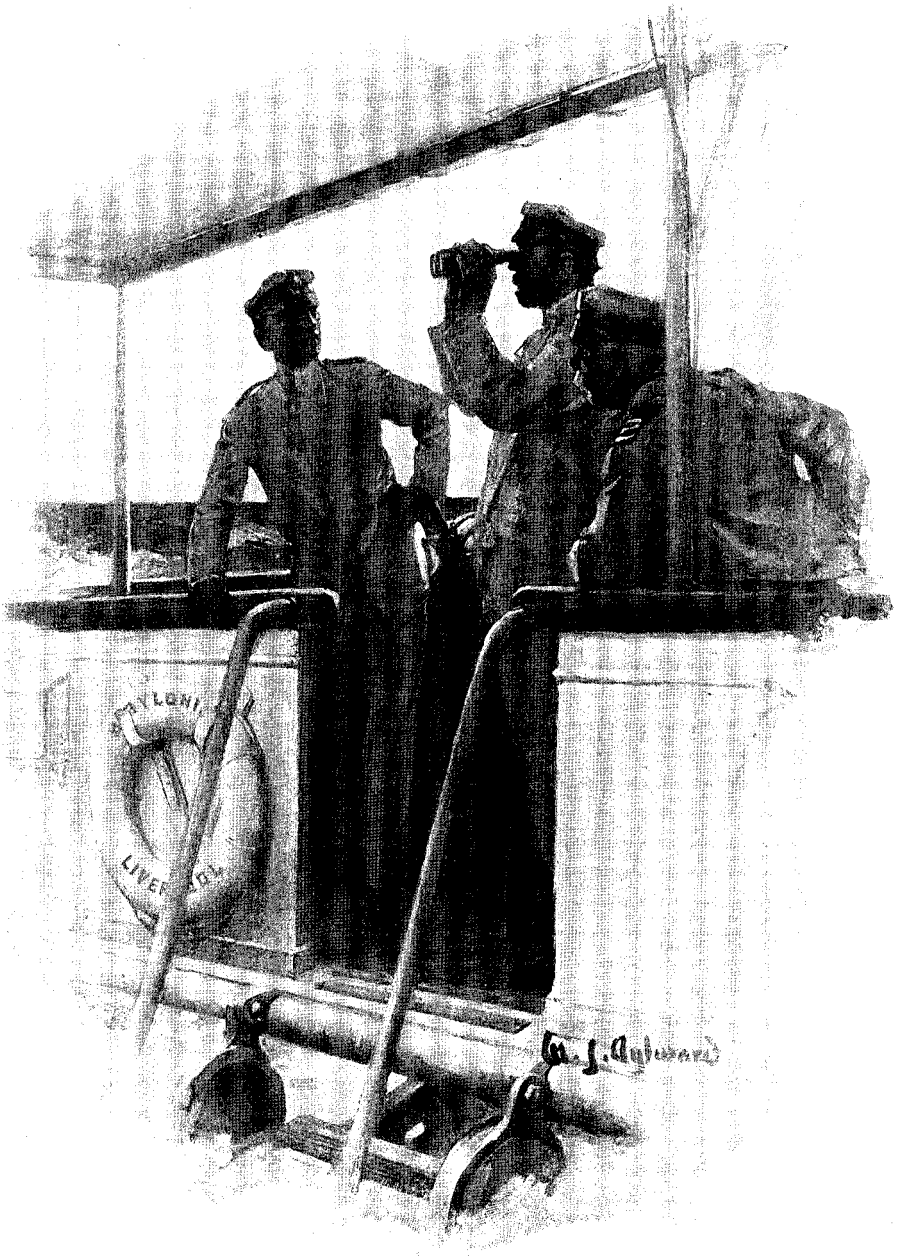

"Cruiser right enough! What's wireless say?"—Page 636.

dollars. For the protection of this vast representation, and because he was required to do so by international law, Captain Davey Welton, of Saint Johns, broke from his taffrail—where it floated, or fluttered, or flew, depending upon the state of the wind—the roistering red bunting with the crosses of Saint Andrew and Saint George in the corner; the "come-one-come-all" emblem of the British mer-

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chant marine. And, as the bugle sounded the second call for dinner that night, and the "paying guests" descended the grand stairway, two by two, an orchestra behind a bank of artificial palms strummed joyously: "It's a Long Way to Tipperary!"

"The old girl seems a bit cranky this trip," observed the youthful "second" to the wrinkled "first" as they swapped watches two nights out from Sandy Hook. They were approaching the Bermudas in the face of a brisk head wind, with a cross-swell heeling them over a bit each time they mounted the side of a water-wall and poised, momentarily, on the crest. The "second" was making his initial trip on the *Babylonia*—the "first" had stood his trick on her bridge during her maiden voyage—twenty-two years ago, come next Whitsuntide!

"Yes, yes," he therefore replied, a bit petulantly—intolerantly, perhaps—"she has her moods!" He took a final perk at the glass. "It's true, she has her moods, Osborne—but she's a rare good 'un at heart, boy! Lor' bless me, yes—a rare good 'un at heart!"

"That's her reputation," Osborne hastened to agree.

"Ay—and she'll live up to it! I'll stake my billet on that!" Having made such reckless declaration—for it had taken Dotty Woodcroft just fourteen years to land that billet, and it was more precious than the jewels of the world to him—the grizzled "first" left the bridge, smiling tenderly as though he had just been discussing his wife, or his dog, or his religion!

It was eleven days later, at perhaps five-fifteen of an equatorial morning, with a moderate sea running, when this same young Osborne—who was a careful ship's officer, albeit he had only followed the sea for a trifle of twenty years—swept the horizon slowly with his binoculars and picked up a faint smoke-line in the northeast. He rang at once for the wireless-room.

"Hello! That you, Sparks? Been talking with any one this morning? Well, try now—but don't say *who* you are or *where*—get me? Yes, nor'east by east! Oh, 'bout ten-twelve miles, I should say! Yes—let me know!"

He rang for a quartermaster and ordered him to arouse the skipper. "Four stacks coming, nor'east by east, tell him," he said peremptorily. "Pass the word to the mate on your way back!" The quartermaster, with a murmured "Ay, ay, sir!" hurried away. Osborne whistled through the tube marked "Chief Engineer":

"'Lo, chief! Cruiser astern! Yep, looks like a frankfurter to me! Let's be going, Bob, fast as ever we're able! No, twenty-two will never carry us away from this bird—we'll need twenty-four, or better! What? Well, give us every ounce you've got! The old man?—no, but I've sent for him—be up in a minute, I guess!"

A ring from the wireless-room.

"No answer, Mr. Osborne—though I'll swear they heard us! In fact, I believe they started to reply when——"

"That's enough!" interrupted Osborne. "Try Bahia and see if there's a bulldog hanging around there! Tell 'em to slip the leash on any kind of a critter they've got, if it's only a 'diver' [submarine]! Just keep on yellin' for help till your fingers wear off—then use your toes! Wake your relief and tell him to *stay* awake!" And he rang off.

The captain arrived, followed by the scarce-awake "first"—the latter battling for mental clarity on the strength of an hour's sleep. He had turned in at four, and was just settling into sincere repose when routed out by the quartermaster.

"What's all this rumpus, Mr. Osborne?" demanded the old man. He, too, would have relished a few winks more.

"See for yourself, sir," said Osborne, respectfully passing his glass to his superior. "There—almost dead astern—and coming fast!"

"Hmmmm!" Captain Davey Welton squinted through the lenses. "Hmmmm! Cruiser right enough! What's wireless say?"

"No answer to repeated calls, sir!"

"Hmmmm! After us, that's clear! How are we making?"

"I told the chief to give us every ounce he had," replied the junior officer.

"You're a valuable man, Osborne," said the commander approvingly. "'Bout ten hours from Bahia, would you say?"

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

On came the *Babylonia*, her steel lungs bursting with the fearful pressure. — Page 639.

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"Nearer twelve, sir."

"Ten, Mr. Osborne!" the old mate put in quietly. "She'll do it in ten if she's put to it."

"*Put* her to it!" Captain Welton was already bending over a chart. "Take a point due west for the next hour, Mr. Osborne! Mr. Woodcroft, please detail a man into the crow's-nest—dead-ahead lookout, you understand! Corral the passengers in the dining-saloon at breakfast time and *lock 'em in!* Clear away all impedimenta you can—post notices that no one shall go aft of bulkhead number six—premiums in the engine-room if we get clear—and tell those tinkers down there that I've got to have *twenty-five* if it takes a leg! Jump, both of you!"

"Evidently, sir, you're about to run," ventured young Osborne, smiling.

"Run? Hell, Osborne, we're going to *fly!*" His face was the color of the flag at his taffrail. "They think the old *Babylonia* isn't good for a sprint, eh? Well, by the eternal hokey-pokey we'll show 'em what a Clyde-built ship can do! We'll give those buzzards the race of their lives, if that's what they're after!"

The moment for rebellion had come.

The port-side rivets passed the word along to the rudder-chain links, which in turn squeaked a message to the propeller-shaft bearings. Quickly it spread—as unsavory news ever does—to the steam-gauges, the pump-valves, the wireless dynamos, and the lesser conspirators. The propellers heard it, but they were too busy to pay more than passing attention to mutiny talk. The boilers angrily rejected the propaganda of protest; the turbines snorted in contempt.

"When we cry 'Ready!'" commanded the rivets. They were from Newcastle-on-Tyne, east side, as were most of the other rebellious parts. But they were weary, and nervous, and hungry for excitement. So they set aside the dictates of conscience, and honor, and faith—and resolved to put the *Babylonia* where she could inflict no further burdens upon them.

Thus, while her integers planned a cataclysm, the old liner turned toward the coast of South America and fled like a frightened mackerel pursued by a hungry shark. Behind her raced the *Von der Schlecht*, fleetest of German scouting cruisers, eager to halt her prey before the latter might reach Brazilian waters. Well did the commander of the *Von der Schlecht* know just who the *Babylonia* was and how much *Schatz* (treasure) she carried! Had they not raced across the Atlantic in response to a message from the Kaiser's secret agents in New York? Had not the latter described, in detail, the cargo and complement of "The Queen of the Seven Seas"?

Fortunately—for the *Babylonia*—Captain Ludwigstein also knew of the three hundred first-cabin passengers, including the hundred Personages, and hesitated to use his giant forward battery against the fugitive. He was under orders to seize, not to destroy, the big *Dampfer*. But when, after three hours of steaming, the *Von der Schlecht* saw no appreciable narrowing of the distance which separated her from her quarry, the German commander lost patience—or his sense of human justice—and threw a 5.9-inch shell a few hundred yards to starboard of the *Babylonia*. He slowed down to do this, lest his gunners might hit the liner by mistake. The *Babylonia's* only answer was to take advantage of the slowing down to add a good half-mile to her margin of safety, leaping forward with great, shuddering plunges which threatened to jounce the very bottom out of her.

"Tell that man to stop or take the consequences!" yelled Captain Ludwigstein to his wireless-room.

"They will not receive, sir," came the reply; "they only send! First it is: 'Passengers on board; do not shoot!' then it is: 'Bahia! Bahia! *Babylonia* attacked!'"

"Put a shot into her, well astern!" came the next order from the bridge. And, as the *Babylonia* rose on the succeeding surge of the sea, she received a non-explosive shell in her after superstructure, thereby losing half of her second-cabin accommodations, a section of decking as big as a Harlem flat, some twelve yards of after-railing, and one venturesome room steward who had disobeyed the captain's injunction to remain foward of number six bulkhead. But still the "old girl" pressed on!

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"Shall we give way now?" squeaked the cowardly rudder-chain links, who had been too close for comfort. "Shall we? Shall we?"

"What!" shrieked the rivets, and bearings, and gauges, and valves, and dynamos in chorus. "Give way *now?* After we've been *hit?* And by a German shell? No, damn your eyes! Hold on as you never held before!"

Give way? What monstrous idea was here? Permit this impertinent Teuton—this Frankish ravisher—not only to overhaul but to loot and strip and destroy a Clyde-built liner with Newcastle fittings? Well, hardly! Let the world read how a mere German scouting cruiser walked calmly up to "The Queen of the Seven Seas," struck her brutally with his iron gantlet, and said: "Come with me"? Far better a honeycombed derelict, with passengers and crew and cargo and treasure intact, floating deep below the waves on which they now so bravely rode, than to suffer such ignominy! Far better to slave another twenty years under the Union Jack than to rest in luxury under the Prussian eagle!

"Hold on as you never held before!" they cried again—and forthwith bent to their respective tasks with a grim determination to carry that bit of red bunting to safety, or to permit some one or something else to bear the burden of responsibility. The port-side rivets gripped the plates of the old *Babylonia* with a tenacity which brooked no breaking; the shaft-bearings coddled their giant charges as the latter whirled the wheels of deliverance; the steam-gauges recorded each ounce of pressure, on or off; the pump-valves sucked in the flood that poured through a shell-hole in the after compartment, and spat it back into the sea again; and the wireless dynamos, with fevered energy, generated the power which projected a continuous, piteous Herzian cry through the air currents:

"Bahia! Bahia! *Babylonia* attacked!" followed by the approximate location of the liner.

Gods, what a race—and a chase! On came the *Babylonia*, her steel lungs bursting with the fearful pressure necessary to whirl her propellers until the indicator on the bridge marked the unheard-of figure, "25.5." On came the *Von der Schlecht*, all four funnels belching black smoke to the sky, while ever and anon a puff of white from her side, followed by a low rumble, bespoke activity in her forward battery. Occasionally, after one of these discharges, the *Babylonia* would shiver, or jerk wildly to port or starboard in agonized quavers—but she would not falter! "The Queen of the Seven Seas," like her sister queens of other days, knew how to suffer her wounds.

And the three hundred first-cabin passengers—including the hundred Personages—what of them? Packed unceremoniously into the dining-saloon and locked in, like Professor Aronnax and his companions on the mythical *Nautilus*, it must be admitted that they raged, and fretted, and fainted a bit, until Captain Davey Welton appeared and told them the exact status of affairs. He expected shrieks, execrations, and possibly violence—he received cheers, laudations, and immediate, unanimous submission. After all, who can say what three hundred first-cabin passengers—particularly when one hundred of them are Personages—will do in time of stress?

On one ship, I remember, where the danger was comparatively slight, the passengers behaved like fiends let loose from Bedlam—charged the life-boats, threw missiles at the officers, leaped overboard into calm water, cursed, tore their hair, and cringed abjectly before a fate which never overtook them! On another, with certain death standing before them, and with a scant ten minutes in which to look their last upon man's world and his waters, another group of passengers stood, side by side, along a steamer's rail, calm as chloroformed mice, and sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," until the water choked back their notes and their souls sped out to await the rest of humanity in the Gardens of Glory. Truly, one reputed Shavism is immortal: "You never can tell!"

When a six-inch shell carried away the stack and trundled its way through the wireless-room and the starboard side of the wheel-house, it took poor old Dotty Woodcroft with it—but the *Babylonia* pounded onward; and the wireless (after hesitating long enough for the plucky

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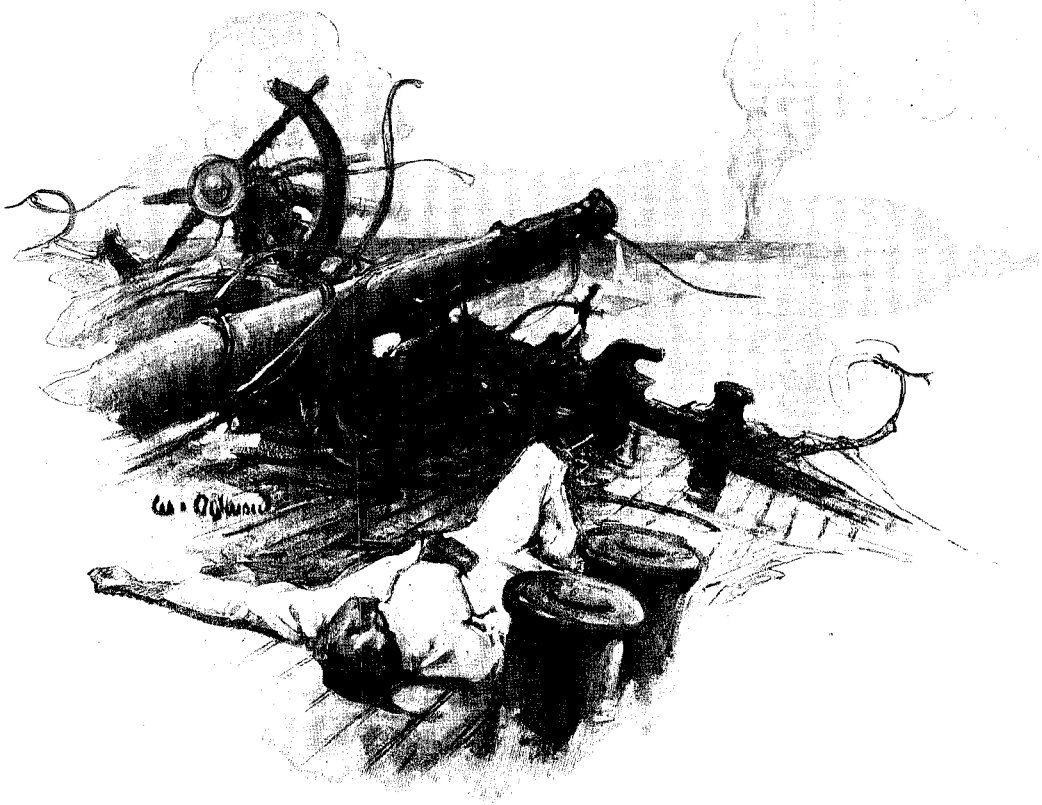
"op" to pick himself out of the corner and frantically readjust some minor parts of his apparatus) continued to beat the air with its wild appeal:

"Bahia! Bahia! *Babylonia* attacked!"

Now, the *King Henry VIII*, first-class battle-cruiser and already hero of some half-dozen naval engagements, was not precisely at Bahia that day, but she was near enough to catch one of the first appeals sent from the *Babylonia*, and forthwith she departed, without answering, for the scene of the aquatic hare-and-hound tournament. The *King Henry VIII*, in fact, was awaiting news of the *Von der Schlecht*, having been advised of the latter's departure for American waters, and was hoping she might come that way; for the *Henry's* eight shining rifles —four forward and four aft—were capable of tossing explosive shells quite a distance beyond the attainable mark of the rifles on board the *Von der Schlecht*. Hence, when the wireless cry from the *Babylonia* sputtered into the receiving headgear of the "op" on board the *Henry* there was much rejoicing, also much sudden coaling of boilers, changing of speed, revising of course, and clearing of gun-decks.



The bruised and battered *Babylonia*.

The commander of the *King Henry VIII* gave no intimation of his whereabouts, however, until the bruised and battered form of the *Babylonia* appeared on the sky-line, closely followed by the

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grim outlines of the now triumphant *Von der Schlecht*. Then and there—being broadside on at the time—the *King Henry VIII* spoke so gruffly and so reprovingly to the *Von der Schlecht*—through the medium of those self-same shining rifles, turreted fore and aft—that the Teuton bethought herself, suddenly, of pressing business in the opposite direction, and abandoned the quest of the *Babylonia's* gold as hurriedly and as gracefully as was possible under the circumstances. Considering that she was by this time somewhat generally aflame, and more or less uncomfortably fast filling with water, it is agreed by navigating authorities that she made an extremely clever job of her "getaway" and of her eventual return to home waters. Yet to have stayed meant only to invite further argument, in which 13-inch rifles carried much greater conviction than those of 11-inch calibre, even though Krupp had fashioned the latter's breeches. Hence Captain Ludwigstein gently, yet swiftly, "looped the loop," as it were, and led his charge away from there; meanwhile cursing, in that dynamic, resonant way that navy commanders have, the luck that would jerk five million dollars out from under a fellow's nose just as the fellow was about to gobble it up and carry it home to add to the famous "Rheingold"!

While the *King Henry VIII* was gently, yet swiftly, steaming after the *Von der Schlecht*—lest the latter should change her mind—the *Babylonia* reeled on toward Bahia and All Saints' Bay, which haven she made some seventeen hours later by clever navigating, with a thirty-degree list to port. Despite the fact that she dropped anchor shortly after one o'clock in the morning, Captain Davey Welton whistled for lighters, and still more lighters, until he had his three hundred first-cabin passengers (including his hundred Personages), and his five millions in gold, and the greater part of his twelve thousand tons of general cargo safe on the solid ground near Bahia. Having seen to which the case-hardened skipper, with a sigh for the soul of Dotty Woodcroft, laid himself down in his bunk with this final admonition to his cabin-boy:

"Two hours, Oscar! Camp outside the door and wake me when they're up! Pass the word along for each man-jack to tie up his belongings and pile 'em by the boats—we'll head for the beach when I've finished my nap!"

"Yes, sir!" The boy closed the door.

"And—oh, Oscar!"

The door opened again.

"Yes, sir?"

"We gave 'em a run—eh, Oscar?"

"Yes, sir—that we did, sir!"

"A *hell* of a run—eh, Oscar?"

"Yes, sir—you're right, sir!"

"Hmmmm!" said Captain Davey Welton, and promptly fell asleep.

So they beached the old *Babylonia*, at two o'clock that afternoon, on the smooth white reaches of sand just north of Bahia, with the aid of two Brazilian salvage tugs, and without a hitch or jar. She stands there to-day, upright and straight, in about twelve feet of water at low tide—still "Queen of the Seven Seas," and famous the world over for the race she ran and the prize she won, or kept the *Von der Schlecht* from winning, which amounts to the same thing.

I talked recently with the inspector who has just gone over her, preparatory to patching up her wounds and towing her back to dry dock.

"Would you believe it?" queried this official, in a tone clearly implying that I would not, even though he swore to it, "the old girl made that last run of hers on *pure nerve*. Her equipment was simply shockin'! First off, there was two plates on the port side—where she was gouged once, I believe—the rivets of which were so twisted that nothin' but sheer *strength of character* held 'em together! Then there was rudder-chain links that fell apart if we looked at 'em; shaft-bearings all ground to powder; steam-gauges that registered 410 if you took a deep breath; and pump-valves—well, *I'd* hate to have valves like that on *my* pumps! Rotten? Say, man, it wasn't only *human* pluck and courage that cheated the *Boche* and brought the *Babylonia* into port that trip—b-u-l-l-i-e-v-e m-e!"

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

HOW the soft maples are glowing in a red mist along the moist, low places, and the alder, birch, and willow catkins are swinging and sending their pollen afloat with every breeze! We watch the advance of spring among the wild flowers—in New England we used to hunt the shy arbutus under the snow of March—see the tiny, fuzzy-stemmed hepaticas and their many friends, follow the waking of old garden familiars, but easily overlook the flowers that the trees hang out to decorate their bare twigs. Those of the maples and the elms soon give place to the winged seed aeroplanes that float off to start new colonies. None of the trees bears more interesting flowers than the sturdy family of oaks. They hang out their blossoms from the end of the twigs like a fringe of old lace.

"A Brotherhood of Venerable Trees"

The flowers of the tulip, which blooms rather late, standing up at the tips of the branches are like miniatures of those that Henry van Dyke celebrated in his charming verses, "When Tulips Bloom in Union Square"—those that make a rim of gay color in one of the most sordid of city squares. Among the early tree flowers those of the dogwood shine among the bare branches like newly fallen snow, and the horse-chestnuts look like belated Christmas trees with all the candles lighted.

Following the flowers come the leaves with a surprising suddenness, and one of the marvels of the year is the way the youngsters are hidden away in the buds. Open carefully a bud of the tulip-tree or horse-chestnut, unfold the tiny leaves, and notice how wonderfully they are packed away. Try the same experiment with the ailanthus or shag-bark hickory. How beautifully they are colored as they first break out of winter quarters—delicate tones of green varied with red and pink! Nature is rich and wonderful in design and her palette is limited by no formulas.

The spring woods are a tracery of delicate, misty tones, in the sunshine almost a uniform gray, tender as the color of the early dawn. Corot was the painter who taught us to understand better and appreciate the ineffable loveliness and mystery of the trees in spring. He painted them early in the morning, in the light of the fading day. The shadowy, dancing figures in many of his pictures are a part of their poetry—they belong there, the spirits, the mood of the spring. They are but tangible expressions of the thoughts that the season brings to us all; they are music and dancing and gladness.

The botanist knows that the young leaves and the flowers have kept warm and still in the bud since the old leaves of the last year dropped to earth—but most of us care little for scientific family histories; the eternal mystery of the renewal, the beauty that never grows old is ours, even with the passing of the years, the consciousness of the approach of old age. There is a dignified reserve in the bare trees of winter, but in the springtime they become our intimates, voicing in the music of their leaves, in the beauty of their quiet colors, the harmonies of our own hearts. And how their lives parallel our own! If you know some favorite woods you will miss old friends with the years, see some great giant shorn of limbs by the storms of last winter. What a relief to the dweller in the city canyons to get out among the trees in the spring! Then they wave friendly, beckoning arms of welcome. Dwellers in the suburbs and the country may live the round year in the friendly companionship of trees, know them by their leaves, know them standing bravely silhouetted against gray winter skies by the form and structure of their bare branches. Is it not well worth while to add to our friends, as the years go on, "A Brotherhood of Venerable Trees"?

IT would be of statistical interest to ascertain how many men and women of sixty to-day owe both their chief knowledge of grammar and their chief knowledge of Milton to having been forced in infancy to parse "Paradise Lost" from the first word to the last. Friend after friend has confessed to me a shamefaced detestation for the blind poet, due to the fact that it was with accidence

Parsing "Paradise"

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rather than with Providence for their guide they in youth

> "with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way."

The early Victorians got their theology from Milton, the later ones got their syntax; it remains for the pupils of the present to go to him for poetry. Nowadays we endeavor to teach students a knowledge of Satan rather than of syntax, and look back with post-Victorian scorn on an educational system that would reduce the glory of an epic to the ignominy of dissection into the parts of speech. In our contempt we fail to observe that teachers to-day have done likewise, in kind if not in degree, for, if we no longer devote whole poems to perdition, we cull for the base uses of text-book example the daintiest flowers of quotation in verse or rhythmic prose. We pluck a nosegay from Tennyson to illustrate an adjective, or wrench from Ruskin some visioned period as model of a metaphor, and we hold the poor pinched blossom to the pupil, and verily believe that in analyzing pistil and stamen into grammatical terms, he will still smell and see the beauty of the flower. We forget that it is exactly as philistine of us so to desecrate a single rose as it was for our predecessors to reduce Milton's whole gardenful to syntactical botany.

The attempt at the same time to follow the gleam and to pursue a preposition is only an illustration of the passion of contemporary education to kill two birds with one stone. This effort after two targets is bad for the aim, and is bad for the birds, if the object be to bag one of them. Results show that youngsters of to-day are as weak in grammar as their grandparents, who plodded through "Paradise" without a suspicion of its poetry, are sturdy. Grammar and poetry never did go hand in hand, and never will, and the practise of illustrating sentence-structure by exquisite quotation is both unscientific and unæsthetic, and, further, it is profoundly unethical, being a base ingratitude to the poets who have showered us with beauty. Fortunately for their feelings, poets cited in school-books are always dead, but that does not excuse a grammarian's perfidy in citing them. It is not probable that fear of future syntax ever choked any poet's singing, although Horace expressed a premonition of the text-book only too well founded. The point for the present-day pedagogue is not whether or not the poets know when they are shredded into sentence-structure, but how they would feel if they did know. Somewhere George Eliot says, "Tell the most impassioned orator that his neck-tie is awry, and he will be checked in mid-flood of eloquence," and in like manner, one might say, tell the most impassioned poet that he will one day be a text-book, and he will be arrested in the full fling of tossing off a "Hamlet."

> "Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,"

but grammar has even more basely clipped Keats's—"him even"—when it ruthlessly demands the construction of "soft" in the following:

> "Soft went the music the soft air along,
> While fluent Greek a vowelled undersong
> Kept up among the guests."

Base and brutish, we think, to mark off "blissful Paradise" by grammar's impertinent line and rule, but how about our own barbarity when from Shelley we unweave into woof and texture of participles some such rainbow as

> "This is the mystic shell:
> See the pale azure fading into silver,
> Lining it with a soft yet glowing light:
> Looks it not like lulled music sleeping there?"

May the day come when not only Satan and his angels, but every poet that ever wove his singing words, may be protected from the degradation of parsing. On the other hand, might not parsing be the very punishment to impose on the passages in which Homer nods? While one cannot bear the degradation of Lucifer's being made to answer for the syntax of his sonorous wrath, who would care if "Raphael, the affable archangel," were called upon to cast lucidity grammatical as well as astronomical on such a passage as

> "What if seventh to these
> The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem
> Insensibly these different motions wove?
> Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
> Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,
> Or save the sun his labor, and that swift
> Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed
> Invisible else, above all stars, the wheel
> Of day and night."

In fact, parsing is a proper penalty for any one who has committed the social impertinence of being an archangel.

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There are plenty of passages in plenty of poets that lend themselves admirably to grammatical dissection without our profaning the brightest and best. For instance, "Goody Blake and Harry Gill" might serve as a grounding in grammar as well as in charity for very little folk, while schoolmasters still left immortal the "Ode on Immortality." But if all poets are guilty of arid stretches only fit for digging, it is none the less ungodly to go grubbing for grammar in the glorious gardens the singers have left for our inheritance.

If the sordid uses of syntax are hard on the poet, they are also hard on the pedagogue as he plods with the pupil through a text-book impudently composed of star-stuff. It is torture to a teacher to "pluck from Browning some pomegranate"—for instance:

> "What I love best in all the world
> Is a castle, precipice-encurled
> In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine,"

in order to inspect the substantive clause! Prod forth the clause and at the same time preserve the picture of the stark mountainside, and the sound of skirling wind, if you can! Sometimes the fugitive quotation ripped from its context has a teasing familiarity to which one cannot give a local habitation or a name, while other cited passages have an association so immediate and so holy that to handle them at all for syntactical purposes is sacrilege. It is surely doom heavy enough to have to teach grammar without being forced to teach it in a way that flagellates the instructor's memory and appreciation.

Perhaps Satan never did devil's work more completely than when he let the school-children of the past generation loose to study syntax in the Garden of Eden; but if so, it was Satan himself who suffered most; the young grammarians intent on making pebble-piles of the parts of speech failed to see Satan in all his looming grandeur or Eve in all her loveliness—never suspected it was Paradise they were treading. To-day the pupil is introduced to Lucifer under better auspices, and Milton is a poet and not a proper noun, and yet the spirit in which our predecessors parsed "Paradise" still haunts our schoolrooms. We have indifferently reformed all that, but so long as we teach grammar through poetic quotation we have not reformed it altogether. After all, it is not poet or pedagogue who suffers most by the present process, but the pupil. By our mixing his drinks he fails to distinguish the true flavor of either grammar or poetry. No school-child will ever unconsciously imbibe a love of noble lines by gulping them down as syntax. The Victorian method was sounder, whereby the grandsires may have missed Milton but learned to pin any adjective, however rhapsodic its surroundings. Grammar is prose and intended for every-day work, and poetry is poetry and intended for every-day joy, and we had better find some method of teaching both that will not blur the distinction. Undoubtedly, we must find some way of stiffening with a sense of structure the knock-kneed sentences our youngsters write; but this will be better accomplished by citations from the newspapers and the periodicals than from the shrines. Let these remain sacred. Let our pupils not only discover their grammar from simple, every-day prose, but at the same time learn what good English is being written to-day right under their noses. Contemporary achievement is always the best incentive to contemporary effort. Our school boys and girls have no ambition to become Miltons, inglorious or otherwise, but they do desire to be able to write straightforward English. Any good teacher or any good text-book could find enough examples on an average editorial page to equip any pupil with an unerring precision in regard to the parts of speech, and with an impetus to employ them as correctly as does his next-door neighbor, the newspaper upon the table. But to grammar its place and to poetry its place in the classroom as in life. Undoubtedly our present classrooms show that they consider the place of poetry a greater one than that of grammar, so that boys and girls to-day acquire, when reading Milton, as enthusiastic a respect for Satan as had his creator; but schoolmasters of the past might point with excusable pride to classes incomparably firmer on their feet in the paths of syntax, and possessing together with this security all the accompanying sanity, the orderliness of mind, the working common sense of the much-maligned Victorian era. After all, it is merely a matter of educational preference as to which is more useful through life, an acquaintance with syntax or an affection for Satan.

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THE FIELD OF ART

Early Tuscan frame of carved and painted wood with the motto in gold on a blue ground. Virgin and Child. Ignoto Toscano, in the Uffizi.

ITALIAN PICTURE-FRAMES

IT is a significant sign of the unimportance accorded to picture-frames that, in attempting any research on the subject, one can only discover an occasional notice of some individual frame among a mass of detail comprised under the generic title of "Frames," which ranges from chimney-pieces, door furniture, and girandoles down to the designs employed in book illustration, called by the French "cartouches."

Only in Italy was the art of picture-framing a fine art, and the examples worth studying belong almost entirely to that country.

Picture-frames are of comparatively modern origin, for during the long period of the Middle Ages such portable pictures as existed were enclosed in wooden cases with doors and had, consequently, no frames, while mirrors were not yet in existence. It was not till life became more settled and houses were considered in relation to peace as well as war, that the custom began to prevail of placing pictures on walls. They start, therefore, in the fifteenth century and are at the height of their perfection in the sixteenth.

From the earliest times Italian artists knew that for a painting to be rightly appreciated it was necessary to enclose it in some kind of surround; they knew, too, that it could never be a matter of caprice what that particular surround should be, but that it must be chosen scientifically and with due regard to the effect of the painting on the spectator and of the whole as a work of art.

It is only necessary to study the fine examples that are still in existence from the best period of this art, which appears to have been exclusively Italian, to realize that neither chance nor fashion entered into it. On the contrary, it was the outcome of an instinctive æsthetic sentiment of feeling for the beautiful in conjunction with an almost scientific appreciation of what would enhance the intelligent understanding of the picture. Whether we look at them in their richness or their simplicity we shall note that the structure of the frame was first carefully studied and adapted to its purpose of suitably enclosing the picture, and that its subsequent enrichment, whether by modelling, gilding, painting, or

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a combination of the three, was likewise equally subservient to the master principle of establishing a perfect harmony between the frame and the painting. So, too, it is only necessary to study the art in its decadence to become aware of the injurious effect produced by irregular or exaggerated mouldings or by an overexuberant or unsuitable complication of ornament. By an undue prominence in either structure or decoration, the spectator is distracted and his vision disturbed to the entire detriment of the picture.

Circular carved frame round Michael Angelo's Holy Family, in the Tribuna of the Uffizi. The design is a complicated arabesque of birds and foliage with five heads in bold relief.

The evolution, the climax, and the decadence of the art of framing pictures is comprised in less than a hundred years. It began in the last half of the fifteenth century, attaining its zenith in the first quarter of the sixteenth, and from that time onward became more and more perverted by foreign influence.

In the fourteenth century and up to the middle of the fifteenth, or even later, pictures were painted exclusively for altars, either in churches, the chapels of communities, or the houses of the rich. Hence they were largely architectural in character, and being likewise enriched with the motives characteristic of architecture, were thus admirably attuned to the interiors of cathedrals and churches. Pilasters of various kinds, round and pointed arches, recesses, architrave, frieze, and cornice—all these may be found in the composition of the earliest picture-frames or altar-pieces, as they really were.

With the last years of the fifteenth century came the rapid development of the Renascence and all that it brought to every branch of art, of vigor of conception, fertility of imagination, and wealth of exquisite detail. That epoch set its seal upon frames as well as upon the higher branches of art, and we observe the consequent enrichment of the more severely architectural types with the lightness and profusion of floral ornament, more especially in those executed in Venice.

The frames of this period, when the art was at its height, seem to fall into three distinct types—the architectural or "tabernacle" frames as they were generally described in Italy, the carved frames for circular pictures, of which the Uffizi Gallery at Florence possesses two splendid and well-known examples on paintings by Botticelli, and the square frames carved with severely simple but beautiful mouldings, two perfect examples of which are in the Kunstgewerbe Museum at Berlin. For a considerable time Italian frames retained their national characteristics, and though they lost the fine adjustment of proportion and ornamentation that had distinguished the earlier examples, they yet kept a certain distinction and the charm of a graceful and decorative purpose. They gradually,

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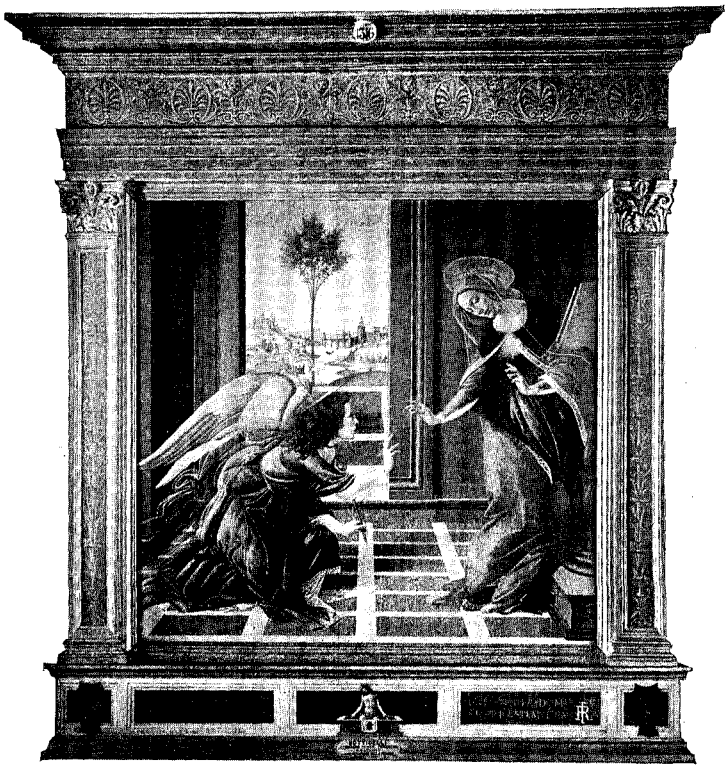
however, lost their native character, and coming under French influence became more and more debased until all sobriety of treatment disappeared. There was then no longer any recognition that the art of picture-framing is strictly bound up with that of painting; the frames turned out in imitation of the styles of Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI might as well have been made for mirrors as for pictures, and long before the days of the Empire we find that picture-framing as a really fine art had ceased to exist.

When one thinks of the number of early Italian paintings that are still left to us, it may be a source of surprise that so few are in their original setting. The National Gallery, London, has hardly any of importance, the Louvre but a few; the Berlin Gallery is better off, but even in Florence, Siena, Venice, and throughout Italy, where naturally most "old masters" are to be found, the number is extraordinarily disproportionate to that of the pictures of the time.



Tabernacle frame of carved wood with decoration of gold over blue. The base has a pieta in the centre and shields in colors at each corner.

Annunciation by Botticelli, in the Uffizi.

Early Italian pictures are still occasionally to be seen, especially in galleries abroad, surrounded by a simple fillet. This, which is only a part of the frame properly so-called, is very often the only part that is left of the original, which was removed either from one or other of the above causes, or possibly from the desire that the picture should take up as little room as possible on the walls of the academies and public galleries that were being founded at the time. Signor M. Guggenheim, in a work on "Le Cornici Italiane," published some years ago, shows that there are many documents which prove how fully the old painters interested themselves in the frames that were both to serve as well as to preserve their pictures. If they did not always design them, they frequently planned them with the craftsman or suggested a decoration that would help to harmonize with the painting. He mentions as an example a superb frame on a picture of Marescalco in the Museo Civico at Vicenza, for which the artist himself made a design in light and shade, and also Bartolommeo Vivarini, as another painter, who is known to have initiated the frames for his own pictures. It was a time when few artists worked only in one branch of art; painters knew how to be architects and sculptors, and the subsidiary arts of carving and modelling were frequently practised by the men who handled brush as well as chisel. This, no doubt, greatly helped the painter in a control of the frame which was to be the crown and harmonious decoration

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of his work, and in the making of which so many arts were not infrequently combined. On certain of the canvases of the early painters, Jacobello del Fiore, Vivarini,

Tabernacle frame of wood carved and painted. Virgin and Child. Ignoto Toscano, Uffizi Gallery.

Crivelli, and others, one can see in the relief of the architectural detail, the gems and gold in the crowns, the sacred books and the like, how they delighted in modelling, as if in protest against the arbitrary exclusion from their particular sphere of the sister art of sculpture. So, too, in the frames we seem to catch a hint of the same feeling; for on the basis of a structure sometimes severely architectural we often find the conceptions of a sculptor carried out with admirable delicacy of workmanship.

As to the framing of modern pictures, there has been considerable improvement of late, and there have been seen a certain number of highly creditable attempts to solve the problem of obtaining unity of frame and picture in a harmonious whole, but for the most part artists remain strangely indifferent to the matter and seem content to follow a fashion that is often in open contradiction with real artistic judgment and feeling. The frame that is suitable to a portrait of old age cannot be suitable to a landscape, and what is wanted for a subject of serious treatment is surely inappropriate to one of light and graceful imagination. On the other hand, the austere subject does not necessarily require framing in a severe and rigorous fashion, nor does the picture of contemporary manners demand a setting that is novel or bizarre. What were the exact principles that proved so unerring a guide to the craftsmen of the cinque cento in frame-making, as in everything else, can only be discovered by a patient study of the individual craft by the modern worker in that particular line. One rule, however, seems to have been of almost universal obligation, that, as ornamentation, the frame should be treated more richly in proportion as the picture it contained was simple and subdued.

Sienese frame of the tabernacle type in wood carved and painted, with the arms of the Piccolomini family.

S. T. Prideaux.

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THE FINANCIAL WORLD

WHEN THE WAR ENDS

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES
Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

AS the European War approaches the end of its second year, it becomes increasingly evident how divergent are the views entertained in the world at large regarding its termination. The great body of humane sentiment undoubtedly holds the ground that the war cannot be ended too soon; that the civilized world must be relieved from this frightful incubus; that peace, however achieved, is a paramount necessity of civilization. There is also visible, however, even in peaceful neutral communities, a feeling that the war ought not to be allowed to end until Germany shall have been made to suffer the humiliation suited to a government which, for its own ambitious purposes and under the domination of a military cabal, had provoked such a conflict; whose violation of treaty, contempt for the recognized rules of modern war, burning of captured cities, exaction of tribute, use of poisonous gases, and murder of non-combatants on the seas, had created a situation in which mere restoration of the *status quo ante bellum* would be mockery.

Prosperity and War

Looking at the situation from yet another point of view, financial and industrial markets have seemed to change their attitude repeatedly. During the first five or six months of war, when the whole economic world was paralyzed under the influence of the sudden cataclysm, the single opinion seemed to be that nothing could set things right but speedy return of peace. Presently, however, the powerful neutral states began to discover their own exceptional economic advantages. New York received from London its temporarily abandoned sceptre of economic leadership. The world's supply of capital gravitated to America. Our gold supply, our business activities, our export trade, rose to unprecedented magnitude. The foreign exchanges moved in a spectacular way in favor of New York; then, and perhaps even more emphatically, in favor of the other great neutral market, Amsterdam.

The word was passed about that our prosperity was bound up with the European War, and that what we had most to fear, by way of a check to that prosperity, was the return of peace. A very exceptional confusion of judgment has been the result. On the Stock Exchange, whose action is commonly supposed to reflect the opinion of intelligent business men, prices would advance one day on military news which seemed to indicate shortening of the war, and break sharply the next day on rumors of peace negotiations. All this made the stock-market as perplexing a measure of the real situation as were the battle news and the several War Office bulletins, in a month when the furious fighting around Verdun alternated with reports of tentative proposals to end the war.

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THE "peace rumors" have themselves been confusing. In the nature of the case, overtures for peace have to be of the most roundabout and unofficial character; because any government that should publicly and officially ask what terms would be acceptable to its antagonists would thereby suggest on its own part military weakness or weariness of war. There is little doubt, however, that an effort at opening peace negotiations was made through Austria and the Vatican last August. That was immediately after the Austro-German army had defeated Russia in the Carpathians and had crossed the Russian border.

Undoubted Peace Overtures

In official Petrograd, it was very positively stated at the time that offers of a separate peace had been made by Germany to Russia. The report of simultaneous overtures, through Austria and the Vatican to the other Allies, drew forth the French premier's declaration to the deputies, in August, that recovery of Alsace-Lorraine and Belgium was the irreducible minimum. It is practically certain that in December, when the defeat of Servia had been made complete, Prince von Buelow endeavored to arrange some basis of negotiation in Switzerland. Both the French and English ministries then re-stated to their respective parliaments the ultimatum of the Allies; which was such as to render the German suggestions wholly unworkable.

On neither of those occasions did the Stock Exchanges take the matter seriously. Because of the huge profits earned, through Europe's orders for war munitions, by various incorporated American companies, the New York stock-market has appeared at times to regard the prospect of a sudden end to war as an unfavorable influence on values. In particular, the somewhat obscure incident of last March—in which it certainly appeared that the German chancellor voluntarily outlined, to our ambassador at Berlin, the terms of peace which would be acceptable to Germany—was reflected quite unmistakably on the Stock Exchange, where prices of the "war munitions shares" fell 5 to 40 per cent within a very few days on the report of that interview. The violence of this response was in part attributable to the mistaken inference that Berlin had actually asked our government's mediation. But it also had its basis in the growing belief that, whether or not such action had been taken, some negotiation of the sort could not be long delayed.

It was recognized, even by the Stock Exchange, that with the battle of Verdun still raging, with Germany still torpedoing passenger-ships and threatening a new programme of attack, and with signs beginning to multiply, after Von Tirpitz's recall in March, of a breach between the civil government and the Admiralty (the German people's sympathies being uncertain), the moment was not auspicious. Nor did the chancellor's reported outline of terms acceptable to Germany—restoration of Belgium, but a war indemnity from France, return of the conquered German colonies, and reversion to the territorial status quo of July, 1914—impress many minds as a workable initiative. Nevertheless, the idea persisted that Europe as a whole must very soon move in some way for restoration of peace—not alone because of the steadily increasing severity of the economic strain, but because it is becoming more clearly understood how greatly each additional year of war

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THE FINANCIAL WORLD

(Continued from page 650)

must now prolong the period of recuperation after war, and postpone the recovery by Europe of her trade with the outside world.

WE shall hear much more of these aspects of the matter before next winter. But how is the conflict to be ended? Until some convincing answer can be made to that practical question, the financial world will not begin to prepare in earnest for post-bellum conditions. Every one understands how peace is brought about when one belligerent is completely overwhelmed. The ending of the Franco-Prussian War, after only seven months of fighting, followed inevitably on the military collapse of France. The provisional French Government asked for terms, and had to take what Prussia granted.

Historic Precedents for Peace

All efforts of the larger European Powers, to intervene or mediate in the Balkan War of 1913, accomplished no more than a temporary truce between the Balkan states and Turkey; it was only when the Balkan allies attacked one another, and when Bulgaria, rendered helpless by Rumania's armed intervention on the side of Servia, herself asked peace at Bucharest, that the war was definitely terminated. The Boer War, like our own Civil War, ended with the complete defeat of one antagonist, the disintegration of his forces, and the people's acceptance of the terms laid down by the victorious government. In the Crimean War of 1856, as in the Russo-Turkish War of 1878, the defeated belligerent asked for terms of peace.

Not one of these episodes gives a precedent for the present case of Europe, in which no belligerent is yet defeated, except the two small Allies, Belgium and Servia. If we look for precedent (as we have had to do so often in this war) to the long Napoleonic conflict, it is even more difficult to get light. The "Coalition" of England, Russia, Austria, and Sweden against Napoleonic France in 1805, with Prussia included later, was three times broken by a temporary peace imposed by Napoleon on one or more of the Allies—on Austria after Austerlitz, in 1805; on Russia and Prussia after Friedland, in 1807; on Austria again after Wagram, in 1809.

The German Government appears to have attempted the similar detaching of one or more members from the coalition of 1914. Overtures separately made to Belgium, to Russia, and possibly to Servia, did not succeed; they were foreseen by the Allies in their formal and solemn pledge, at the beginning of hostilities, that none of them would make peace except with the knowledge and consent of its allies. But even in the campaigns of a century ago, none of the separate truces ended the war. England never made peace with France between 1803 and 1815. Each of the Continental states which accepted Napoleon's terms of peace during that interval was in arms against him again a few years later. The conflict as a whole did not end until the downfall of Napoleon.

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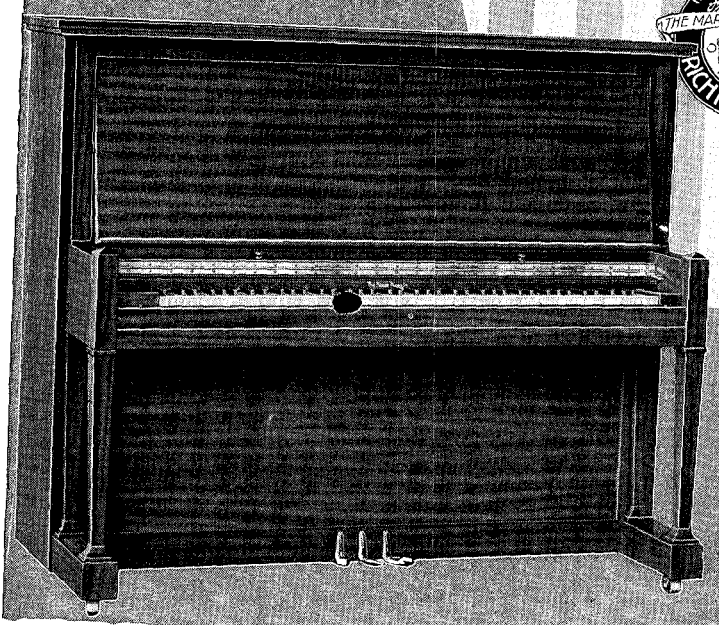

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IF, finally, one looks for precedent to a modern instance of admittedly successful neutral mediation, the Treaty of Portsmouth, by which in 1905 the Russo-Japanese War was ended, might perhaps be thought to present analogy with the existing situation. Our own government's successful offer of mediation is certainly believed to have been made at the request of one belligerent, and it was promptly accepted by the other.

The Pressure of French Bankers on the Russo-Japanese Peace

Yet even in that notable case, whatever may have been Japan's economic necessities (and the record has by no means proved them to have been urgent), the larger influence in promoting a settlement was the pressure applied to Russia by the Paris bankers who were financing her war expenditure. Their growing uneasiness over the signs, not only of economic difficulties but of coming political collapse in Russia—which, as a matter of fact, occurred only a few months later—was a paramount force in bringing the two antagonists together. There is no one to apply such outside pressure to the present belligerents; they are financing the war themselves, and neither side is exhausted.

The precedent of history, then, has not greatly helped prophetic judgment on this present occasion, either with public men or with financial markets. It cannot be said that the Stock Exchange—to which, from long habit, the world still looks for signs of such coming events—has given any convincing indication that the large financial interests are looking for an early peace. But that is not the only source of perplexity. Among experienced financiers, it is a matter of dispute how the return of peace, or even the definite prospect of it, will affect the position even in neutral countries.

(Continued on page 52)

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THE STREET BOND HOUSE

(Continued from page 51)

OPINION, so far as it seems to have been formulated, is framed along two wholly divergent lines of reasoning. According to one of them, this war is itself so immense a calamity, both political and economic, that its ending must introduce financial recovery throughout the world. To American commerce it would reopen the blockaded ports of Europe; in behalf of American finance it would avert the conceivable forced sale in our markets of the one or two thousand millions of American securities still owned in Europe. It would remove at once the overhanging possibility of the European conflict taking a desperately destructive turn, or of the United States itself being dragged into war.

What Peace Would Bring to American Commerce

This being so, a spontaneous outburst of relief ought to govern events throughout the economic world. Neutral countries would emerge from a period of long suspense—without the prospect of that aftermath of economic exhaustion which belligerent Europe must undergo, with abundant material resources of their own in hand, and with the certainty that Europe must depend on their productive resources for physical rehabilitation.

As against this cheerful forecast, it is asserted by people of the opposite opinion that trade, even in the neutral states, is at present supported by the military demands of belligerent Europe. Not only must those activities cease instantly with the ending of war, but the fictitious character of the buying demand will at once become evident. European governments will be overloaded with debt and the European people crushed with taxes. How, then, will either of them be able to pay for American exports? No European state can long postpone the reform of its inflated paper currency, or the re-

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moval of those emergency expedients in credit whereby general insolvency was avoided in the preliminary strain on credit when the war began. But that is a process of contraction which, as a good deal of experience has taught, will aggravate hard times.

Violent Readjustment of Prices

FURTHERMORE, although prices of American commodities have not been inflated by depreciated currency in the United States, every one of our products used in war (such as copper, lead, zinc, and probably steel) has been abnormally enhanced in price by the military demand—sometimes 100 or 150 per cent from the prices of 1914. Those markets will have to face violent readjustment; prices for the same metals fell 30 to 50 per cent in the first year after Waterloo, although their use for munition purposes had been far less extensive then than now. All home industries using such materials would have a more or less similar experience to undergo.

Demand for our wheat has undoubtedly been kept up by the blockade, during nearly two years, of wheat exports from Russia, a country which produces one-fourth of the whole world's wheat crop. But Odessa and Riga would be reopened at once to the wheat-consuming world. Not least of all, our manufacturers, responding to the unprecedented demands of Europe, have invested immense sums of capital in plants to produce munitions of war. That trade will practically end with the war. The companies and their shares (whose prices have been put up 200 to 1,200 per cent on the Stock Exchange) must come back to a normal basis, with great incidental disturbance. These considerations, it is usually pointed out, are independent of

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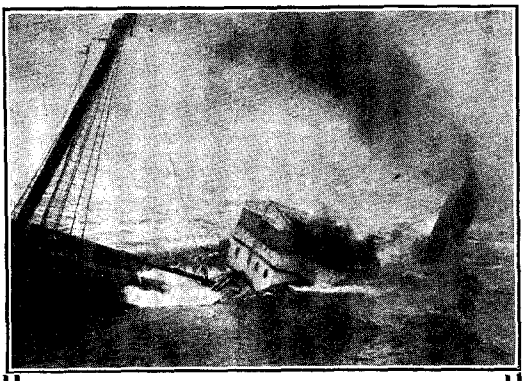

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the other disputed question, What will be the character of Europe's post-bellum competition with our manufacturing industries, whether in the home market or in the export trade?

At the end of 1915, the main question thus disputed was put categorically by a New York newspaper to 26 well-known bankers, manufacturers, economists, government officials, railway managers, and capitalists. Of the answers, 14 were to the effect that American prosperity would continue after peace; 10 were of the opposite opinion; 2 were undecided. This distribution of opinion would perhaps reflect accurately enough the judgment of the intelligent general public. But the answers pointed on the whole to the inference that a period of much perplexity and unsettlement will immediately follow the end of the European War; a period, however, in which financial hesitation will reflect rather inability to foresee the future clearly than confident expectation of disaster.

In that respect it will differ from the weeks which immediately followed outbreak of the war. After this period of uncertainty, more or less prolonged, it is fairly safe to predict, notwithstanding the many doubts which have found utterance, that our own country will begin to recognize its genuine resources of economic strength. We shall then learn, first, how much of the American prosperity since 1914 arose from conditions not dependent on the war—and a very great deal of it was not thus dependent—and, second, how much of the financial prestige which came to us because of the war will remain with us.

IT will be left for the longer future to determine what this epoch-making war will have meant to the economic world as a whole. History undoubtedly teaches us that the settlement at

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Will the Great War Be an Economic Calamity?

the end of some of the world's great wars has had profound influence on the future economic position of the nations. This was certainly the sequel to the Seven Years' War, in which England ousted France from the American and Asiatic continents; making herself, by the Peace of Paris in 1763, mistress of the Mississippi Valley, of Canada and of India, and thereby changing the colonial history of the world. Something of the enormous economic prestige with which England emerged from that celebrated conflict has at times seemed to attach to Prussia after the war of 1871. But in that case, larger allowance is necessary than is usually made for the results of the German imperial unity which followed the victory over France, and which performed for the cumbersome political structure of the German states a good part of what the Constitution of 1787 performed for this country.

It is, in fact, easily possible to be deceived in drawing inferences of this character from successful wars. The question is not always settled by geography and territorial boundaries. Nobody seriously thinks of ascribing our own country's prosperity, in the half dozen years after 1898, to the acquisition of the Philippines; it would be much easier to prove that the increased prosperity of Spain during the same period was promoted by the loss of them. The addition of the immensely valuable Transvaal states to her colonial dominions, as a sequel to the Boer War of 1899, was followed in England by a period of unquestionably waning economic power. Japan spent a series of years, after her successful war with Russia, in a state of financial exhaustion.

The truth is, that it needs exceptionally favoring circumstances to make a

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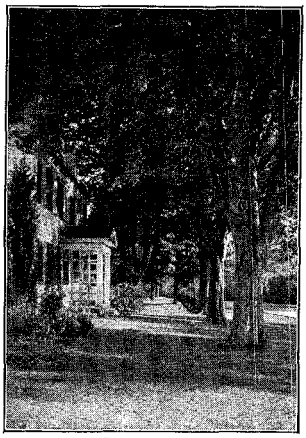

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great war anything but a calamity, in its industrial sequel, to all the combatants. Politically, the rearrangements in the Peace of Westphalia were of high importance; yet the Thirty Years' War nevertheless left the population of Germany reduced, according to some estimates, by upward of 20 per cent, and it was quite a century before the German states again cut any large figure in Europe. If the great prosperity of the Northern United States, in the half dozen years after the Civil War, is reckoned an exception, it must never be forgotten what part was played by the railway construction, the opening up of the new West, the increase in the country's agricultural production, the immense immigration—a movement which, in the three last years of the war period itself, more than equalled all the losses of the North in battle, and which was larger still on return of peace.

None of these influences can possibly be duplicated in Europe after this war. They did not affect the whole of our own country, even at the time. So far had the South's economic power been crushed by the four-year conflict from 1861 to 1865, that, with all the spur applied through the pressure of hard times, it was not until 1878 that even the American cotton crop again reached the size of that of 1859. "The peace of Europe from the battle of Waterloo to the Crimean War," Thorold Rogers declares in his "Economic Interpretation of History," "was the peace of languor," in which "European nations were recovering from the losses which they had suffered for eighteen years of bloodshed." It is not the least of the problems, whether on the present occasion it will again require the greater part of half a century for economic Europe to get fully on its feet.

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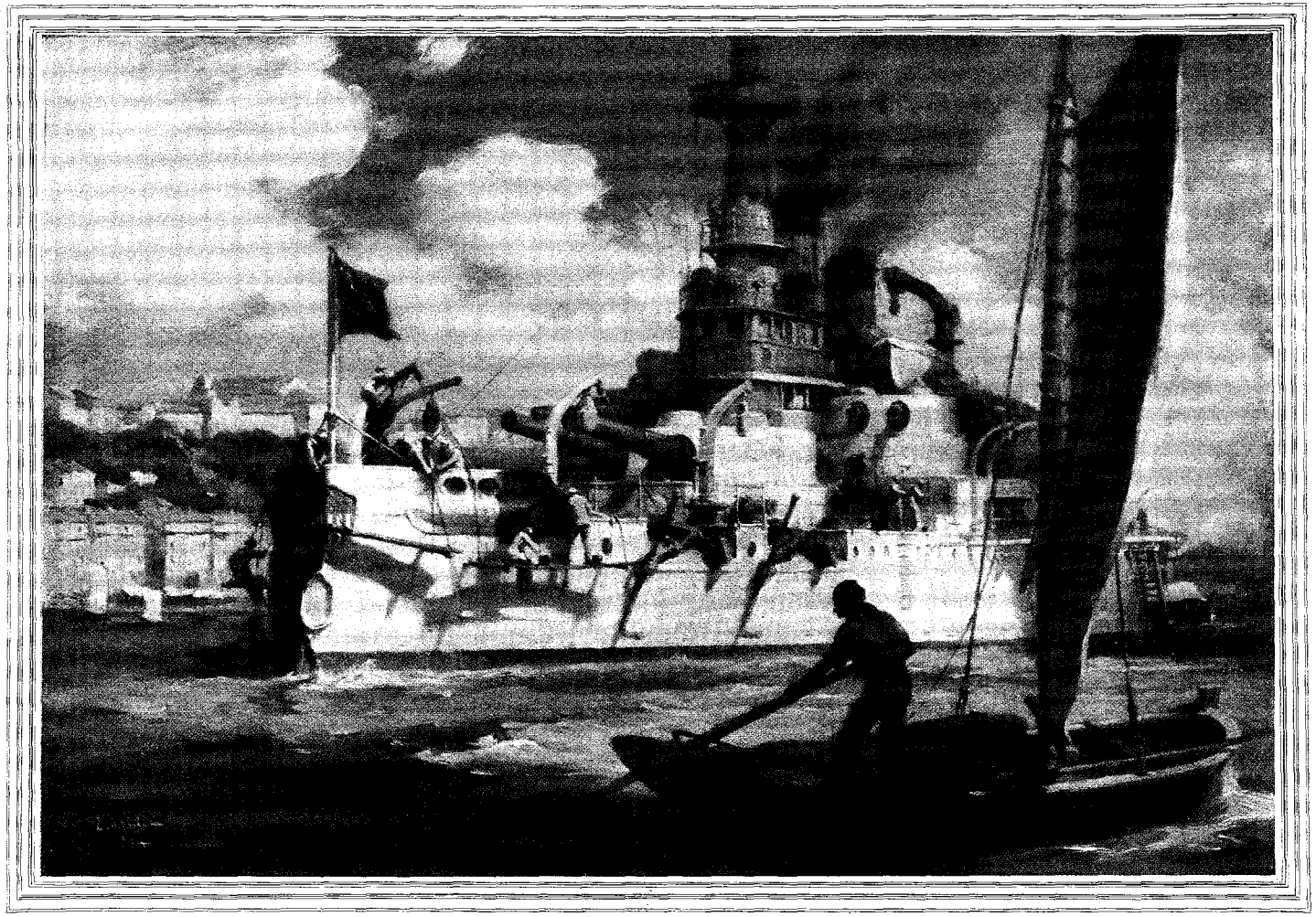

Painted for Scribner's Magazine by L. A. Shafer.

THE "OREGON" PUTTING ON HER WAR-PAINT AT BAHIA, BRAZIL.

The *Oregon*, Captain Charles E. Clark, one of the "Eastern Squadron," representing, at that time, a new type of heavier armed battleship, left San Francisco, March 19, 1898. At Rio Janeiro they heard of the declaration of war with Spain, and at Bahia they put on war-color

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